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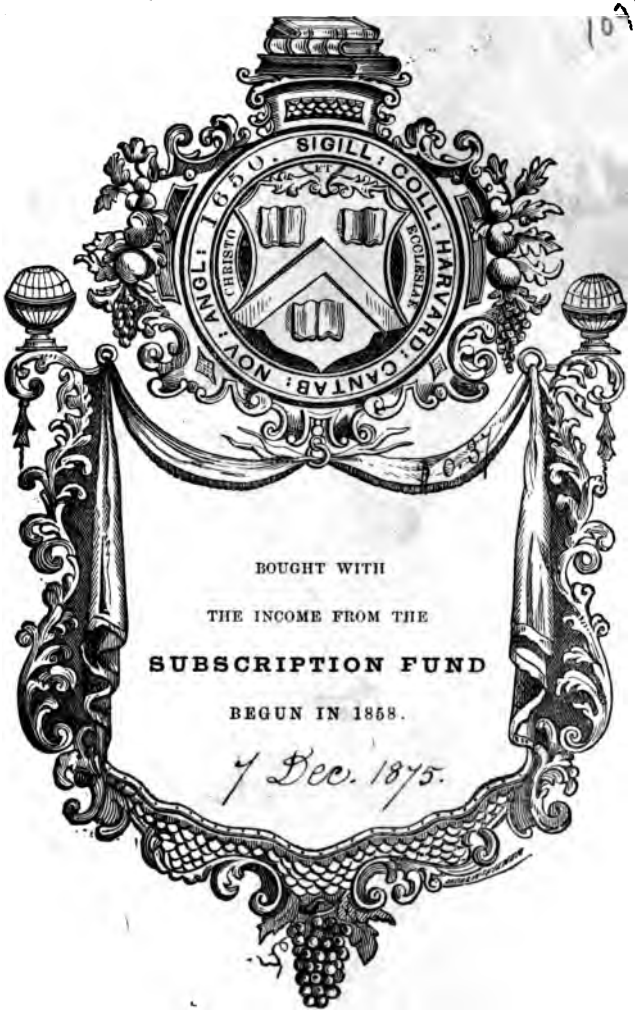

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TWENTY-FOUR YEARS

IN

THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC;

EMBRACING ITS

CIVIL AND MILITARY HISTORY,

AND

AN ACCOUNT OF ITS POLITICAL CONDITION, BEFORE AND DURING THE ADMINISTRATION OF

GOVERNOR ROSAS;

HIS COURSE OF POLICY; THE CAUSES AND CHARACTER OF HIS INTERFERENCE WITH THE

GOVERNMENT OF MONTEVIDEO,

AND THE CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH LED TO THE INTERPOSITION OF

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

BY COL. J. ANTHONY KING,

AN OFFICER IN THE ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC, AND TWENTY-FOUR YEARS A RESIDENT OF THE COUNTRY.

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NOTE TO THE PUBLISHERS.

New York, March 14, 1846.

Gentlemen—

The material of this work has been prepared in its present form, from a verbal outline of facts, made to the writer by the narrator himself. The direct experience of Col. King, associated as he was with the leading men of the whole country, during its most troublous times, has enabled him to impart a more thorough information of the condition of the people, their politics, habits, customs, religion, &c., &c., than has ever before been given to the world; while at the same time his long connection with the army, his familiarity with every part of the country, and his extensive travel, afford a fund of deep and thrilling interest.

In preparing the work, I have assumed the attitude of the *first person*, as the most forcible method of imparting the facts contained therein to the reader; and this statement is made, in order that the possible charge of egotism may not lie at the door of the narrator. He is

responsible only for the facts themselves; and any imperfection in the manner of presenting them, as also any false philosophy, or unprofitable speculation that may appear, must rest with the writer, who has the honor to be,

Gentlemen,

Your very obedient servant,

THOMAS R. WHITNEY.

Messrs. D. APPLETON & Co.

PREFACE.

In presenting this work to the public I have been impelled by a sense of duty, rather than a desire to place myself before the eyes of the world. There is a manifest necessity for information respecting the Argentine Republic at the present time, not merely for the satisfaction of the public mind, but also for the use of statesmen both in this country and Europe; and as it is not probable that another person lives (save a native of the country) who has been so long and familiarly identified with the public affairs of that country as myself, I have determined to lay before the world, as nearly as possible, a true statement of occurrences which took place during my residence there. In accomplishing this, I have depended, throughout the narrative, upon the literary aid of Thomas R. Whitney, Esq., author of "The Ambuscade," "Evening Hours," and other works of poetry and prose; and I can frankly say, that without his able assistance the work would, probably, have never been presented to the public.

I have witnessed with pain the apparent want of information evinced by some of our statesmen on this subject, and the headlong course which they seem willing to pursue towards England and France in the matter of the intervention of those governments between Rosas and the

Banda Oriental; and while I would, and do earnestly deprecate European interference in the affairs of the republics of this continent, I should be equally unwilling to see the peace of our country endangered on behalf of a despot, under whatever name he may appear. The true position of those contending powers will be explained in the following pages; and should that explanation have the effect to improve the political, and consequently the moral condition of the people of the Argentine Republic, the object of this work will be accomplished.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Departure from New York—First Commission in the Army of the Argentine Republic—Introduction to Gov. Lopez, of Santa Fé, and Gen. Ramarez—Battle with Gen. Artegas, near the Rio Negro—His defeat, flight, and imprisonment by Gov. Francia, Page 13

CHAPTER II

March to Buenos Ayres—Flight of the Supreme Director, Pursedon—Gen. Carrere's Expedition towards Chili—Battle between Carrere and Ramarez—Rout of the latter—Treachery of Gen. Echagua—Battle near the Villa de los Ranchos—Death of Gen. Ramarez, 25

CHAPTER III.

Treatment as Prisoners—Gen. Bustes—Desperate Fight in a Farmer's *Coral*—Journey to San Luis—Fate of the Chilian Carrere, . 37

CHAPTER IV.

The Cordilleras—Arrest and Imprisonment at San Juan—Liberation—Army of co-operation for Alto Peru—Gov. Arouz—War between the Provinces of Salta and Tucuman—Great Battle of Tucuman, 49

CHAPTER V.

Journey through Salta to *Humaguaca*—Detention by Gov. Ouemez—The great *Cavrado de Humaguaca*—The outpost on the border of Peru—Expedition into Alto Peru, under Col. Buteres—Oran—Gov. Civilia—March to the province of Tarija, ... 60

CHAPTER VI.

Siege of Carriparee, in Tarija—Battle of Carriparee, . . . 74

CHAPTER VII.

Flight after the Battle of Carriparee—Arrival and Sojourn among the Chiriviones Indians—Their Habits and Customs—Singular Escape, ... Page 85

CHAPTER VIII.

Escape from the Chiriviones—Expulsion of Capt. Tinecares—Arrival at Oran—Promotion under Col. Garrere—Surprise and Capture of the Town of Pascaye in Tarija, ... 95

CHAPTER IX.

Insubordination of Capt. Bacca, and Loss of the Battalion—Suspension of Garrere—New Regiment at the Banda San Francisco—A Jealous Husband—Interview with Crasey—The Mattaca Indians—Visit to Jujuy—Supremacy of the Church—Persecution and Imprisonment, ... 110

CHAPTER X.

Fate of Godfrey Pananio—Return to Oran—Gov. Civilia deposed—Interview with the new Governor—Journey towards the Frontier—Salta—A Friend in need—Reconciliation between a Jealous Husband and his Pretty Wife—Earthquake—Ruins of *La Suldad d'Estaca*—The Nymph of the Woods—Modes of Pastime at the Celebration of *Nuestra Señora de los Dolores*, ... 121

CHAPTER XI.

Severe Illness at Cancho—Interview with Sir Edmund Temple—Don Pablo Latorie—Catholic Superstition—Tucuman—Fate of Gov. Arouz—Santiago—Don Miguel Sovage, ... 140

CHAPTER XII.

Journey to Catamarca—Arrest and Detention—Gen. Quiroga—Oppression of the English Miners in Rioja—Thrilling Instance of Self-Sacrifice by a German, ... 152

CHAPTER XIII.

Cordova under Gov. Bustes—Independence of the Banda Oriental—Gov. Dorago of Buenos Ayres deposed by Gen. Lavalia—Battle of the *Punta Marcus* and Execution of Dorago—Bustes deposed by

Gen. Paz—Entrance of Paz into the city of Cordova—Marriage of the Narrator—Journey to Buenos Ayres—Depredations and Cruelties of the Pampas Indians, ... Page 163

CHAPTER XIV.

Buenos Ayres besieged by Rosas—Capitulation of Gen. Lavalia—Triumphant entrance of Rosas—Tenure of the Confederation—The Unitarians and Federals—Despotic course of Rosas—Further account of the depredations of the Pampas—Return to Cordova—Indignation of Gov. Paz—Revolution of the Internal Provinces commenced, ... 172

CHAPTER XV.

Governor Paz beset with Flatterers—The Revolution continued—The Padre Aldao—Arrest and Imprisonment—The Cavildo—Modes of Execution, ... 183

CHAPTER XVI.

Midnight Examination at the Cavildo—Release from Prison—Quiroga's attack on Cordova—Terrible battle on the Tablada, . . 193

CHAPTER XVII.

Crisis in the Affairs of the Country—Second Battle of the *Tablada*—Terrible Act of Retribution—Return of the Army to Cordova—Quiroga makes a second Campaign against Cordova—Enters the City by Stratagem, and is afterwards beaten by Gov. Paz, at the *Lagoa Lago*—Flight of Quiroga to Buenos Ayres—Supine Neglect of Gov. Paz, ... 204

CHAPTER XVIII.

Provincial Congress holden at Cordova—Declaration against Rosas, and Notice to Foreign Ministers at Buenos Ayres—Expedition from Buenos Ayres and Santa Fé, against the Provinces of the Interior—Capture of Gov. Paz—Flight of La Madri—Surrender of Cordova—Downfall of the Unitarians—Don Pablo Latorie—Gov. Ranafe—Success of Quiroga in the West—His Battle with La Madri, and Cruelty at Tucuman, ... 214

CHAPTER XIX.

Supremacy of Rosas—Murder of Quiroga and Ortis—Policy of Rosas—Death of Gov. Lopez—Disaffection of the People of Rioja—Ranafe deposed by the Cordovese—Governor Rodriguez—Arrest of Ranafe and his Brothers—Their Execution at Buenos Ayres—Execution of Rodriguez—Gov. Don Manuel Lopez, . . Page 226

CHAPTER XX.

Rosas' Interference with the Banda Oriental—Tyrannical Demonstration of Oribe—Resistance of the People, and arming of the Militia under Generals Lavalia and Rivera—French Protest—Rosas' Oppression of the Unitarians—Reign of Terror at Buenos Ayres—The Massorca Club—Rebellion in the Southern part of the Province—Crasey returned after five years Imprisonment in Paraguay—Gov. Francia—Rosas issues Government Scrip—His Breach of Faith with the Merchants—French Blockade, ... 237

CHAPTER XXI.

Lavalia marches towards Buenos Ayres, and encamps at Lujan—Insurrection in the Interior—Rosas leaves the City, and encamps with his Army four leagues out—Barbarous Treatment of two Prisoners—Flight of Lavalia—His Death—Death of Gov. Aradia of Tucuman—Resignation of Oribe—Gen. Rivera elected President of the Banda Oriental—Don Manuel de Masa and his son Francisco—Rosas takes refuge on board the English ship Calliope—Portrait of Rosas drawn through the Streets by Women—Sacrilegious Obeisance of the Priesthood—Buenos Ayres deserted by the People—Don Manuel de Masa unites with the Citizens in an effort to restrict the Executive Power, ... 251

CHAPTER XXII.

Story of Cienfuego, ... 262

CHAPTER XXIII.

Oribe sent into the Interior—The Doña Manuela, daughter of Rosas—Running the Blockade in Rowboats from Montevideo—Interview between Masa and Rosas—Masa continues his efforts against the Executive Power—Brutal Policy of the Dictator—Treacherous Arrest of Don Francisco Masa, and Murder of young Juan, 279

CHAPTER XXIV.

Assassination of the President of the Representatives, Don Manuel de Masa—Affecting Interview in the Prison of Francisco Masa—His Murder in the *Coral*—Scenes of Blood—Murder of Col. French, and five others—Noble Sacrifice by a British Officer, . Page 294

CHAPTER XXV.

Treaty with France—Removal of the Blockade—Invasion of the Banda Oriental—Rivera's Resistance—Commodore Coe called into the Service, and supplanted by Garribaldi, an Italian—Intervention of England and France—Importance of the Banda Oriental—Rosas and his Representatives—Summary of Victims—Remarks on the Political Condition of the Country—Return to the United States, ... 307

CHAPTER XXVI.

Healthy Atmosphere of Buenos Ayres—The Pampas—The Provinces, and their Products—Habits of the People—Mode of Brewing Chichi, in Tarija—The Host—Markets, &c. 317

CIVIL WARS

OF THE

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

CHAPTER I.

Departure from New York—First Commission in the Army of the Argentine Republic—Introduction to Gov. Lopez, of Santa Fé, and Gen. Ramarez—Battle with Gen. Artegas, near the Rio Negro—His defeat, flight, and imprisonment by Gov. Francia.

THE object of this work is to present an array of historical facts connected with the establishment of the Argentine Republic, Bolivia, and Uruguay, with an exposition of the horrors of civil contention, and the train of bloody events that have kept those countries, and especially the Argentine, in a state of confusion and terror ever since the establishment of their independence of the Spanish and Brazilian powers.

The events that I shall relate are drawn from personal experience, and form a part of my own history, and in that shape I shall present them; yet as the material which I possess would, if minutely recorded, require volumes to relate, I shall, at all times, avoid such matter as is not directly important to the object in view,—treating the subject, not merely as belonging to my own history, but as the history of the countries in which twenty-four years of my life have been spent, much of which time was devoted to the cause of civil liberty.

In order that my statements may be simple and compre-

hensive, I shall pass briefly over the events that occurred from the time of leaving my native land to the moment at which I entered the army of the Argentine Republic, and thence detail, successively, the circumstances of a public nature, as they occurred under my own observance or knowledge; and if it shall appear that I have at any time committed errors of date, or in the misplacing of an event, it must be attributed to the treachery of memory,—as I was repeatedly despoiled of my papers, and hence compelled to endite from memory alone.

In the year 1817, at the age of 14 years, I left my native city (New York) in company with a man by the name of Barker, and, without a dollar in my purse, took passage for Norfolk, Va. Arrived there, both of our trunks were left as hostage for our passage, and we together strolled into the town. By the sale of a pocket-knife, we obtained food, and parted for the day, each seeking some means of employment. On the following day we met, and Barker informed me that he had engaged himself as a school teacher in the country. He had obtained money sufficient to redeem his trunk, which having obtained, we parted; and I stood alone, a stranger, without employment, or the means even to purchase a meal of food. I at length took quarters at the Bell Tavern, where I remained a short time, when, strolling one day along the wharves, I found a vessel about to sail, bound for Baltimore; and, without ceremony, took passage to that city. On my arrival at Baltimore, I took up my quarters at the house of a Mr. Pitcher, hoping speedily to obtain employment, or at least to make myself sufficiently useful to render an equivalent for my board, but at the end of two weeks I was no better off; and my host, with my consent, obtained shipping papers, and placed me on board the brig Wycoona: the landlord received my advance money, and gave me, as an outfit for the voyage, *two shirts*, in addition to the wardrobe then on my back.

Where the vessel was bound, I neither knew nor inquired; it was all one to me. I had foolishly left my home, and was too proud to return.

In a day or two we set sail, and having arrived at sea, I found myself on board an armed vessel, but of what character I knew not; and a thrill of terror ran through my mind as I reflected that I had possibly been cast among pirates. At each demonstration my fears increased. Every man was armed, and had a post assigned him: pistols, cutlasses, and boarding-pikes, were supplied, in profusion, from chests which I had supposed contained the clothing of sailors, and from beneath bales and bundles of supposed merchandise were drawn twelve or fourteen 9-pounders, with carriages and equipments complete. The vessel was placed under rigid naval discipline, with a full complement of officers: drills, guard-mounting, and sea-target practice, occupied the time; and, apart from such light duties as were appropriate to my years and inexperience, I found myself intrusted with the muster-roll of the vessel.

After a tedious voyage of sixty days, during which time nothing of importance occurred, our vessel was brought to anchor before the city of Buenos Ayres; and on the following day, myself and three others were ordered on shore as unfit for service. No allowance was made for my services during the voyage, and, with my wardrobe tied in a little bundle, I once more found myself homeless and friendless, in a strange land, among a people with whose language and customs I was unacquainted, and the prospect of starvation staring me in the face; yet even in this extremity I drew consolation from the fact that I had escaped the fate that my fears had pictured on board the vessel; though, when I had learned her true character, she being about to engage as a privateer in the service of the Buenos Ayrean government, I would gladly have remained on board, for there I should at least have had a shelter for my head.

Having been put on shore, I approached the guard at the end of the *mole*, expecting to be detained, but my miserable appearance rendered me insignificant in his eyes, and I was allowed to enter the town without question.

I traversed the streets as one bewildered, gazing upon all I saw with the avidity and eagerness of one who hopes against hope, in the desire to meet with some familiar object, until at length a sign-board, bearing the name of P. FLUSK, met my eye. I knew nothing of the Spanish language, and thus far in my ramble I had seen nothing else upon the various signs that were placed above the stores and warehouses; but here was something, which, if not English, seemed at least more like what I had been accustomed to than any thing that I had yet met with, and accordingly I determined to enter the house, which, as I had supposed, was one of public entertainment. I inquired of a person behind the bar for the master of the house, and was overjoyed at receiving an answer in the English language, notwithstanding in that answer I found nothing else to encourage me. The bar-tender told me that the master was not at home, and, supposing me a beggar, added that he had nothing for me; whereupon I said I would wait till the master came home, and took a seat for that purpose. Finding at length that I was determined to remain, the barkeeper called the proprietor from another part of the house, where he had been from the time of my entrance. I found him to be an Irishman, and at once made known to him my situation and wants. He said—

"You may stay here for awhile, but you must pay your board. What can you do?"

"Oh, I can do any thing; give me a shelter, and you shall see that I will soon find employment, and be able to pay you."

"Very well; I will board you. Let us see what you will do."

With an anxious heart I set about seeking employment; but I soon found that my promise to my landlord had been made under a too sanguine expectation. I went from door to door, from street to street, asking for a situation as salesman, clerk, or any thing, but nobody understood me, and the universal reply was, "No le entiendo austed!" (I don't understand you.) From day to day the same weary and unsuccessful round; and at each succeeding night, the inquiry of my host, as to my success, fell heavier upon my heart, when I knew that I must give him the same and oft-repeated answer—"I have found nothing to do."

Two or three weeks had thus passed, and I had paid nothing for my board. I felt sick at heart, for the idea of having contracted an obligation that I could not repay, pressed more heavily upon my mind than all the other evils that attended me. My host had been kind and indulgent, and seemed to take an interest in me, as well on my account as his own; and one evening, after the usual fruitless efforts of the day, he again said to me—

"Young man, what can you do?"

I said, "I will do any thing that will give me an honest living."

"Well," said he, "I will see if *I* can get you a master."

He was as good as his word, and on the following day I was introduced to a Frenchman by the name of *Coquelet*, who kept a fancy and perfumery store, which it was to be my duty to assist him in attending.

I soon found myself in good quarters. My master was kind to me, and by assiduity, I soon won his confidence and esteem; with his wife, too, who was an amiable lady, I soon became a great favorite; and it is to this family that I am indebted for all that afterwards befell me, whether for good or for ill, during a long series of terrible and bloody years. At this house I first saw a certain officer, of high rank in the service of the republic, who occasionally visited the family

of my employer, and from whom I received many little tokens of kindness.

I remained with *Coquelet* several months; the necessities of my destitution had all been supplied, my obligations to my friend Flusk were satisfied, and with this relief from anxiety, and ease of circumstances, came a restless desire for change. I suffered with *ennui* from the confinement of my shop, which seemed to me more as a prison-house than an asylum; and although sincerely gratified for the many manifestations of kindness which I had received from the family, I spake often and freely to *Madame* of my desire for more active employment. This was at length communicated by the lady to the officer above-mentioned, with a request that he would, if possible, assist me in the attainment of my wish. This officer had already shown me evidences of a "liking;" and immediately after this announcement had been made to him, he sent for me, and said—

"My young friend, would you like to enter the army of the republic?"

Almost choking with joy, I replied—

"Señor, nothing would delight me more."

"Very well," said he, "I will see if I can obtain a flag for you."

A *flag!* thought I, as the officer left the house. Is it possible that I am to have a commission! and with the rank of a *Bandero* at the first step! I made no attempt to conceal my delight, or to check the visions of glory that flitted across my imagination. The officer was true to his promise, and two or three days after this interview the Supreme Director, Pursedon, placed in my hands my commission, with the words, "Go now, young man, and make your own way up the ladder of fortune."

I will do it, thought I, for, although the rank of Bandero or flag-bearer is the lowest in commission in the service, I felt as though I had even then been placed at the head of a com-

mand. I had already, under the tutelage of my employer and his lady, made rapid advances in the study of the Spanish language, and was even now able to hold ordinary conversations in that language; the thirst for distinction was in my breast; the thought of danger never entered my mind, and I considered myself qualified in every respect for the duties assigned me. I was a mere boy, and knew but little of the intrinsic merits or claims of my situation upon my love of liberty. I only knew that I was a soldier in the army of a country that had, like my own, driven from its shores the political interference of foreign power, and would willingly, at that moment, have defended with my life the flag which had been so suddenly and unexpectedly placed in my keeping. Ah! little did I dream of the horrors to which its possession was but the incipient step.

I was immediately dispatched with letters to Gov. Lopez, then at Santa Fé, and embarked on board a vessel on the Rio Parana. Our voyage, which lasted several days, was to me one of almost unalloyed happiness, checked only by the delay which held me from my regiment. A delay rendered more tedious from the singularly circuitous and serpentine windings of the river itself; often leading us in its course a distance of twelve and fifteen leagues to accomplish a single league of travel; but the richness of the country, and the splendor of the scenery through which we passed, the river itself being studded with islands, inhabited only by tigers and beasts of prey, or occasionally employed as hiding-places by bands of *ladrones* and *desperadoes*, would have supplied my mind with a ready and never-failing antidote for the tediousness of my journey, had it not been already filled with burning aspirations to martial glory.

Arrived at the place of destination, I presented myself to Gov. Lopez, who received me graciously, and having read his dispatches, ordered me to cross the river to the town of Rajada, capital of the province of Entre Rios, and report to

Gen. Ramarez. I did as directed, and soon after received from Gen. Ramarez a commission as ensign in his own corps. On presenting me with the commission, the general said to me—

"Anglo-American, the recommendations that you bring, have given us great confidence in you. I hope you are a true patriot."

"General," I replied, "let my actions show to my countrymen that I am always ready to fight for liberty."

"It is very well," said he; "you are now going to fight against the Gen. Artegas."

"Artegas?" said I.

"Yes, the monster who gives no quarter to the officers of an enemy when made prisoners."

"Then we must fight our way, and not become prisoners," I replied.

"True; but do you know his mode of disposing of those who fall into his hands?"

"I have been told that he sews them in raw hide, and leaves them in the sun to perish."

"You have been told rightly, and now know what will be your fate if taken by him in battle."

This Artegas, famous alike for his cruelty and his bravery, was the first man who raised the brand of discord in the new republic. He was a resident of Entre Rios; and instigated by the Spaniards, set on foot a rebellion against the constituted authorities of his country. His influence and disaffection after a short time extended over his own province, also Corrientes, Missiones, and a part of the Banda Oriental; the latter of which, though not a province of the Argentine, received the sympathies of that country, and was almost considered as a part of their own territory.

Having raised an army and taken a position on the western border of the Banda Oriental, he bade defiance to the Supreme Director of the Argentine; and it was to suppress this revolt that Ramarez was ordered to move.

I was now in command of a "flank," and on the following morning that portion of Ramarez's command to which I was attached was put on march. The precise position of Artegas was not known, but he was supposed to be in the vicinity of the Rio Negro; and in that direction we moved, crossing the province of Entre Rios. On this day I met with an Englishman by the name of Chapman, who held a commission in our corps; and at the hour of *oracion*,* having camped for the night, this man approached and hailed me as his countryman. "At least," said he, "if you are not an Englishman, we both speak the mother tongue." He complained bitterly of the service in which we were engaged, and advised me urgently to leave it. "I have had three brothers in the service of this people," said he, "and all have perished; perished like brutes, without thanks, gratitude, or blessing; and gladly would I leave it, were it in my power. You are young," he added, "and can yet do as you wish; take, then, a friend's advice, and leave this ungrateful service."

I replied, "I have given my word that I will see this country free from Spanish dominion, or perish in the attempt. I come from a free country, of which you know not. I was born upon the soil of the United States, and reared under the protection of her flag; civil liberty is my heritage, and for that I am ready to fight in any quarter of the world. My friend, what better service could I engage in, than that which is devoted to such a cause?"

"The cause is good," said he, "but you will get neither recompense nor thanks for the danger and suffering that you will encounter. Good-by, we shall never meet again." We parted, and his declaration proved true: I never saw him from that time forward.

On the following day we received intelligence of the enemy's position, and encamped about forty leagues from him,

* Evening prayer.

where we remained three days, waiting the arrival of Gen. Ramarez. On the arrival of the General, he sent for me; I went immediately to his quarters, when he informed me that he had appointed me his adjutant, and introduced me at once to the officers of the staff.

On the following morning we received orders to march, and by the next evening had reached the Paso del Augua, on the borders of which we encamped for the night. On the following day, having continued our march, we came, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, upon an outpost of the enemy numbering about seventy men, who retreated upon our approach; a position was then selected for encampment, and here we remained until next day, when we again set forward, and at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon reached the Rio Uruguay, and had a full view of the enemy encamped upon the opposite side. Artegas's force consisted, apparently, of about five thousand men, our own numbering not over four thousand; nevertheless, Gen. Ramarez declared his intention to assume at once the offensive, and dispatched a small corps to seek for a fording place: this was found at about four miles below, and our whole force crossed immediately without opposition. Our enemy was in a manner surprised, for although he had seen our movements, he had not for a moment supposed that we would risk an engagement at the close of the day, after a long march, and against a force superior in numbers to our own; he considered a victory certain whenever he should choose to strike the blow, and thus with a feeling of triumph witnessed the crossing of the stream, undoubtedly regarding it as a measure that would place us more completely in his power. Our cavalry were armed with sword and carbine, and Ramarez, determined to give the enemy as little time as possible for preparation, ordered an immediate advance, directing the onslaught to be made by the cavalry, with instructions to pour in a volley of balls, and then, casting away their guns, to charge sword in

hand. "Throw away your carbines after the first fire," said he: "if you are victorious, you will find them where you leave them; if you are not victorious, you will need them no more!" Turning to me, he said, "Now, young stranger, you must show your courage, for our enemy will fight with desperation." This was to be my first action, and although I felt no desire to avoid the danger before me, no sense of actual fear, a sickening sensation for a few moments held possession of my faculties, and the blood seemed chilling about my heart; this, however, soon passed away, and at three o'clock the engagement commenced: it was one of ferocity and carnage. The charge lasted about three-quarters of an hour, when the enemy's clarion sounded a retreat, which commenced in the greatest disorder. A pursuit was ordered, and continued for a distance of five leagues, as sanguinary in its character, in comparison with the numbers engaged, as that of the pursuit of Napoleon from Waterloo; many prisoners were, indeed, taken, but hundreds were slain during their flight, and so complete was the *déroute*, that the Spanish general fled in despair. Passing through Corrientes, into Paraguay, he was confined by Gov. Francia in a convent, where he died in disgrace.

On the following day, Ramarez took occasion to compliment me for my part in the engagement. "You have done well," said he, "but it is nothing to what you must yet do. I am now called to the Argentine Republic, will you follow me?" "Señor," said I, "you have been my best friend, you have conferred upon me honors that I have not earned, I have nothing but my sword and my energy to depend upon, and you may always depend on me."

We recrossed the Uruguay, and returned to Santa Fé, where we again met with Gov. Lopez; he invited me to his house, and questioned me about my own country, its government, customs, laws, &c., to all of which I answered as well as my limited information would allow. He inquired partic-

ularly as to whether it was true that the soldiers of the United States were subject to the civil law, and could scarce credit me when I told him that the highest military officer of my country was liable to be tried before a civil court for any offence against the laws. His surprise arose from the fact that in his own country the meanest soldier is beyond the pale of the civil authorities; whatever may be his crime, he is punishable only upon the decision of a court-martial, or the order of the *commandant* of his regiment, or division; and the *ipse dixit* of those officers is not unfrequently substituted for a trial, where caprice or temper chooses to dictate. Hundreds of good fellows have been hurled into eternity by the summary process of an order given in a moment of passion, and executed by a file of men.

CHAPTER II.

March to Buenos Ayres—Flight of the Supreme Director, Pursedon—Gen. Carrere's Expedition towards Chili—Battle between Carrere and Ramarez—Rout of the latter—Treachery of Gen. Echagua—Battle near the Villa de los Ranchos—Death of Gen. Ramarez.

THE seditious Artegas having been effectually quieted, and securely shut up by Gov. Francia, Ramarez was now called upon to turn his forces in a very different direction. Pursedon, the Supreme Director, the man who gave me my first commission, was suspected of treasonable correspondence with the Italian Duke of Luca, the object of which was supposed to be the conversion of Buenos Ayres into a monarchy, and the placing of the Duke upon the throne. Whether he was guilty or not—whether in despair of ever uniting the provinces in a peaceful and happy confederation, he had chosen the other alternative for one of them—whether the whole suspicion was unfounded, or whether he had, like a traitor, sold or bargained for the sale of his country—I had no means of knowing, nor did I inquire. I was still a boy, proud of my position in the army, and followed where my commander led me. In consequence of these suspicions, Gen. Ramarez had received orders to march upon Buenos Ayres, and after a stay of about three weeks at Rajada, our division recrossed the Parana, leaving Gen. Echagua in command of the post. Landing near Santa Fé, we commenced our march southward, over the vast *pampas*, or prairies, lying on our way to Buenos Ayres. Our march was uninterrupted, and unmarked by any incident of importance. Large flocks of *avestruses* (a bird resembling the ostrich) frequently cross-

ed our path, affording amusement for the men, who often caught them with the *lasso*, and after robbing them of their rich plumage, allowed them to go free again. We also met occasionally with small herds of the guanacca, a graceful animal of the lama kind.

Following the course of the Parana and the Plata, we arrived, after a tedious march of twenty-three days, within sight of the city of Buenos Ayres; her tall spires glittering in the sunlight as proudly and as coldly as when their lofty fanes waved above the houseless head of the wandering and friendless boy. But how different the fortune of that boy! But a short time since he was cast upon her shores in humility and destitution;—he now approached in power, as one who shall hold her to her fealty, and his heart swells with honorable pride. Such were my reflections, as I gazed once more from the distance upon the city of Buenos Ayres, and a feeling of proud satisfaction filled my breast as I thought of the contrast of my present position with that of the moment when I was thrust penniless and friendless within the mazes of her interminable thoroughfares. I thought of the weary, tedious, toilsome days that I had there passed. I thought of old Flusk, Coquelet, the good lady his wife, and last, though not least, the man who kindly bade me "make my own way up the ladder of fortune." Poor fellow! he seemed now to have reached the highest round that he might hope to attain, and was already rapidly descending by the opposite side.

We encamped the same day near the *Coralles de Miserarea*, or slaughter-yards, which lie in the suburbs of the city. By the following morning some thousands of the citizens had voluntarily joined our standard, and on the third day our army marched into the city without opposition. Pursedon had fled to Monte Video, the people proclaimed us *liberators*, and we were soon quietly in quarters in the various parts of the town.

Anxious to see my old friends again, I obtained leave of

absence for three days, and immediately called at the house of Coquelet; but I shall not attempt to describe the expressions of astonishment and delight with which I was greeted by Madame as I entered the shop, wearing the uniform of an adjutant in the republican army. Flinging both hands above her head, and with eyes straining as though they would start from their sockets, and set the house on fire with their very brilliancy, she exclaimed—

"Señor Quino,* es este usted!"

I replied, "Si, Señora, yo soi."

She shook my hand with great glee, praised my uniform, talked of my promotion, declared I should be governor yet, and finally insisted that I should spend my whole "leave" at her house. This, however, could not be done, and after taking breakfast with them, I sallied forth to make my obeisance to Flusk and others who, like them, had known me in less propitious times.

My three days of leave were not yet expired, when Gen. Ramarez received orders to move forthwith against Gen. Carrere, who was then on his route to Chili, with the view of revolutionizing that country, and we were soon once more on the move over the *pampas*, with the prospect of a march of about two hundred leagues before us.

This Carrere was a native of Chili, of high family,—a family that had been supplanted in its authority by the family of O'Higgins. Two of the General's brothers had some years before been shot in the province of Mendoza, in the Argentine, for what cause I know not, and the one now on his march to his native country for the purpose of establishing what he considered his family right, had a short time previous to this landed at Buenos Ayres, on his return from the United States, and with plenty of funds, began gathering an army of adventurers in the interior, for the purpose of

* Quino is the Spanish orthography and pronunciation for the English proper name King. There is no K in the Spanish language.

crossing the Cordilleras into Chili. This movement of Carrere, the government of the Argentine felt called upon to check, and it was for that object that the division under Ramarez was ordered to march.

Our route lay across the province of San Luis towards that of Mendoza, still over the pampas, and was diversified, as before, with foraging hunts, chasing of avestruses as they came in our way, and occasionally meeting caravans of traders, with their immense wagons, drawn by six, eight, and sometimes ten bullocks. From one of their caravans we learned that Carrere was quartered with his army at the *Punta de San Luis*, in Mendoza, then about ten leagues distant, and on the next day our advance was hailed by one of his pickets.

Carrere, hearing of our approach, and supposing our division to be a reinforcement that he was expecting, had drawn up his whole force on a rise of land outside of the town, waiting to receive us. We saw him in his position at the distance of a league, when, probably discovering his error, his troops were suddenly marched into the town again. Whatever may have been the object of this last manœuvre, it deceived our general into a belief that Carrere wished, from some cause, to avoid an engagement; and we continued to advance upon the town. As we came near, we saw that barricades had been hastily thrown across the streets to prevent our entrance, and the enemy drawn up behind them. Gen. Ramarez, who was as impetuous as brave, determined upon an immediate assault, and without a moment of breathing time, a party was sent forward, by which the barricades were carried, under a murderous fire. The charge was then sounded, and as every man dashed forward into the fray, in five minutes the action became general and furious. Among the foremost, and most determined of our troops, was a company commanded by a young man named Mariano Boedo, an officer who, by his bravery in battle, and his amiability

out of it, had made himself the favorite and beloved of his whole division; indeed, there was not a coward in the whole army, and our men fought on all sides with ferocious impetuosity: but it was of no avail; the enemy had the advantage in numbers and position, and in less than an hour our army was repulsed with severe slaughter. Our retreat was, however, conducted with order, and believing that our enemy would not venture into an engagement upon the plain, we halted at a distance of about two miles, and encamped. We had scarcely got settled, however, when our pickets gave information of a movement on the part of the enemy, which seemed like preparation for a sortie, and our force was at once put in an attitude to receive them. The day was excessively hot; and, apart from the fatigue of the first assault, our men were suffering with thirst, as not a drop of water was to be found in the vicinity of our camp. The feverish agony of the wounded under this privation was terrible, and the last words of the dying were, in beseeching tones, *agua! agua!* (water! water!)

At two o'clock P. M. our anticipations of an attack were realized; the main body of Carrere's cavalry charged at full gallop upon our lines, but the shock was such as caused their foremost squadrons to reel and tremble; they were thrown into a disorder that gave us a momentary advantage, and which we lost no time in pressing; the utmost enthusiasm prevailed; and Ramarez, always at points of the greatest danger, rode from place to place giving orders, and cheering the men by his voice and example. For half an hour we sustained the assault with every prospect of success, when Carrere threw in a fresh reserve of about five hundred men, and drove us a second time from the field. In this engagement I received a severe wound on my left wrist, completely disabling the bridle hand, but I held the reins in my teeth, and continued to do my best until our clarion sounded a retreat. It was now our turn to suffer the horrors of a pursuit,

seemingly equal to that which we had imposed upon the flying army of Artegas; exhausted, and overpowered as we were with thirst, our men became an easy prey to the exasperated and comparatively fresh troops of our pursuers, and hundreds of them were put to the sword.

The pursuit continued for a distance of near five leagues, when our enemy, supposing that our force was completely and hopelessly broken, sounded the recall and returned to the Punta.

Our scattered troops were now collected, and out of an army of about two thousand two hundred men, who marched in the morning against the Punta de St. Luis, but one thousand five hundred could be found, many of whom were severely and some mortally wounded. Thus in one day the objects of the campaign were frustrated, and some seven hundred as brave men as ever set foot in stirrup, fell in defence of the republic: but, disastrous as had been the day, the sanguine demon of war was yet unappeased—the worst of this fearful campaign is yet to be told.

The evening came down upon us in its most lovely attire; the scorching sun had sunk quietly down below the western horizon, leaving an ocean of ethereal gold stretching far away up in the western sky; while on the other hand, far as the eye could reach, across the vast unbroken pampas, the full, round, rising moon seemed laboriously to lift her form from the very earth; then, resting her broad disk for a moment upon the plain, rose gradually and softly into the sky. And not more welcome to the weary traveller of the desert, is the green spot and the fountain, than were the refreshing shadows of this hour to our famishing and suffering troops; in every direction they were seen sipping from the grass the scant nectar of the dew-drop, or cutting the moist verdure and squeezing the delicious but stinted draught into the palms of their hands for drink.

A most touching incident here occurred, which for a time

riveted my attention. There were two brothers in one of our regiments, who were natives of Santa Fé, and who had been with us ever since I entered the service. They were quite young, the eldest being not over twenty-three years of age, and the younger, I should think, less than twenty. Both of them had been severely wounded in our last engagement, and the younger lay extended upon the grass, evidently dying. His brother, whose wound was a deep sabre-cut upon his thigh, was unable, both from the nature of his wound and from exhaustion, to stand, but with the assistance of two of his comrades he had been carried and placed by the side of the dying youth; there, as the only means in his power of alleviating the sufferings of his brother, he had gathered the grass within his reach, and was bathing his parched lips with the cool moisture which it contained.

The flesh of such of our horses as had been disabled in the battle, furnished an evening repast; for although cattle are found wild and abundant on the pampas, none had fallen in our way, and our men were too much exhausted to search for them, or indeed for food of any kind.

In our disasters we had lost camp equipage and every thing, save what each man carried about his person, so we went into bivouac with the starry heavens for a canopy, and the earth for a bed: our pickets were set, and without camp-fires to tell of our whereabout, the men were dismissed to quarters, and sank exhausted upon the ground, in the anticipation of an unbroken repose.

A council of officers was now called: and when all were assembled, Gen. Ramarez addressed them in an eloquent and patriotic manner. After dwelling upon the cause in which we were engaged, the objects of our campaign, and the disasters that had attended it, he expressed an opinion that Carrere would not permit us to escape with our present force, if it could by any possibility be prevented, and asked whether it was the wish of the officers, if again attacked, to continue

our defence, and make one effort more for victory. The unanimous response to this inquiry was *yes!* and it was immediately arranged, that in case of another disaster, all who survived it should assemble at the *Villa de la Ranchos*, about thirty leagues distant. The council then broke up, and, my wound having been dressed, I threw myself upon the grass, and was soon lost in a broken slumber.

My sleep was, however, of short duration, for at about midnight our outpost came rushing in in a body, with information that the troops of Carrere were again advancing upon us. Immediate preparations, as well as could be in our broken condition, were made to receive them; and in about ten minutes from the report of the picket, the assault commenced, in the broad, bright moonlight. Overpowered as we were by quadruple numbers, our troops seemed as determined as ever, and contested their ground inch by inch, until Ramarez, perceiving that to continue the engagement would but court a general massacre, again ordered a retreat, and directed all who could to save themselves. Our whole division was now completely disbanded, and each man sought the readiest means of safety in precipitate and irregular flight. Giving the command "follow" to a few who were about me, I turned from the field, and with them took the direction of the *Villa de la Ranchos*.

It is needless to depict the sufferings that we endured upon our route, which lasted several days, through an enemy's country. On the first day of our flight, we found what had been a small stream, but now the excessive heat had dried up the limpid current, and left nothing but small, miry pools, grown almost fetid in the sunlight: but even this was a luxury; and falling upon our knees, we laved our burning lips in the warm liquid, and sucked the miry mass between our teeth. Each day our numbers increased by the acquisition of little bands of our dismembered army, who were all travelling to one point; and when we had reached within about two leagues

of the Villa, our force numbered about seven hundred, almost famished and dying men. Gen. Ramarez, whom we had supposed lost, was among the last to join us, having, with a part of his staff and a few soldiers, kept the rear on the whole route, and thus in a manner covered our retreat.

We now looked upon the moment of rest and relief as at hand, and the spirits of all rose in proportion. Our body was halted at night, for the purpose of making preparation to enter the town in a becoming and appropriate manner; and at sunrise the line was formed, the regiment reviewed, and the column about to move, when a caravan of traders, who had just left the Villa, reached the spot which we occupied on the road. From them we learned, to our infinite horror, that Echagua, whom we had left in command of the post at Rajada, had raised the standard of sedition, and was then quartered at the *Villa de la Ranchos*, halting on his way to meet us, and expecting to hem us between his own force and that of Carrere, by whom we had just been defeated. We now considered all as lost. Escape was impossible, defence hopeless, and death to all seemed inevitable. Consternation was depicted on every face; but indignation for the traitor soon took the place of dread: and every heart gave a determined response, as our leader exclaimed, "My friends, but one way is left, we must now fight for our *lives!*" Our first step was to secure the carts of the caravan, which were about thirty in number, and very large. Of these we formed a barricade. leaving a hollow square, intended as a place of retreat, if driven to such a necessity. Three or four of the bullocks by which the carts had been drawn, furnished a meal for our almost starving company; and before Echagua was aware of our position, we were greatly improved in condition, both of body and mind. In the course of the morning a foraging party from Echagua rode within half a mile of us, and after a moment's halt, wheeled, and returned to the Villa on a full gallop. They had discovered us; and at nine o'clock we

heard the long-expected clarion of the traitor. He was approaching us from the town; and when at the distance of about a quarter of a mile, halted his column, and sent in a flag of truce, demanding an unconditional surrender. The reply of our brave general was, that we would never surrender to a *traitor!* As we had expected, this reply brought down upon us an immediate and heavy assault. Our little complement of seven hundred men were drawn up outside of our barricade, to oppose a force of near three thousand. But our situation was one which drives men to desperate deeds; besides, we were too proud to exhibit to the minions of treachery the slightest indication of dread.

The assault was bravely met by our noble fellows, and if we suffered from the onslaught, our enemies were not unscathed, for many a miserable traitor at that hour bit the earth in the agonies of death. Our ammunition was soon nearly exhausted, and after the first show of resistance, we took shelter, from their overpowering numbers, within the enclosure of our breastwork. Here, from loopholes cut through the bottoms of the carts, which had been placed upon their sides, we poured such a well-directed fire, that our assailants found it prudent to retire beyond the range of our guns. They had secured the remaining bullocks belonging to the caravan, and sat down at a short distance, determined to starve us to death. Thus imprisoned, we remained all that day, and the following night, without food or drink. The sufferings of the wounded were extreme; and early next morning a council was called, at which it was proposed that we should send a flag of truce, with an offer of capitulation. The proposition was at first strenuously opposed; but the agonizing cries of our suffering companions, begging, with their dying gasp, for "water! water!" wrought upon the hearts of our most determined men, and we at last reluctantly consented to adopt that course. The brave and beloved Capt. Boedo, of whom I have before spoken, was selected as our

messenger for the occasion ; and he left the breastwork just as a large body of Echagua's troops had commenced a movement towards us. Seeing the flag, they halted at a distance of about three hundred yards ; Boedo met them, delivered his message, and was instantly brought out in front of their column, his hands were tied behind him, and, without further ceremony, he was shot before our eyes ! This murder was instantly followed by a headlong assault, and at the same time arose from our retreat the agonizing yell of hopeless vengeance. The cold-blooded act of cruelty and perfidy rendered most of our companions almost frantic with rage, and they fought with such desperation and slaughter that our enemies were once more forced to retire, and with them, to our astonishment, some forty of our own men rushed from the enclosure, and attempted to cover their desertion in the general retreat; few, however, accomplished their design, for they were a close mark, and the carbines of our indignant troops brought many of them to a disgraceful death. Another council was now called: the sufferings of the whole body had become intense, officers and men had become perfectly desperate, and it was resolved, that, rather than stay there, dying inch by inch, we would make a sortie, and fall upon the sabres of our enemy. Gen. Ramarez, the good, the brave man, was alone in opposition to this measure. " Gladly," said he, " would I give my own life as a hostage for so brave a gang, would such an act appease yon bloody monster." His words were interrupted at this moment by the discovery that our barricade was on fire, whether by accident or design I know not, but the flames rose and crackled so fiercely among the dry timbers and wood-work of the carts, that to stay them was impossible. The whole body rushed forth ; and in an instant we were fighting for life on every hand, the enemy having completely hemmed us in a common centre. During the fray I received a blow upon my breast from the butt end of a musket, which fractured my ribs, and felled

me to the ground. In attempting to rise, I was instantly seized by two men, and, on looking about me, I discovered several of our friends prisoners like myself, and among them Gen. Ramarez.

The fight lasted but a few moments, yet the ground was strewn about me with the dead and dying, for so long as a man had been found in the attitude of resistance, he was put to the sword. Poor Ramarez! his fate we all knew. No ceremony was required by these butchers, and without trial, or even the calling of a council to give his death the color of an execution, as soon as the skirmish was over, he was led before the little remnant of his own army, his arms pinioned, a guard at his side, and a file of soldiers following in his rear. Clasping my hands, to heaven I whispered a prayer for his soul. No word was spoken; but as the brave man knelt before his murderers, he cast upon me a long, an earnest look, which I shall never forget, and at the next instant fell dead before me. The butchery of the gallant officer was accomplished, but the hellish purpose of his murder was not appeased. The lifeless head of Ramarez was severed from his body on the spot, and, as I afterwards learned, was sent as a trophy through the seditious towns of the republic.

The prisoners were now all stripped of their clothing, expecting momentary death,—an expectation not at all allayed by the repeated assurance of our captors, that they would "shoot us by and by." The merchandise of the caravan, which Ramarez had ordered to be held sacred to its owners, was now taken possession of by the soldiers of Echagua; the prisoners were placed under an escort, and we left the place of blood, not knowing at what moment we should be called upon to join our lost comrades in the regions of eternity.

CHAPTER III.

Treatment as Prisoners—Gen. Bustes—Desperate Fight in a Farmer's *Coral*—Journey to San Luis—Fate of the Chilian Carrere.

THE whole number of prisoners taken at this time was about three hundred; being all that remained of an army of more than two thousand men, which but a few days before had marched from the city of Buenos Ayres in all the pride of conscious right, and with the firmest guarantee of a successful campaign. The prisoners had been divided into different parties, and were marched in different directions. The party in which I was placed, consisted of about twenty prisoners; and was given in charge of a detachment numbering about three hundred men, who took up their march indirectly towards the city of Cordova. On the way we suffered the privations of hunger, thirst, and nakedness; for our conductors, when short of provisions or water, never troubled themselves about the necessities of their prisoners; and in addition to these privations, we were for some time subject to the wanton sneers, taunts, and insults, of those who had us in keeping. One deaf man in particular, who was often at my side, seemed to take especial pains to convince me that he had no very deep-seated regard for my comfort at least. Twenty times a day that fellow would approach me, and, placing his mouth at my ear, as though I had been as deaf as himself, would scream out with the most impudent air imaginable, "*Ahora te degolliara*," (I'll cut your throat directly.) At length, however, we became so accustomed to their jeers, that they were made the subject of jest among ourselves. And our tormentors, finding that they no longer annoyed us, finally laid

them aside ; and, in lieu of abuse, gave us each a blanket to cover our nakedness.

After journeying over a winding and circuitous route, going from hamlet to hamlet for about fifteen days, and when near Cordova, we learned, at a small village where we halted, that Gen. Bustes had then an army in campaign, marching towards Rio Quarto ; and also that parts of his army were at that time scouring the country in the neighborhood of where we then were. This was to us grateful news ; and we openly prayed that it might be our fortune to fall in with some of his troops, and thus find means of release from our captivity. Nor were we long in doubt on that score ; for, on the following morning at daybreak, our guard, who never took the trouble to establish pickets at night, awoke in astonishment at finding themselves the prisoners of one of Bustes' divisions. The tables were now turned ; and, in a spirit of retaliation, I did not hesitate to assure my deaf tormentor, in his own words, that I would " cut his throat directly."

We were soon conducted to a little village near at hand, where Bustes was then quartered ; and the general, on hearing that I was among the captured, sent me an invitation to call at his quarters, which I immediately complied with, having in the mean time been supplied with clothing and food. As I entered his room, he arose courteously to meet me ; and extending his hand, he said—

" Ah, my young friend, I am glad to find you ! I have heard that you are a brave lad ; and now you must sit down and favor me with the particulars of your last campaign."

He had heard of our discomfiture at the " Punta de San Luis," and also of the treachery of Echagua ; but when I told him of the butchery at the Villa de la Ranchos, and the cold-blooded murder of the brave Ramarez, he arose from his seat, and muttering a threat of vengeance, paced the floor in an agitated manner. Seating himself again in a few moments, he said—

"These are troublesome times, young man, and I perceive that you have suffered not a little with the rest; but if you feel able, in your present condition, to take the field again, you shall immediately have a commission, with the same rank that you held under your friend the Gen. Ramarez."

This prompt and friendly offer I was reluctantly compelled to decline; reluctantly, because nothing gave me more delight than the excitement of active duty. But at this time I felt myself totally unfit for the arduous duties of a campaign. Suffering from the effects of my wounds, and almost reduced to a skeleton with hunger, toil, and the fatigue of a long and uninterrupted march of some sixteen days on foot, it was with difficulty that I could walk; I therefore told him, after an expression of gratitude for his kind offer, that at present it would be not only imprudent but ungenerous in me to accept, inasmuch as I should, by that step, make myself a hinderance and a burthen to him, rather than a benefit.

"Well," said he, "you shall do as you please. I am now collecting my forces, and shall immediately move on to Cordova, and establish my head-quarters. You shall, if you please, go with us; and I hope that good care will restore you to speedy health."

I there left him, and returned to the quarters that had been set apart for my late companions and myself, where we received all the attention and care that it was in the power of our friends to bestow. On the next morning, all being ready, we commenced our route towards Cordova. I was placed in one of the carts of a caravan that was travelling with goods to Chili; the owners of which had, for safety, placed themselves, for the present, under the protection of the army, which was moving in the same direction. One of these men, with whom I became acquainted, was an Englishman by the name of Luke Crasey; and as this man's fortunes became, soon after, for a time, identified with my own, it is not inappropriate to introduce him at this time to the reader.

We arrived safely at Cordova, and had been there about four days, when information was brought to Gen. Bustes that Carrere was concentrating his whole force in the valley of the Rio Quarto to meet him. The general again sent for me; informed me of what he had learned, and renewed his offer of a commission as adjutant. My health had by this time become much improved, though I was still weak, and unfit for service. The wound upon my breast was painful and even dangerous,* yet the longing for activity, and more especially the desire to place myself once more in opposition to Carrere, induced me to accept. Our general, who was also anxious to measure his strength with the man who had defeated Ramarez, and made himself an enemy of the republic, determined, as soon as he had learned of Carrere's whereabout, to meet him on even terms, and accordingly our army was *en route* over the country, in a southwestern direction, with the least possible delay.

In consequence of my ill health, I was placed with a small body in the rear-guard; having also under our charge the carts of the caravan, and a few loads of provisions. My new acquaintance Crasey was among our number, with his merchandise, and also an English boy, about 16 years of age, by the name of Walker, who stated that he was a nephew of the then British consul at Philadelphia, in the United States. The whole number of our squad consisted of about fifty men, all told; and, as we travelled slower than the cavalry, we were frequently at the distance of one and even two leagues behind the main body. Our route had been marked out for us, and we had only to follow it as fast as we might.

* From the effects of this wound the author has never recovered. The blow by which he received the injury was so heavy as to shatter the *sternum*, or breast-bone, and dislocate four of his ribs. Imperfect surgery, and continued severe bodily exertion immediately after receiving the injury, prevented a perfect reunion of the parts, and he suffers severely from its effects up to the present time.—[Ed.]

On the second night of our march, we had passed the last range of hills which lie between Cordova and the level country in the valley of the Rio Quarto. The army had halted about a league ahead; and we encamped for the night near a farm-house, having as yet discovered no trace of Carrere's army, but expecting certainly to find him on the following day. Having cooked and eaten our suppers, a guard was posted, and our party (several of whom were, like myself, *invalide*) threw themselves upon the ground and in the carts for repose. The night passed away in perfect quiet, but at daybreak next morning our camp was surprised by a scout of about one hundred well-mounted cavalry from the enemy. Our sentinels gave the alarm, but they were almost upon us, with fearful odds. At about one hundred yards in our rear lay the farmers' *corál*, or cattle-yard, and to that we betook ourselves, to avoid being trampled to death by their horses, for we had not an instant to mount our own, or to make preparation for a bold and open defence; and on this spot occurred another of those ferocious and bloody scenes which have so long marked the progress of war in the republics of the south. It is a singular fact, that while the Spanish descendants in those countries are usually regarded as positive cowards, there is not a more fearless race of men on the face of the whole earth; indeed, I may say, that the two prominent characteristics of that people are, first, to value their life as nothing; and, second, to value their honor as every thing, especially in their dealings between man and man. As friends, they are seldom treacherous; but as enemies, they are vindictive and cold-blooded. But to return.

The low fence of the *corál*, though it saved us from being overwhelmed, exposed us to their fire from four sides; and if we had been a horde of wild beasts, they could not have delivered their death-dealing balls with more determined aim. Fortunately, every man of our party had his carbine and pistols, and some were armed also with swords; and the fire

of our enemies was returned with equal resolution. Our assailants came so near that their horses' heads were projecting over the fence, yet, with all their strength of number, they would not dismount, and attack us hand to hand. Enveloped as we were most of the time with the smoke from the guns, gave them also an advantage over us, as they had but one point upon which to direct their fire, while every shot from us would be at random, unless the person firing approached the fence in order to see his object. This continued for half an hour; many of our comrades lay dead, and few there were who had escaped a wound, when, our ammunition being exhausted, further resistance was hopeless, and several of our party, throwing down their arms, presented themselves as prisoners to the enemy. Once more I was deprived of liberty, and, with my associates, stripped of clothing as before. Thirteen of our number lay dead in the coral, literally piled in a heap near the centre; and among them was my own servant Pasqual, who had been given to me by his mother, on the Banda Oriental, immediately after the battle with Artegas, near the Rio Negro. The poor fellow had served me faithfully, and through all my hardships thus far had been a partaker. When the noise and tumult of our fight had ceased, we heard distinctly occasional reports of firearms, apparently at the distance of a league, in the direction of the main body, and were informed that Carrere had fallen upon Bustes with his whole force, and would tear him to pieces; though it subsequently appeared that their meeting was attended with a skirmish only, which lasted about one hour, without any decisive result. The party who had taken us, whether from apprehension, or by a previous arrangement, led us in a direction from the two armies, and towards Cordova, taking every thing along with them; but, after moving a distance of about three leagues, they halted, and began rifling the *carros* (carts) of their contents, and loading their persons and horses with the plunder; then throwing the carros in a heap, they set them on fire.

It is well to state a little incident which occurred at this time. The traders who pass between Buenos Ayres and San Juan frequently carry barrels of rum from the latter, where it is manufactured, to the former, and as the barrels are valuable, they are preserved, and returned by taking them carefully to pieces and tying the parts of each barrel in a bundle by itself. Some of these bundles were found in one of the carts, and our captors supposed that we had money concealed in them. They asked us if there was money in the bundles, and were answered in the negative; when we were ordered by the leader to stand up in a row. "Now," said he, "I shall open the bundles, and if money is found in them you shall all be shot for telling me a lie." Poor Walker, not knowing whether there was money concealed or not, fell upon his knees, exclaiming, "*Por Dios, no me mátar!*" (For God's sake, don't kill me!) This only confirmed their suspicion, and the cords were cut, but no money was found in the bundles.

Each man then took what he could carry about him; but, as they were unable to take every thing, they selected such as would be most convenient to carry, and destroyed most of what remained. They then renewed their march, compelling the prisoners to follow on foot; but after some two hours' travel, finding that the sick and wounded were an incumbrance, they selected six of our number, who were ordered to follow them, and the remainder were left behind. Young Walker was one of those whom they took with them, and I never heard of him afterwards. Crasey and myself, with others, were set at liberty. Not knowing what course to pursue, Crasey proposed to me that we should first return to the carros, and see if any thing had been left that could be made useful. I agreed; but the rest of our company determined to take the route towards San Augustin, and run the risk of being taken prisoners. Crasey and myself returned to the spot where the carros had been destroyed, and among

the rubbish, half burned, he found a blanket and a hat almost rimless; and I found a remnant of scorched calico, of which we made covering for our bodies. Crasey also found a box containing a magic lantern, which had belonged to his own stock of valuables; whereupon he uttered an exclamation of joy—"Here is a prize worth its weight in gold," said he; "with this we can pay our way, and be independent, if we ever come where there are any people."

"That may be true," said I; "but go where we may, *I* shall be likely to find enemies; my name and person are too well known to pass current among the enemies of the republic, who are swarming in this region."

"As for your name, you are not obliged to tell that," he replied; "and your person is, I think, sufficiently disguised to evade the scrutiny either of friend or foe; so you have little to fear on that score."

"Very well, we must go somewhere, for I have no idea of finishing my days on the *pampas*, with nothing but a cotton rag about me. If Bustes has not been beaten, he will continue about the Rio Quarto; and by moving in that direction, we may meet with him, or some of his scouts; or, if we fail in that, we may keep on to the *Punta de San Luis*, which, to the best of my knowledge, is the nearest point of any note after we have reached the Quarto."

We accordingly determined to take that course, and, in case we missed our friends, to reach if possible that place, and hope for the best; but in what direction it lay, neither of us could with certainty tell. We had found among the ruins a remnant of salt beef, from which we made a supper; and, tying the remainder in a rag, determined to spend the night where we were. On the next morning we commenced our journey westward, and somewhat at random. We crossed the Rio Quarto, but saw nothing of troops; and in the course of the day we came upon a settlement of three *chózas*, (huts.) To the people we represented ourselves as

travellers, who had been stripped of every thing by banditti. They gave us food; but were too poor to help our wardrobe. From them, however, we learned the direction to the Punta; also, that it lay at a distance of at least fifteen leagues. We continued our route for several days; occasionally meeting with an isolated *chóza;* at the last of which, we learned that Carrere had some time since left the Punta de San Luis; and that the place was then in the command of Lieut. Col. Sautus Ortis, an officer with whom I had become acquainted at Santa Fé, and who, though opposed to the confederation, I believed to be personally my friend. I determined, however, to use precaution and disguise. As we approached the town, a slight shudder came irrepressibly over my frame: we were traversing the very road by which Ramarez had a short time before led us, to the disastrous onslaught of our last campaign. This I mentioned to my companion; and pointed out to him such points of interest as came to my mind. There was the hill, occupied by Carrere's army when he first discovered us; there were the streets, where stood the barricades, and through which our squadrons rushed like a whirlwind, scattering blood; yonder fought the brave Boedo; in that avenue, Ramarez, fighting like a lion, was unhorsed by a fall, but recovered in an instant; and near the same spot, at the corner of yon *chóza*, I received this cut upon my wrist. How different were my sensations from those with which I, on the second time, approached the city of Buenos Ayres! My first visit to this place, was in a moment of pride and panoply: now I drew towards it with a calico rag about my person, scarce sufficient to cover my nakedness, and with a sense of reluctance that would have better become a thief on his way to the justice. I thought, by way of consolation, of the necessary and natural "ups and downs" of life; but, after all my philosophy, I could not resist the conclusion, that I was getting my share of the "downs" in a lump. I was, however, but a novice as yet.

On our arrival, we entered the town with the humility of mendicants. We applied at a house in the suburbs, within a few rods of the place where I received my first wound, and told our story of distress, which obtained for us a little cast-off clothing and food. And having clad ourselves in more becoming habiliments, I agreed to join with Crasey in the exhibition of his magic-lantern; partly from necessity, but mostly as a means of concealing my true character, until I should know better what course to pursue, and whether it would be safe to make myself known to Col. Ortis. We accordingly took lodgings, and announced our exhibition to take place on the next evening. The time arrived; and Crasey having borrowed a sheet for the purpose, placed it against the wall of a room, and while he made a display of his fantastic figures, I was stationed at the door of entrance to receive *un medio chelin entrado*, or sixpence, as the price of admission. Our audience quite equalled our expectations; and from the receipts of the evening, we realized a profit of about three dollars. The next evening we again exhibited, with like success; but at this exhibition came Col. Ortis himself, who, notwithstanding my disguise, recognised me. "What!" he exclaimed, "my old friend!" then checking himself, he added in an under tone: "Call at my house when your exhibition is over;" and without saying more, he passed into the apartment. His tone and manner gave me an assurance of safety, and, without imparting my object to Crasey, I followed the colonel to his residence. As soon as we were alone, he said—

"How came you here; and why are you so employed? Have you so soon got tired of the army?"

I related to him all that had passed up to the time of our meeting, when he said to me—

"You have had rough usage, and I am glad to see you again, alive. You cannot remain at this place in safety, however, unless you see proper to join us; if you will do so, I will obtain a commission for you."

"Señor," said I, "as you are my friend, do not invite me to such a course; I can never bear arms against the republic."

"Then, as a friend, I advise you to leave the town forthwith. Your safest course will be to San Juan, where you will probably find friends; and as no disguise is better than your present employment, you can at the same time ensure concealment and obtain subsistence, by exhibiting your lantern in the villages through which you pass."

I promised to take his advice, and left him.

Returned to our lodgings, I communicated all that had transpired to Crasey; and after some hesitation he consented to go, although the distance before us would be about one hundred and fifty leagues, most of which must undoubtedly be travelled on foot. The country through which we were to pass was, however, far different from the dreary and uninhabited pampas which we had traversed during the greater part of our late journey. Our route would now lie along the range of the Cordilleras, with numerous villas in the way, and water and provisions abundant; besides, I had great hopes of falling in with some detachment of the army of the republic. But little preparation was necessary for the journey; and after three or four days of rest, we turned our backs upon the city where I had suffered my first military disaster—a disaster which had seemingly paved the way to a long succession of evils and privations.

It may be well to state here, what occurred with Bustes and Carrere after my last capture. As before stated, the two generals separated without coming to a decisive engagement. Bustes received dispatches from Cordova which called for his immediate return; and after dispatching messengers to Mendoza and San Juan, advising the commanding officers of those provinces of the advance of Carrere towards Chili, and urging them to be prepared to intercept his march, he returned again to Cordova. Carrere moved on, crossing the

Rio Quarto and entering the province of Mendoza; but before he had reached the foot of the mountains which lie along the western termination of that province, and which divide it from Chili, he was met by a powerful force; and after one of the best contested battles ever fought in the country—a battle which lasted during the whole of one day and a part of the next—his army of renegades was beaten, and himself taken prisoner and shot, at a small village near the town of Mendoza, where his brothers had met a similar death some years before.

CHAPTER IV.

The Cordilleras—Arrest and Imprisonment at San Juan—Liberation—Army of co-operation for Alto Peru—Gov. Arouz—War between the Provinces of Salta and Tucuman—Great Battle of Tucuman.

THOSE who have never traversed the region of the Cordilleras, can form no estimate of the majestic splendor of their scenery. The wild ravines, as witnessed from above, seem sinking down into an abyss of eternal night; the lofty summits, rising peak on peak, stretching far away up into the very vault of heaven, and with their caps of snow standing in bold relief from the dark blue sky beyond, and contrasting strangely with the rank and cheerful verdure of the foreground; the dizzy precipices, along which winds many a path, alone accessible to the sure-footed and patient mule; the beetling rock, which seems as it would topple from its lofty base, and bear destruction in its course; the soft and sleeping vales, where lie the peaceful hamlets of the *vendimiadors*, with their green vineyards and farms; the rustic villages and the occasional *pampas*, covered with cattle that have never felt the galling yoke, or owned submission to the rapacious grasp of man; all, in one stupendous whole, combine to strike the soul and thrill the mind with awful admiration. At evening, the *Ave Maria* of the muleteer, as he clambers the rough pathway, and the distant sound of the vesper-bells rising in melody from the spire of the villa cathedral far below, are heard mingling with the music of the mountain waterfall, and float in unison away upon the soft atmosphere of the gorgeous sunset. This, however, is but

one view of the picture; more beautiful perhaps, but less sublime, than when the storm is up: when the winds rush and groan in frantic fury along the rough sides of the mountains, startling the long and dark ravines with their wild moanings; or when the thunder with its terrible voice shakes the entire fabric to its base, and makes the whole foundation tremble. In such scenes are realized the words of Byron, where, speaking of the Alpine storm, he says—

> "The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,
> And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
> Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
> Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
> From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
> Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
> But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
> And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
> Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!"

Through scenes like these my companion and myself moved on, taking, as occasion offered, a ride of a league or more upon the carro of a trader or a farmer, and stopping, as often as our finances required, to make an exhibition of our lantern, when, at the end of two months, we arrived at the city of San Juan, which I found in the hands of the Independents. There I became acquainted with Alexander Taylor, a Scotchman, who was by occupation a distiller, and who carried on his business in the city. This man so far won my confidence that I made myself known to him, and gave him an undisguised account of my history in that country. My fellow-traveller Crasey, who was a jeweller by trade, commenced business soon after our arrival, and found good employment at the setting of diamonds and other precious stones.

I had been at San Juan about a month, when one evening, being in company with Taylor and an Irishman, a quarrel arose between them, which resulted in a challenge given by

the Irishman to Taylor. Taylor, however, refused to fight him, and the Irishman entered a complaint against him to the civil judge; and, as I had been present at the quarrel, I was summoned to give my declaration. I accordingly appeared before the magistrate, and gave a plain statement of what had occurred. Taylor was decidedly in the wrong in the whole affair; and, as I told the truth, my testimony was the cause of great offence to him. The examination being over, we went home; and, on the following day, I was not a little surprised on receiving an order to appear before the military chief of the town. The order was presented by a *sargento*, accompanied by two soldiers; and I was politely informed that they would conduct me to his Excellenza. I followed them accordingly; and, having arrived at the quarters of the *Comandanté*, he immediately asked my name, which I promptly told him. Then, without further hesitation, he said to me, "*Usted esta arrestado*," (You are arrested.) Knowing too well the usages of the country, I asked no reason for my arrest; and was forthwith imprisoned "*incommunicable*," (or without the privilege of communication with any one.) I now felt that I was a victim to the treachery of Taylor—but there was no help for it; and in this place I remained about one month, my only food being boiled beef and water. At the end of a month, the officer of the guard entered my cell, and told me that the governor had sent for me. This was the first person with whom I had spoken since the first moment of my incarceration. I told him I was ready; and immediately started under a guard for the *sala ó camara de recepcion*, or audience-chamber.

I saluted the governor on entering the apartment, and he spoke to me in a tone of kindness, which persuaded me that I had fallen into good hands, and raised my hopes of an immediate liberation. There were many persons in the hall at the time engaged with the governor on business, and I stood apart waiting his leisure. Others came and went; until at

the end of two hours, being for the first time unoccupied, he arose, and said, " Be kind enough to follow me." I obeyed; and he led me, without speaking another word, to the *Carcel*, or under-ground prison, connected with the building in which we then were; and, calling an officer of the guard, said to him, " Take charge of this man. You have your orders."

My heart, late so buoyant with hope, fell, at these words, with the heaviness of lead; for I well knew, that in these cells were confined none but prisoners of state, few of whom ever quitted their incarceration but to meet an execution in the prison-yard. Thus confined, the prisoner awaits in solitude the decision of a despot. From day to day, from hour to hour, perhaps for months, he may remain; and when, at length, an officer enters the prison-house, holding a sealed packet in his hand, and invites the prisoner forth, none know its contents, until the parties have reached the yard. Here the packet is opened: if it direct his release, he is set at liberty; if it command his death, he is immediately shot. I was at once placed in a cell, *entro porto*, (or between two doors.) My cell being about four feet wide, by twelve in length, with a small grating at the top of the wall over one of the doors through which I could see in the distance the snow-clad summits of the Cordilleras, and a corresponding grating at the opposite end from which I could see only the tops of the orange-trees in a neighboring garden, with their golden fruit flashing in the sunlight.

During the time of my imprisonment in this place, which lasted three months, Gen. Bolivar had commenced his movement for the liberation of Peru from the bonds of its Spanish viceroyalty; and Lt. Col. Calderon, a native of Alto (or upper) Peru, was preparing at San Juan a small expedition, with the view of joining Bolivar's army. This officer had heard of me through the governor, who had twice visited my cell, for the purpose of learning to what extent I had acted with the

army of the Confederation. He had also questioned me as to the place of my birth, and the history of my life before entering the service of that country; and Calderon expressed a wish that I might be liberated, for the purpose of joining his expedition. This was denied: Calderon, however, continued his efforts, setting at work every influence that could be brought to bear upon the governor to obtain his consent; and at length he obtained permission to visit me. He accordingly came to my cell, where we had a long conversation. He told me of the efforts he was making in my behalf, and of the object for which they were made. I thanked him; but said—

"Señor, I am now a subordinate officer in the army of the Argentine Republic. How can I meet your proposition consistently with my duty to the republic?"

"My young friend," said he, "I know you better than you suppose. You are a native of the United States of North America—you love freedom, and have fought bravely for this republic—but you are now a prisoner; and where is your army? In a word, who shall protect you? who shall save you from death? I am a native of Alto Peru, and I desire to see my country free. Bolivar is coming to our aid—I go to join him. Look at your prison!" he continued, glancing around him, "what can you do for the cause of liberty while shut up in this dingy hole?"

"Nothing, señor; but I hope for release."

"But who shall release you? Nay, who shall tell at what moment you may be led to the *Coral de muerte?* (the yard of death.) Say, then, that you will go with me, and follow my fortunes, and I promise you not only freedom, but a commission as captain in the patriot army of Alto Peru."

What he said of my helpless condition was, indeed, too true. No means of release was at hand; the prospect of death was constantly predominant, and my heart swelled with gratitude, as I replied—

"Señor, you may command me. Let me but be placed in

the ranks of those who fight for constitutional freedom, and my hand shall never falter."

He took me eagerly by the hand, saying, "That is right! that is right! You shall soon hear from me again."

He then left me; and on the next day I was summoned to appear before the governor, where I again met Col. Calderon. The governor stated that he had consented to my release on condition that I would leave the country, and join Calderon's expedition. I replied, that I would do so; and soon after left the hall in company with that officer.

Here I must pause to make an expression of gratitude to two unknown friends. The fact of my imprisonment, and something of my history, became soon known to many of the first families in San Juan; and during my confinement the prison fare of boiled beef and water had been often supplanted by an abundance of more luxurious and dainty food. Whence it came, I never could learn; but, after my release, I found reason to believe that my gratitude for this anonymous kindness was due to a lady by the name of Doña Mariana Oros. On leaving the prison, I received, also anonymously, a doubloon, which I afterwards supposed came from Dr. Aman, a native of my own country, who had married a lady of San Juan.

With this money, and a trifle from Calderon, I was enabled to clothe myself in a cheap but respectable garb; and in two or three days, Calderon, taking three of his officers and myself, started for Alto Peru, leaving his little force under the major's command, with orders to follow forthwith. We rode from post to post, until we arrived, on our way, at the city of Tucuman, capital of the province of that name, and were immediately presented to Don Bernivia Arouz, governor and captain-general of the province. This gentleman, I found, to my surprise, knew me (like Calderon) "better than I had supposed." He expressed much satisfaction at finding me the companion of his friend, and engaged in the cause of

Peruvian freedom. "Your country," said he, "has set a glorious example to the people of the South, and we are determined to profit by it, though the struggle is long-continued and severe,—a struggle that is protracted, and made doubly terrible by the ambition of separate states. It would seem that we shall never have rest; for even now the adjoining province of Salta, which lies between this and Peru, has, through the ambitious views of its governor, Ouemez, declared war against my own province. I am preparing for defence; but Ouemez is powerful, and God only can tell the result."

"Señor," said I, "the country which gave me birth, owes its power and perpetuity to its unity of action; should our states rebel against the general government, and strive for a separate existence, the prosperity of that country would be lost forever."

To this he made no reply, but renewed his testimonials of kindness by furnishing me with money; and as it was impossible for us to pass through Salta during its present excitement, he provided quarters for our party in the best houses of the city. Having now the means, I lost no time in procuring a uniform becoming my rank, and immediately found myself in a position which gave room for the enjoyment of social pleasure: the first, indeed, that I had known during a period of about six years, which I had now spent in the republics of South America. Our evenings were passed at *tertulias de bala* and *tertulias de conversaciones*, (balls and conversational parties,) and I entered into the spirit of their enjoyments with all the eagerness and gusto of one who had been long severed from the cheering influences of civil life. Surrounded with beauty, fashion, and luxury, and with the most distinguished and wealthy for my companions, I went on through the torrent of gayety with a bewildering sense of happiness, and, for the first time since I had taken arms, looked forward with a feeling of discontent to the moment when I should receive orders to renew our march.

Several days had thus passed, when Gov. Arouz sent an invitation to Calderon and myself to see him in private, at his residence. We went, accordingly, and the governor informed us that Ouemez had been so foolish as to suppose that he could at a single blow crush the government of Tucuman; also, that he was at that moment approaching, with a strong force, and a determination to sack the city; that in view of this determination he had not only promised full license to his soldiery, but so sure was he of success, that he had induced hundreds of the citizens of Salta to follow his army, prepared with carros, (carts,) trunks, and boxes, to carry away the property that should fall into their hands.

"These are horrible facts," he continued; "but you will readily suppose, gentlemen, that the governor and the people of Tucuman are not prepared to give up their city without making an effort to defend it. I feel that we shall have a bloody time of it, and as you cannot take part with us without compromising your neutrality, and perhaps bringing down upon the country for which you are engaged the enmity of Ouemez and his government, it is well that you should leave. You are of the advance-guard of Humaguaca, (the last village of the Argentine,) and you may escape our slaughter by a passage through the *monte de nogals*. I will furnish you with passports and horses."

Finding that Calderon made no reply, I said—

"Governor, I cannot desert your city under such circumstances; and if I cannot unite with your army in its defence, I may perhaps serve you in a different manner."

"Do you wish to see us pillaged, and our people given to the sword?" said he.

"No, Señor; but if my efforts can be of any avail, to prevent so fearful a calamity, they shall not be wanting."

Calderon determined to remain, and we set to work assisting in the additional preparations necessary to save the city from pillage. The citadel, which lay outside the town, was al-

ready strongly garrisoned, and every preparation had been made for an ordinary defence, but something more was now wanting to protect the women, children, and property of the citizens, from the horrors of a *saqueo*. Every man and every boy that could hold a firelock was forthwith armed; each house became a fortress; and even upon the tops of houses, preparations were made by which the women could hurl stones and other heavy missiles upon the heads of the enemy. On the next day the enemy approached. The doors of the houses were barricaded, the windows closed, and a fearful silence, broken only by the occasional passing of small bodies of troops, pervaded the whole city. The stillness was awful, boding terror; every thing that could be done for safety had been done, and the people now only awaited the bursting of the impending storm. I had taken my post at the house of the governor, who was now with his troops; determined to defend that at least, to the last extremity, and in the event of the dreaded pillage, to protect his family. With a number of his family, I had ascended to the house-top; and from that spot we witnessed the approach of Ouemez, with his army, followed by a train of some three hundred carros, provided for the conveyance of booty. His first assault was upon the citadel, which lay in full view before us; but after a short attack he entered the city, driving the garrison like sheep before him.

I had hoped to see a more resolute defence of the citadel, sufficient at least to have weakened the force of their assailants before reaching the town; but when the garrison gave way, with scarce an effort at defence, I felt as though the wretch would surely accomplish his purpose.

I had seen war in its most sanguine forms—had been through battle after battle, literally wading in blood—yet never till now had my nerves trembled, or my heart quailed, at the thought of danger. I saw Ouemez' strength—I saw his hellish preparation—and, as he approached, my frame

shivered with fear for the helpless and the young; yet I strove, with the best effort in my power, to sooth the terrible apprehensions of the females, who were clinging around me.

As the enemy entered the town, he was met by fresh troops and militia, who disputed their ground, inch by inch, for a long time, but at last gave way. Carnage followed upon every side; Ouemez' troops separated, carrying death and havoc through the various streets; and, above the uproar of the battle, as they were met by small bands of troops and citizens fighting for their firesides, arose the shrieks of woman, and the groaning prayers of the aged. The work of pillage had commenced, houses had been forced, and their owners murdered upon their own sills, when Gov. Arouz, by a vigorous effort, rallied his scattered soldiery; and, falling in desperation upon the main body of Ouemez' army, drove them from their position. New life was given to every heart, and new vigor to every arm, by this success; and the brave fellows, cheered by the shouts of their friends, and by the women, who, with streaming eyes, waved their handkerchiefs from the housetops and the windows, never lost their advantage, until the enemy was forced from the town, and the remnant of his army pursued to his own province.

The battle over, our company descended from the housetop; and I went into the street to assist in removing the wounded and dead. The scenes that presented themselves in all directions were such as are calculated to wring the heart, and cause it to mourn over its utter helplessness to give tangible relief. The legitimate field of battle, after a contest, is horrible enough with only its pictures of death and bodily suffering; but here we saw all of that, with the addition of mental agony, presented in every form, and in the utmost depth of excess. Wives, seeking their husbands, and flying from street to street with heads uncovered, and their loose hair floating on the wind; or, having found the

cold remnant of the object of their search, shrieking in despair, or bending in silent agony over the dead body. Mothers, pale and haggard with dread, inquiring for their sons; sisters frantically calling on the names of their brothers, and children seeking their fathers,—were incidents attending the close of this battle, which the soldier is, fortunately, not often called upon to witness. On the one hand, I saw a husband and wife bearing their wounded son to his home. They had placed him in a chair, and were thus conveying him along the street, but before they reached their house, he had breathed his last. On the other hand, I saw a lovely girl, upon her knees in the street, by the side of her dead brother, and the piercing tones of her voice, as she exclaimed, "My God! my brother! my God! my brother!" thrilled on the inmost fibres of the heart. Scenes like these were constantly passing before me; and in all directions the sombre *padre* might be seen kneeling to receive the last confession of some dying man.

CHAPTER V.

Journey through Salta to *Humaguaca*—Detention by Gov. Ouemez—The great *Cavrado de Humaguaca*—The outpost on the border of Peru—Expedition into Alto Peru, under Col. Buteres—Oran—Gov. Civilia—March to the province of Tarija.

WHILE waiting the return of Gov. Arouz, we passed most of our time in visiting the hospitals, which were crowded in every ward with the wounded and dying, rendering such assistance as lay in our power, and soothing the lacerated feelings of the anxious or bereaved relatives and friends. At the end of eight days the governor returned, and told us of his success.

"I could have laid waste his province," said the governor, "so complete was the *déroute;* but when I had driven the tiger to his lair my object was accomplished, for I scorned to visit upon his people the horrors that he would have inflicted upon mine. You may now, I think, proceed in safety on your journey."

It may be well to state that the forbearance and generosity of this man towards a brutal foe, were equalled only by his bravery. He was a man of the most unflinching and deliberate courage; and indeed no qualities short of these could have saved his city. We congratulated him upon the result of the assault, and the preservation of his city from the worst horrors of pillage and assassination, and with an expression of wishes for his future tranquillity, withdrew to prepare for our departure.

The next day the governor gave us passports recommending us as officers of the advance-guard, and, as we must pass

through Salta, pledging his honor to Ouemez that we had taken no part in the battle of Tucuman.

Having provided ourselves with servants, we took leave of the governor and his family, and departed. Passing over the route taken by the retreating army but a few days before, we met at every mile the evidences of a sanguine pursuit, the ground being literally strewn with the bodies of men, horses, wrecks of carros, and other equipages of the discomfited troops. Our road to Salta lay by the way of the little villages of Arenas and Cancho; at the first of which we spent three days; during which time I became acquainted with, and much attached to, the Lieut. Col. Don Pablo Latoiré, a gentleman of good family, and of whom I shall have future occasion to speak, in connection with the affairs of the Argentine Republic, at an important era of its history. Often conversing with him, and from being sometimes the object of his hospitality, a settled friendship grew up between us, and when we parted it was with mutual and earnest good wishes.

After eleven days from Tucuman we arrived at Salta, and immediately presented ourselves to Gov. Ouemez. We found him, as may be supposed, in no very good humor after his defeat, and he received us in a most surly and uncivil manner. He spoke of the recent battle in the bitterest terms of disappointment and chagrin, and swore that he would sacrifice every man in his province but that he would have revenge on Tucuman. After a short interview, he said—

"You will please to leave your passports with my secretary, and call on me again."

By so doing we became but one remove from prisoners, as the requiring of our passports was indeed only a polite way of telling us that we should remain during his pleasure; but there was no alternative, and we placed our passports, as desired, in the secretary's hands. On leaving the house I inquired of Calderon, who in fact cared more for pleasures and

dress than any thing else, what he thought of our present position. He replied—

"I should think little of it, provided we had plenty of funds."

"Well," said I, "my capital amounts to about one half-ounce, (half-doubloon,) and if the governor intends to keep us long, we had better be shut up at once, for then we shall at least be supplied with the *caldo y carne*, (soup and boiled beef.")

Calderon only laughed at this sally, and we returned to our lodgings.

We had waited several days without calling on Ouemez, when I was at length visited by his adjutant, who informed me that his *excellenza* would be pleased to see me alone. I accordingly called on him the same day, and met with a much more agreeable reception than on our first visit. He addressed me as captain, (a title which I had held by courtesy from the first moment of my joining with Calderon,) and said—

"I have heard of you before, and have now sent for you to converse on a subject of interest to you as well as myself. I kept your passport in order to gain time to make further inquiries respecting you. I have done so, and am satisfied that you are a brave man and a good officer."

I acknowledged the compliment with a bow, wondering all the time what he was aiming at. He continued:

"I have now in my service a valiant French officer, who has served with Napoleon Bonaparte. He is forming a regiment of *Lanceros;* and I have arranged that you shall, if you please, take a company under his command. What say you?"

I felt myself in an awkward position; to refuse would be to give, perhaps, a deadly offence, and accept I could not. I was standing near him at the time, and with my eyes bent upon the ground, I replied—

"Señor, I thank you, but beg that you will excuse me

when I decline your liberal offer; I have pledged my honor to the service of Alto Peru, and am bound to the advance-guard at Humaguaca, now under the command of Gen. Urdemeni."

The last words were spoken with emphasis, and at the same time lifting my eyes they were met by his, but it is impossible to describe the look of fury which they flashed upon me. It was evident that he had not expected a refusal on my part. Rising hastily from his seat, he walked heavily twice across the room, then stopping before me, he said—

"Young man, do you know that I can make a major of you?"

"Yes, señor; but you must excuse me. I cannot break my promise."

He again paced the room, seemingly uncertain what course to pursue; but at length said, in a calmer tone, "You have done right. I will send your passport, and you may march to Humaguaca."

He was true to his word. On the following day our passports were all sent in to us; and we forthwith set off among the hills, over a rough and stony road, towards the city of Jujuy, where we arrived the next day, and were immediately presented to Lieut. Gov. Dabula.

We were now within thirty leagues of Humaguaca, and the governor informed me that Calderon and the rest would remain for the present at Jujuy, but that myself and attendants must hasten on. "The secretary will have your passports ready at three o'clock," said he, "and you must proceed early to-morrow morning. The case is too urgent for ceremony, and you may leave without *despedida*," (formal leave-taking.)

Here I became acquainted with a man named Godfrey Poniard, a native of the island of Guernsey, with whom I had a short conversation, the burden of which was his sufferings through the acts of the government, by which he had

been almost hopelessly ruined. This person is here introduced, that the reader may remember him at a future time.

On the following morning, accompanied by two soldiers as *attendants*, or servants, I crossed the river Jujuy; and commenced my journey, which, after a ride of about six leagues, lay through the wonderful ravine known as the *Cavrado de Humaguaca*. This *cavrado*, or chasm, which was formed by a convulsion of the earth, extends for a distance of about ten leagues, varying in width from a space of one hundred yards to that of a quarter of a mile, and presenting one of the most wild and singularly diversified curiosities of nature. The opening of the earth has left a ravine walled on either side with immense and lofty palisadoes of jagged rock, broken here and there with gaping chasms, through which the mountain-streams dash and foam, on their downward course, into what might be aptly termed the regions of Erebus, since all below is impenetrable darkness; and how far into the bowels of the earth these streams may dash and fret, in their downward passage, is beyond the estimate of man.

Strange as it may seem, man has set his foot, and built his habitation, within this pass of gloom; and the occasional spots of earth, occupied and cultivated by Peruvian *mametas* and *tatetas*, formed a singular contrast to the natural wildness of every thing about them. Nevertheless, here they live and die, unknowing and unknown, unmolested and uncared for. At one of their rude habitations I stopped for the night; and, to my surprise, was served with a meal of the first potatoes that I had eaten in South America; as, in the first place, this vegetable was a scarcity in the country, in consequence of the effect of the civil wars on agriculture; and, in the next place, the fare of their soldiers in the service is generally beef for breakfast, beef for dinner, and beef for supper; or, perhaps, beef only when you can get an opportunity to eat it. I have often lived many months at a time without the variety even of bread of any kind. The potatoes, at this time, were

served up in a sort of soup called *choupasita,* and it was truly delicious. These people never receive any compensation for their hospitality. But our beds were made of our horse-blankets; of our *ricados* (saddles) we made pillows, while for covering we used our *ponchas*, a kind of cloak, which is made by cutting a hole through the middle of a piece of cloth, the edges of the apertures being then hemmed, and supplied with a drawing riband. It is worn by passing the head through the orifice, and allowing the garment to fall around the person, reaching generally below the knee.

Continuing our journey, we arrived at Humaguaca at about four o'clock in the afternoon. I reported myself to the officer of the day, who announced my arrival to the commander-in-chief; and, having delivered my letters, I was presented to Gen. Urdemeni, recognised as captain, and on the following morning, as the regiment formed, was placed in command of a company.

Gen. Urdemeni was a Peruvian by birth, who had seen much service. He was a man of noble and excellent parts, strongly attached to the cause of freedom, for its own sake, and at that time full of zeal and hope for the liberation of his own country from the Spanish yoke; yet, with all this, possessing all the harsh and unfeeling attributes which seemed to characterize the commanding officers of South America.

It will be remembered, that Humaguaca was a town in the Argentine, on the immediate borders of Peru. Onalietta, the commander-in-chief of the Spanish forces in the neighboring district, had established a strong post on his own territory, about twenty leagues from Humaguaca; and I was ordered, with sixty men, to an outpost at about six leagues distant, in the same direction, so as to be almost upon the dividing line of the two countries, where, as I had been told by Gen. Urdemeni, I found my duties extremely harassing, as scarcely a day passed without some little skirmish with small parties from the enemy's side. The affairs of the revolution made

as yet but slow progress towards the upper borders of Peru; and I was continued at the outpost some eight or nine months before being recalled.

When Gen. Urdemeni ordered me to this outpost, I had remonstrated on account of the condition of my health, having suffered for more than a year with the *chucha*, (fever and ague,) but he replied, by saying—

"You are a foreigner;* I can trust you."

Soured in temper, with my sickness, hardships, and ill usages, I felt little of the spirit of kindness for any one, and less desire to associate with any of my kind. I had as yet met with nothing but reverses and toil; and in all my sufferings, from year to year, not the sound of a single sympathetic voice had fallen upon my spirit, to check or soften its growing asperities. No compensation had I ever received, and my clothing was little better than rags. I became moody and taciturn; and often in my most sombre moods I drew my *garro* (cap) over my brow, and wrapped myself closely in my own miserable thoughts. At such a time none ventured to approach their *comandanté*, and at such a time I have thrown my bull's hide upon the ground, apart from my

* It may seem singular that the general should place more confidence in a foreigner than a native; but it must be made known that the officers from Peru had not yet been tried, and some doubts existed as to whether all of them were true friends to the patriot cause, and willing to suffer exile and confiscation in case that cause should be unsuccessful. The others, being from the upper provinces of the Argentine bordering on Peru, were in an equally equivocal position. For the narrator, as a foreigner, it is presumed the general had fixed upon two (what he supposed to be) good reasons why greater dependence could be placed on him. The first was, that being a foreigner, and thus, in case of treachery, cut off from the sympathies of the people of both countries and all parties, with nothing to gain, and every thing to lose by such an act, there was little fear of his being unfaithful; and, second, as a citizen of the United States, and a known advocate in the cause of civil liberty, there was on that account good reason to believe that he would not desert his post, or unite with the Spaniards.—Ed.

camp, and lain for hours groaning in agony of spirit. It was not my desire or intent, at the commencement of this work, to have painted the personal sufferings that I had day by day endured; but simply to relate the occurrence of events of greater interest to the world. But reflection has at times awakened recollections almost too bitter to be withheld; and if I have not before recorded them in the language of glowing indignation, it was because I regarded them as private griefs, which might annoy, without edifying the reader.

It was at this post, while suffering with an ague which had almost worn me to a skeleton, that the following incident occurred. My *garro* was over my brow; and, with a horse-blanket thrown around me, I sat beneath a porch of the shanty that furnished quarters for my relief, when I perceived a Spanish gentleman appearing on the road, and moving with his splendid horse-trappings, servants, and two heavy trunks carried by mules, towards Humaguaca. He had somehow passed my outer picket unobserved, and rode by me with a careless glance.

"Ah! my fine fellow," thought I, "you look on me with contempt; but you little think that you must ride back again."

At a quarter of a mile he was hailed by my inside picket, and his passport being unsigned by me, he was brought back again. I appeared not to notice him as he returned, and heard him ask the guard—

"Who is your comandanté?"

"That is he, señor, upon the porch."

"That!"

The don raised his hat, and approached me bowing. "Señor Comandante," said he, "will you oblige me by giving a passport?" at the same time handing me the paper.

"Sit down, señor," said I, pointing to a bench that stood near, and glancing at the passport, which I found correct.

"Now, señor," said I, "if you will tell me what you thought of me, as you rode past, I will sign your passport."

He hesitated.

"Speak out, señor; I think I know your thoughts. Speak truly."

"To tell the truth, then," he replied, "I thought you were a *beggar*."

I endorsed his passport, and he went on. Such was my condition when on duty as captain in the patriot service of Alto-Peru, now better known as BOLIVIA!

At the time of my recall, an expedition was being planned, having for its object a *circuito*, for the purpose of throwing a small force into the provinces of Cinte and Potosi, which lay beyond the post occupied by the Spanish general, and which were known to favor the patriot cause; and after revolutionizing those provinces, if we should be so successful, to fall upon his rear, and hem him in between the two armies,—to wit, the army at Humaguaca, and the army to be raised by the revolution of the two provinces. The expedition, it was apparent, must be one of immense hazard and toil; because, independent of the danger of going with a mere detachment into the heart of an enemy's country, it would be necessary to make a diagonal retrograde of about one hundred and fifty leagues to Oran, in the province of Salta, thence about one hundred leagues to a small post of the enemy at the village of Carripare, in the province of Tarija, and so on one hundred leagues farther to Potosi. At a council of officers, it was finally arranged that the expedition should, at the start, consist of twenty officers and one hundred and sixty men, with orders to recruit on the way. Col. Buteres was appointed the leader, with power to appoint his second in command; the remaining officers were appointed by Gen. Urdemeni. Buteres immediately applied to me, offering me the post as second officer, and promising the rank of major, if I would accept. I told him that nothing would give me

more pleasure. Accordingly our arrangements were soon made, and the expedition set out.

Our route to Oran lay most of the way through dense forests, occasionally broken by open country, nearly all of which was devoted to the culture of the sugar-cane; and at the villages Ladesma and San Pedro we witnessed extensive manufactories of sugar. We also encountered on our route various tribes of Indians, the most imposing of which were the Mattacs. Our march lasted about two weeks, during which we lived most of the time on *charqui*, or jerked-beef dried; and by way of variety, we had on this occasion a plentiful supply of *maiz molido*, made of corn which, having been first toasted and then ground, was placed in bags and hung at our saddles. The mode of preparing it for food, was by placing a quantity of the meal in our cups, (made of bulls' horns,) and mixing it with water.

At Oran we halted for the purpose of recruiting, and were well received by Col. Civilia, and the inhabitants of the town, who made every exertion for our enjoyment, by getting up, nightly, *tertulias de bala*, and other agreeable means of pastime. Here I became acquainted with Doña Cacinta R——, a young lady of most fascinating grace and figure, though not of handsome face. My time was however devoted mostly to the affairs of our enterprise, and in about a week I formed my regiment, of six or seven hundred men, of all descriptions, outside the town, where I commenced a series of rigid martial exercises. This was continued for several days, Col. Buteres remaining in town until we were ready to proceed on our march. During this tour of practice in the suburbs, we had neither tents nor covering of any kind, but ate and slept in the open air, lying upon the ground at night, with the dewy atmosphere for a covering. The South Americans never encumber themselves with tents on a long campaign, but usually set their camp in the open air.

All things being at length ready, the march commenced, over a wide waste of pampas, wood, hills, and streams, towards the town of Carriparee. The distance from Oran to Carripee, although much shorter, in a direct line, than that from Humaguaca to Oran, occupied about six weeks, owing to the circuitous route, the hardships encountered, and the numerous barriers opposed to our advance, in the shape of streams, mountains, ravines, &c. Our food, too, instead of being all beef, as had often been the case, was, after a few days, on the opposite extreme, consisting entirely of the *maiz molido*. Our extreme change of diet, added to the toils of the march, caused much sickness in the corps, and at the end of three weeks the whole command, being mostly composed of recruits, was in a state of actual suffering, with no means of relief at hand. Sometimes the streams that we encountered were fordable, and were accordingly passed in that manner; but they were often deep, and only passable by swimming; where these occurred, the sick and disabled, as also our arms, were carried across in canoes, made of bullocks' hides, each canoe being capable of bearing but one man, which rendered the operation slow and exceedingly tedious. As we approached the province of Tarija, we took prisoners, as a measure of precaution, a number of *guachos*, or idle countrymen, who came in our way; and from these we learned that the village of Carriparee was strongly garrisoned, under the command of Col. Mendes. We at length halted on the borders of a noble stream, within the province of Tarija, but still about fifty leagues from Carriparee, and took every means in our power to ascertain the strength of the garrison. As near as we could learn, it was found to consist of about one thousand five hundred men. This was a severe check to our anticipations, and deprived us of all our sanguine hopes of success. It was impossible to proceed on our enterprise without first reducing this place; and where we had expected to find a garrison of five hundred men, we

found one of more than double our own number, without taking into the account the exhausted and sickly condition of our troops.

At this place we were visited by Lieut. Col. Roues, who owned and occupied a farm not far from us. He was a native of the province, and a sincere patriot at heart, but at that time living in retirement. Perceiving that we were in a suffering condition, this gentleman immediately sent us provisions of sheep, &c., from his own farm, which our people paid their respects to without ceremony. Dishes were unknown in our camp, knives and forks we were not encumbered with, and camp kettles were a thing unknown. Our mode of cooking our mutton was by cutting a stick about four feet long, of which we made a skewer. This was forced lengthwise through the whole side of a sheep, and the end of the stick driven into the ground near the fire. As the meat was turned, and gradually roasted, each man helped himself by cutting, with his sword or clasp knife, a long slice from the part most cooked, eating it from his hand; and thus the process was continued until the meat was all gone. In this way, washing down our meat with water from the bold and clear stream beside us, we fared sumptuously. Roues cheered us too, in mind as well as in body. He told us not to be disheartened at what we had heard of Mendes' force; said the people were with us, and eager to throw off their Spanish thrall, and expressed a firm conviction that if we should proceed, and strike a blow at Carriparee, a great portion of Mendes' troops would immediately join us. When he was about to leave, we asked when he would come to us again. He replied, that it was necessary for him to be exceedingly cautious, and not be known as having any communication with us whatever; inasmuch, as that all the property he possessed was in the power of the Spaniards. "Nevertheless," said he, "my whole heart is with you in your efforts to liberate our country; and nothing that

I can consistently do, under the circumstances, shall be left undone. On the day after to-morrow, at the hour of *oración*, (evening prayer,) I will visit you again; and, in the mean time, you shall not want for provisions."

The company of wretches that he had found us in the morning—dejected, hungered, and worn down with toil and sickness—he now left in a perfect *alégre*, for a more happy, comfortable, and jovial set of fellows never were met together.

A consultation of the officers was now held; whereat it was agreed to act upon the advice of Roues, and make an advance so soon as our men should be sufficiently rested and improved to continue their march, notwithstanding our colonel, Buteres, who was an old man, urged the adoption of more cautious and prudent measures. He pointed out no particular course that he would wish to see pursued, but spoke in a manner discouraging, and, as I thought, timid; though I must do the old man the justice to say, that his bravery had never been questioned. I replied, stating that this alternative alone was left to us, either to attack the post, and fight it out, or return with the mark of disgrace upon us. "We have every reason to believe," said I, "that we shall gain powerful reinforcements from the people, and even from the ranks of the enemy; and, with such prospects, it becomes our duty to advance. For myself, I will never return to Gen. Urdemeni until the object of the expedition is accomplished, or else honorably defeated." The officers seemed pleased with the position that I had taken, and Col. Buteres finally acquiesced.

I was much mortified at the position assumed by our *comandante*. The imputation of cowardice could not lie at his door; for he had time and again proved that cowardice formed no part of his composition. But our expedition was of a nature that required not only courage and experience,

but perseverance, indomitable resolution, and fortitude; and when I perceived that our leader faltered under the weight of privation and difficulty, my mind almost misgave me; because I well knew that on his firmness and energy our success must in a great measure depend.

CHAPTER VI.

Siege of Carriparee, in Tarija—Battle of Carriparee.

On the next morning, immediately after breakfast, the regiment was formed, and addressed by Col. Buteres in the right spirit. He told of the encouragement that we had received from the statements and opinion of Col. Roues, explained to them the ground upon which we hoped for and expected success, and finally announced the determination of the council to move forward, at an early day, towards Carriparee. The announcement was hailed with cheers by the true-hearted fellows, and after a short parade the regiment was dismissed.

Soon after the parade was ended, Buteres came and invited me to ride with him, saying that he should like to have a conversation apart. We mounted, accordingly, and having reached a distance of half a mile, threw the reins on the necks of our horses, and seated ourselves upon the ground, under the shade of a large tree. He commenced the conversation by saying—

"Major, I have never had an opportunity for private conversation with you, and I desire that we may now have a confidential talk over the affairs of our expedition. I know that neither *your* fidelity nor *your* bravery can for a moment be doubted, and while I would not question the patriotism of our officers generally, there are many among them who are Peruvians by birth, and I know they are very anxious to get back into their own country. There is one, too, whose sincerity I doubt—I allude to Capt. Tinicares; he has entirely

too much of the *amor propio*, (self-love,) and appears to me more devoted to personal interest than to the general good."

His object in making these remarks I could not comprehend, unless it were to show me that a selfish interest, viz., a wish to reach Peru, and thus get back to their homes, was the governing principle that induced the officers to resolve on an immediate advance; and after a moment's reflection, I said—

"*Mi Coronel*, I do not understand you; speak plain, and without ambiguity. We are in confidence, and if your position embarrasses your mind, let me know it. I know you have much at stake in this country; but for me, I have nothing at heart but its liberation. You have wealth and family; I have neither. Your fortune is already made; mine is yet to be made. And with this, and a good cause to stimulate me, my advice will always be, Onward! onward!"

He arose suddenly, and evidently in anger, exclaimed—

"Young man, do you doubt me! do you know me! Have I sacrificed wealth, health, comfort, every thing, and taken in their stead suffering, privation, and danger, to be now questioned and doubted?"

"No, Colonel," I replied; "but I have thought that you have not put forth your usual energy in this enterprise. It is one of extreme hazard; indeed it is almost desperate in its character, and will require the firmest and most daring measures to make it successful."

"Fear not for that," said he, in a resolute manner; "I will go as far as any, and am at this moment ready to sacrifice every thing that I possess, for the good of our cause. I will go forward, be the result to me what it may!"

I took his hand heartily, saying—

"We are true friends."

Still, I could not lose sight of our different situations. I had nothing to lose, while his property, lying within reach of the enemy, was liable to confiscation, if the patriot cause

should fail; and while I respected his position, his age, and his feelings, that very respect taught me that the whole energy of the enterprise must rest on myself. Continuing our conversation, he said—

"If it should prove that the force under Mendes is indeed so large as is represented, would it not be advisable to pass him by a *circuito*, and thus, by obtaining his rear, move on to Potosi?"

To accomplish this, would lengthen our march at least forty leagues, through a wild and mountainous country. I felt indignant, and at once replied—

"It is impossible! Our men are now completely worn out, and before we could reach a position in the enemy's country, we should lose them all by death and desertion; they are now recruiting their strength for an *advance*, and nothing but an advance will satisfy them. It is now too late to talk of danger; those who fear it, should have thought of it before, and if they had done so, perhaps the expedition would have been abandoned. For my own part, I well knew its dangers and privations; I knew also its importance, and for this I gave up my position in the regular army. Have I not sacrificed something? and would you have me reap a reward of disgrace? It cannot be! I am resolved to go forward, and meet this issue as becomes a true patriot!"

I saw that Buteres was almost distressed by the conflict of his feelings, and the resolute position that I had assumed; and I immediately added, that with all my zeal I did not mean to be rash; that we would hear what Roues would say of the project when he came to us, and afterwards talk the matter over again; and with this understanding we returned to the camp.

During all that and the following day our men were allowed the full range of enjoyment within the pickets; and having now plenty of food, drink, and rest, they were as happy as need be. On the second evening, at dusk, Col.

Roues came according to his promise; and repeated his opinion that the people and troops of the province were only waiting our advance and assault for an opportunity to join us, and, on the following morning, orders were given to prepare forthwith to march. The orders were heard with universal satisfaction, and obeyed with alacrity; and in less than an hour we were on our way towards Carriparee. The whole of this route, although circuitous and long, was free from the toil and hardships that we had before encountered. Our road now lay through an inhabited country, with fresh provisions in abundance; and our marches were made short for the preservation of the energies and strength of the men. The people, wherever we passed, hailed us with marks of satisfaction; and, after about eight days, we halted within seven leagues of Carriparee. That night some five or six of our trustiest men were disguised in the ragged clothing of the *guachos*, and sent forward as *espiones* (spies) into the town, with orders to learn all in their power respecting the defences of the place, and return as speedily as possible. On the next evening, two of our spies returned with information that Mendes knew of our advance, and was making vigorous means to receive us, but as to his force they had not learned. In the course of the night, however, the others came in, confirming all that the first had told, with the additional information, that the number of troops was fully equal to what we had before learned, viz. one thousand five hundred men, and also that Mendes knew of our present position. Soon after the return of these men, a stranger came to the advance outpost, and, on being challenged by the guard, replied "*La Patria.*" He was immediately arrested, and brought before me. I was at once forcibly struck with his appearance. He was a large man, wearing a *poncha*, which covered his whole frame, but his features and eye were what most attracted my attention. In them I read the evidences of a fearless yet restless and active spirit, blended with a something which told me

that that spirit might be guided and wielded more readily to evil than to good, and stamping the man as a master-spirit in whichever road his course might happen to turn. The evidences of former frays were engraven upon his face, in the shape of two long and shining scars,—the one upon his forehead, severing the right eyebrow, and the other upon his left cheek; and, as he stood before me, with a mingled expression of pleasantry and defiance, his lip slightly curled, the appearance of a frown upon his brow, his gray eye firmly fixed, and his form motionless, I read distinctly the impress of a rude and daring character.

"Who are you?" I demanded, in a tone of severity.

"You may know me for a friend, or I should not have come voluntarily to your camp," he replied, with dogged sternness.

"Your answer does not satisfy me," said I; "tell me who and what you are."

"You have doubtless heard of me," he said, with affected carelessness. "My name is Panana."

"What I have heard of you has been little to your credit, Señor Panana," I replied. "I have thus far known you only as a *guacho*," (a provincialism, which signifies an idle, lounging fellow.) I had, in fact, heard of him, however, as a bravo of the worst kind.

At this he shrugged his shoulders, and laughing, replied—

"It is enough that I am a true patriot, and have come to hail you as friends, and give you such information as I can to your advantage."

"What information can you give?"

"Mendes knows where you are, and is preparing to receive you."

"That I knew before."

"Then I have told the truth."

"What else do you know?"

"That the people of Carriparee are anxious to see you,"

"They shall be gratified. For what do they wish to see us?"

"That they may join you if you are likely to succeed; as it is, they dare not speak. Your enemies have represented you as only three hundred strong."

"What does Mendes himself think of our number?"

"He thinks you are stronger than you really are; and has sent to Gen. Onalietta asking for reinforcements."

"And do you believe that the people of Carriparee would co-operate with us in case of an attack on our part?"

"They certainly would; if, by so doing, they could be sure of your success over the Spaniards. It is life or death with them; and if they should fail in a revolt there would be little mercy shown them. This makes them cautious."

I was fully satisfied of his honesty, and subsequently found him of essential service to us in the matter of procuring provisions, and acting as a spy, going, as he did, even into the enemy's stronghold. He repeatedly expressed a conviction of our success, if we would but make the assault. A council was finally called, and it was determined that the attack should be made. Our regiment moved on until we arrived in sight of the town, and again halted. From our new position, we discovered that every avenue to the town was barricaded, but the only demonstration of a military occupation that we saw, was the sentinels outside the barricades. The troops were, as we subsequently found, garrisoned in the *Plaza*, or market-square, which, in the South American villas, always occupies the centre of the town, and which was now strongly fortified with cannon, ranging through the streets in two directions from every corner. Our force was so distributed and located as to conceal its true extent, and Mendes still supposed that it was far beyond the reality. Every thing was ready on our part for the assault, but Buteres held back, as if in dread, and it was not till two days had passed, and after repeated solicitation, that he gave orders for the attack.

We advanced in two columns, each numbering about two hundred and fifty men, and leaving a reserve at the entrance of the town of two hundred more. Buteres commanded the right flank; the left was given to me, with orders to unite at the first opportunity after passing the barricades. As we approached within musket-shot, Buteres' clarion gave the signal to charge, and the columns moved forward at a quick step. At the barricades we met a small guard, who retreated before our fire: breaches were soon effected, and both columns entered. Our reserve not being yet on the ground, each left a small party to raze the barricades, and the columns moved on towards the Plaza, or square, by the nearest route, the people shouting from the windows, "*Viva la patria!*" As we approached, the enemy kept his position, and commenced a raking fire upon both columns, having however but a single gun on each range, and that badly mounted. We reached the square nearly at the same moment, without loss, and began the assault at the same time upon the right and left of his line. Our men behaved nobly, rushing up to their very guns, and wresting the sponges from the gunners' hands; but the whole body of the enemy seemed as resolute as our own, not the slightest appearance of revolt was manifest; and after a fierce struggle of half an hour, during which we lost several men, our little force fell back in order, and retired to our position, without calling up the reserve. Buteres now determined on laying a siege, and by cutting off supplies, to bring them to terms of submission. After six or eight days, during which we had made several faint assaults, a flag of truce was sent in to Mendes, demanding a surrender, or that no quarter would be shown, while at the same time we knew he had a force of more than double our own numbers. His answer to our summons was, that he would never surrender while he had a man left.

Early next morning we discovered evident demonstration of preparation for a *sortie*, and prepared to receive it by fall-

ing back about a quarter of a mile, and taking a commanding position. At about ten o'clock, as we anticipated, Mendes came out, at the head of about one thousand men, and charged upon our line; but after a short skirmish, in which we lost fifteen men and two officers, they were forced back into the town. On the afternoon of the same day he made another sortie, and was again driven back.

We had held them under siege for about two weeks, and it was apparent to all that a decisive blow must be struck now or never. Our troops were in fine order and high spirits, the enemy had been harassed and weakened, and we had now to expect their reinforcement from Onalietta in the course of two or three days: but one alternative indeed presented itself; and at a council of officers, it was determined that a vigorous and final assault should be made at daybreak on the following morning, be the result what it might. Our men, feeling sure of victory, were overjoyed at the announcement of the order, and congratulated themselves on the prospect of rest and pleasure; and though most of our officers were less sanguine of success, I had believed, from the time of our first repulse, that an energetic attack would have carried the town; but all my efforts could not persuade Buteres to the attempt.

At daybreak, having embodied our whole force, except a small squad of infantry, to take charge of the wounded, we advanced in a single column, numbering six hundred men, towards the *calle ancha*, or wide street of the town, leading directly to the market-place, and upon the strongest point of the enemy's position. We entered the town, Buteres and myself at the head of the column, and soon discovered that we had not caught them napping, for at the distance of near half a mile we could see their match-lights already burning. Moving at a quick pace, we were soon convinced that the whole garrison was under arms and ready to receive us, although the only force that opposed us in the range of the street was a single

company of artillery. Passing through a wide street, there was no room for strategy; we had but one course, and that was directly upon their guns. At a distance of about three hundred yards we received their first fire, which cost us about thirty men, when the signal was sounded for a charge, and the whole body sprang forward at a gallop. As we reached the very muzzle of their guns, the head of our column poured in a volley from their carbines, and wheeled into the square, the successive squadrons firing and wheeling in the same manner.

We now saw at a glance the admirable position of the enemy. A line of cavalry was drawn up at about eighty yards distant, at a right angle with the street, by which we entered the square, its left resting on a line with that street. The infantry were drawn up parallel with the line of cavalry, upon a high embankment, about fifty yards in rear of the cavalry, and upon either flank of the square were platoons of cavalry in reserve, the whole square being surrounded by houses.

Our first fire was returned by their infantry, which was now unmasked by our turning from the street into the square. By this discharge Buteres received a wound in the groin, which disabled him, and he was carried to the rear. The command devolved on me. The senior captain, Ponci, was immediately ordered to conduct the left wing; and the fight continued, hand to hand, for half an hour, presenting a perfect *mêlée* of slaughter; both parties being hemmed in a square covering not more than six or eight acres of ground. Their numbers were evidently overwhelming us—for fresh men from the reserve filled the places of those who fell, and after spiking the guns which covered the *calle ancha*, I sent orders to Ponci to draw off his wing to a distance of about ten squares,* where I would follow, and, after taking breath,

* Small distances are measured by *quadros*, or squares, each about one hundred yards.

change our mode of attack. He did as directed, passing by the rear through the *calle ancha;* and, as soon as my flank was uncovered, I followed with the right wing in perfect order. At a distance of five hundred yards, I found Buteres suffering in agony, where his attendants had halted with him under a tree. I hastened to him, and dismounted, ordering my wing to proceed and join the left. He looked upon me, and said sadly—

"Ah, *mi mayor*, you are beaten."

"No! *mi coronel;* we do but pause. We shall renew in a moment."

"I will join you," said he, attempting to rise.

"Impossible, señor; remain where you are. We shall beat them yet."

"My friend," said he, "I know you will do all that man can do; but their numbers overwhelm you."

"Fear not, señor; we are in good heart, and, despite their numbers, I am *sure* of success."

"Go, and God prosper you!"

I joined the regiment in a moment, at first intending to make the second assault on two points; but, although Ponci proved himself brave, I dared not trust him to lead an assault, well knowing, that if either column faltered and fell into disorder, we should be hopelessly lost. The *calle ancha* I knew was now uncovered, and I felt that if I could but force their cavalry, the line of infantry could be easily broken, and thus the whole mass would be thrown into disorder. I determined therefore to charge again, with a strong front, up the *calle ancha*, directing Ponci to amuse their right with a small force, while myself would make a vigorous effort to turn the enemy's left, and, if possible, make a breach, through which the whole of the right wing should fall upon their infantry.

We advanced to the charge. Ponci was faithful to his instructions; the men fought as though each considered the cause wholly his own, and even the very horses that we rode

seemed to exert themselves. In five minutes the plan was successful. The breach was passed, carrying death in our way—the infantry fled before us like sheep, and took refuge in the houses, while the people, from their windows, cheered us with their cries of "Viva la Patria!" The day was clearly ours, when, to our horror, the cry, "*El Refuerzo! El Refuerzo!*" was heard from those of the infantry, who had reached the house-tops, whence they had poured their volleys upon us, whenever they could do so without endangering their own cavalry.

The reinforcement! thought I;—oh, heavens!—and at such a moment! I would not believe it; and fought on. Our foes were encouraged, and renewed their efforts at the very point of surrender. In fifteen minutes the reinforcement entered the town, and came to the square by two avenues, at the top of their speed, some seven hundred strong!

Hope was now lost, and I gave the order to retire; but the carnage that followed, I cannot describe. Enough, they gave no quarter to any that fell into their hands; and, taking the route through the *calle ancha*, eighteen escaped from the town in the direction of our old camp-ground. On the way we found Buteres, ready mounted, with four others; and the whole, numbering twenty-three, the remnant of our regiment, escaped by reaching a forest, and eluding the vigilance of our pursuers.

CHAPTER VII.

Flight after the Battle of Carriparee—Arrival and Sojourn among the Chiriviene Indians—Their Habits and Customs—Singular Escape.

Our flight continued during that day, scarce knowing or caring whither we went, so hopeless had all become. During the day we crossed the river Tarija, and at night halted. Nobody slept, and each sat upon the ground, holding the halter of his horse, while the animal ate the grass around him. Buteres was the only wounded man among us, and he suffered sadly, from the nature of his wound, which was a severe contusion on the groin, rendering the act of riding on horseback excessively painful. He had the sympathies and kind offices of us all; for with him, as a soldier, the error was only through the infirmities of age. He was a brave and a good-hearted man, and we all loved him.

Our corps of officers was now reduced to nine; among whom were Col. Buteres, Captains Tinecares, Ponci, and myself; but, notwithstanding our discomfiture, the system of rank and authority was preserved as before. During the night, our conversations were naturally upon our condition, and the mode necessary to be adopted to relieve us from it. One proposed an attempt to reach Oran; but that was declared impossible, on account of the almost certainty of falling into the hands of the Spaniards, who would surely massacre the whole body; still we were left to choose between that risk, and the mercy of savages, most of the tribes of whom were known to be deadly hostile to the whites. On the one hand, there was certain death, if taken, and but little

hope of escape; while on the other hand, there was at least a chance for mercy. Among our band there were two soldiers who were somewhat acquainted with the country, and they advised that we should fall back upon the *cinco pueblos itiuro*, (or five towns,) of the Chiriviones. They were known to be a quiet nation; but what their dispositions towards us might be, none could tell. We, however, concluded to adopt that course, and in the morning set out under the guidance of the two men.

Taking a northeasterly direction, we entered a territory known as the *Granchaco*. The entire western portion of this territory is inhabited by various tribes of Indians; but in the southern region of the river Pilcomayo, and eastward of that river, civilization has begun to build its habitation. The territory is bounded on its whole eastern line by Paragua, and is separated from that country by the river Paragua, into which the Pilcomayo empties by two large branches.

The journey, as we made no haste, and probably travelled a good deal out of our way, occupied about one month, during all of which we saw not a human being except ourselves. Our route lay across one of the most beautiful countries that I had ever beheld. The face of the country was of rolling prairie, similar to that of some of the western of the United States, clothed with short grass and myriads of flowers, interspersed with wood and stream, and covered with herds of wild cattle and game, on which we found a convenient subsistence.

As we neared the towns, which we had seen at a distance, we saw occasional plots of growing corn, as also flocks of sheep; and finally encountered a small body of their warriors, each armed with a short spear, and with no covering except a cloth about the loins. The only ornament which they wore was, singular enough, a button fastened so as to cover the hollow of the under lip, by passing the eye of the button through the lip near the roots of the teeth, and securing it

with some small object on the inside; this every man wore. Their complexion was of a clear, light copper color, and their features and forms regular and symmetrical. By this band, who kept at a respectful distance, we were notified to halt; and, without a word or sign further than that to us, they immediately dispatched a messenger to the towns to make known our approach. The messenger soon returned with others, and by signs we were directed to advance, the Indians still keeping their position at about forty paces from us. We followed as they led, and at about half a mile, on reaching the summit of a high roll, we discovered the entire body of their warriors, numbering about five hundred, drawn up in a single line to receive us. What would be their disposition of us was of course a mystery, and the source of much surmise; but, accustomed as we had been to the merciless usage of our own race, few of us expected any thing but death at the hands of the savage. Having arrived within about fifty yards of their line, a signal was given that we should again halt. We obeyed; and immediately four of their body advanced about fifteen paces towards us, and made a sign of friendship, by placing the right hand upon the left breast. We replied, by making the same sign. They then ordered us by signs to dismount, which was instantly complied with. Ponci and myself then advanced, and as we neared the chief, he pronounced the Spanish word "*Amigo! Amigo!*" (Friend! friend!) I answered with the same word He then demanded, in broken Spanish, that we should give them our horses. This was evidently a test of our sincerity. I replied, that he should have them, provided they would be restored to us; and immediately had the horses led forward, and placed in their hands. After about ten minutes, during which time they conversed among themselves, the horses were sent back; and, having secured their entire confidence, we were at once admitted to their hospitality.

We found here a people, numbering about two thousand,

and living almost in the primitive simplicity of nature, inoffensive and happy; their home a seeming paradise, and their wants but few, and easily gratified. Their women were perfectly beautiful, with skins clear and transparent, softened only by the color of their clime; their features oval, and without the high cheek-bone of the North American Indians; their graceful forms, which had never known the restraint of stay or bodice; their lithe and active limbs; and, above all, an air of chaste and modest purity, commanded alike the admiration and respect of our whole company. Although living in five distinct communities, each of which planned and executed its own municipal regulations, the whole planted, reaped, and shared their subsistence in common. They were, in fact, one common brotherhood, acting in perfect unison of attachment, and each contributing its quota to the general good. Their huts were built of logs, thatched with long grass, and without any floor except the earth, yet they were always kept surprisingly clean. In a corner of each hut was placed a large earthen jar, (which they manufactured among themselves,) measuring about four feet in depth, and nearly the same in diameter, in which was made a beverage called by them *chichi*. The drink was made by the fermentation of maize, and bore a strong resemblance to pure ale. Their towns were all built upon high knolls, at distances of about a quarter of a mile; and at about the eighth of a mile from the nearest we were pointed to a spot for our own head-quarters. Nevertheless, though we cooked, ate, and slept, by ourselves, we were permitted very soon to visit their different towns, and mingle indiscriminately with their people, receiving from them at all times the most perfect hospitality and kindness. Like all primitive people, they had their superstitions, one of the most singular of which was, that *if they should eat the flesh of sheep their noses would become flat*, like what are called *neatoes*. Being ourselves free from this dread, we did not hesitate to pay respect to their mutton, which was furnished

in abundance. Another of their phantasies was, that they must never fight between the evening and the morning, lest the spirit of the night should be offended and destroy their warriors. This proved a fortunate circumstance to us, as will be seen in the sequel. The beauty and health of their place of settlement were much enhanced by the flashing and limpid waters of the Pilcomayo, a considerable stream, which wound directly among their towns, and in which it was the custom of all, of both sexes, to bathe, at least once every morning, and generally once also at evening.

I have often reclined upon the soft and verdant bank at the side of the river, and watched them in their periodical ablutions. The old and the young gliding with the utmost grace and ease, and sporting in the clear element, their forms flashing in the sunlight, and their pliant limbs imparting the very eloquence of motion.

I believe that I was the first foreigner who had ever been among them, so at least they informed me; and their inoffensive life and simplicity of manner charmed me much. I felt more than once that here was found the first scene of real, unalloyed happiness, that I had ever witnessed; and I thought, too, that to live thus a man might well forego the luxuries of civilization, which, with all their splendor, pomp, honor, equipage, and fame, must ever be embittered with poisons worse than that of the upas. Here was no guile, no selfish considerations to enslave the mind and warp the conscience, no aspirations for a higher destiny, but all was contentment and peace; and I was almost tempted to say, that henceforth "their people should be my people, that their God should be my God."

By their knowledge of the Spanish language, I was enabled to converse with them so as to be readily understood; and, on one occasion, I broached the subject of religion to one of their chiefs, and asked him if he would not like to become a Christian, and see his people converted. His reply

was truly characteristic. Speaking in a low tone, and slowly shaking his head, he said—

"Christian! no, no, no. Christian very bad—Christian fight his brother. Chirivione fight his enemy—Chirivione live happy."

Capt. Tinecaras, of whom I have before spoken, was a man who had little to recommend him anywhere, save a smooth face and a careful exterior; and it so happened that an innocent girl of the tribe became seriously attached to him. This was noticed and laughed at by our comrades, and without further thought, dismissed from our minds.

We had been with the Indians about two weeks, mingling with their people, and enjoying their utmost confidence and generosity, when we discovered a coldness of demeanor growing up towards us. Their hospitality was in no degree lessened, but there was a want of that freedom and open-heartedness that we had before experienced. This was, however, attributed to our more perfect acquaintance, which seemed to render less necessary the marked courtesy that they had extended to us as strangers. But the evil increased from day to day, to such a degree as to excite our attention and surprise. Our visits to their towns became evidently irksome to them; and instead of kindness, we met with frowns. Still, as we had given no cause for enmity, we rested in the expectation that their apparent ill-feeling would pass away, and determined to make ourselves less obtrusive.

The leisure afforded by our stay among these people had given me time for reflection, and I began to feel the true situation in which fate had placed me. I looked back upon my roving career from its commencement, and felt weary of life, weary of the service, harassed in mind, and sick of every thing about me. For years I had fought and suffered in a foreign land; for years I had sacrificed health, comfort, and quiet, and now, what was my condition? Hopeless, homeless, cheerless. Turn which way I would, all was hopeless

and dreary beyond account, and all the sympathies of life seemed to have forsaken me. In this frame of mind, strolling away by myself, I had unconsciously reached the summit of a small rise of land. Here I paused; and casting my eyes around, I reflected that at that moment I was at least one thousand five hundred miles from the ocean. In the desolation of my soul I could have wept; but amid that desolation, bright pictures of home and kindred cast a light across the gloom, the cheering spirit of hope looked with a smile upon my heart, and, resting upon my sword, I exclaimed, involuntarily, in the English language, "My God! shall I ever see the sea again! My God! shall I ever see my country!" My revery was broken by the voice of a *sargento*, who saluted me, saying—

"*Señor mayor!*"

"What do you want?" said I, sternly; for by this time the horrors that I had witnessed and shared had corrugated my brow, and warped my manner.

"*Señor mayor*," said he, submissively, "Col. Buteres would speak with you."

Without further words, I turned towards the camp, and was soon with the old officer.

"Major," said he, "what can be the meaning of the treatment that we are now receiving from the Chiriviones? It grows worse and worse every moment. Are you aware of any thing that we, or any of us, have done to offend them?"

"Nothing, Colonel."

"Something is wrong," he continued; "and I am growing apprehensive for our safety. Within half an hour, one of their people was so violent as almost to give me a blow. This change in their demeanor is unaccountable!"

"It is indeed very strange, Colonel, and we must be on our guard. I have some time thought that we should move on towards Oran, instead of idling here. I am ready to start

to-morrow; and, if necessary, fight our way through the Spaniards. I am weary of this monotony."

"It is clear we cannot remain here much longer, at this rate, if we would," he replied; "and as you propose a move, we will, if you please, set out in the morning."

I agreed. Orders were given to our men to avoid the Indian settlements; and at night, after setting a watch for the first time, we lay down to sleep. All remained quiet until about midnight, when our guard was startled by a footstep in the grass, and at the next moment an Indian girl approached, and, in broken Spanish, asked for our chief. Buteres being quite ill, the guard awoke me, and by the light of our flickering camp-fire, I recognised the maiden who had formed an attachment for Tinecares.

"Amigo! amigo!" she exclaimed, hastily.

"My girl," said I, "why do you come here?"

"You must fly!" she exclaimed, trembling from head to foot. "Fly! all fly! Our people have held council, and will kill all, all, at daybreak!"

"But why is this? Tell me!"

"No! no! no! Fly, all fly—escape!"

But you must tell me the cause of this, my poor girl. Do not tremble; you are safe. Tell me why we must fly!"

"Oh! oh!" she exclaimed. "One has wronged me, and my people kill you all!"

I immediately aroused every man, and bade them stand up. They looked with amazement at the girl; and I hastily related what had passed.

"Now, my girl," said I, "tell me which one has wronged you."

"No! no! no!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands. "Fly!"

Several voices at once called out, and insisted on having the culprit exposed. The poor creature bent her eyes upon the ground—the very personification of modesty and despair;

but in a moment, slowly raising her head, she glanced timidly from face to face, until her eyes fell upon Tinecares; then, shrinking from his look with averted face, her eyes again fell upon the ground, and, with her graceful hand pointing at him, she said, in a voice scarce articulate with emotion, "*Esto es el*," (that is he.)

Burning with an indignation that I could not and would not suppress, I approached him closely, and, with folded arms, looked him in the face. Coward as he was, he quailed before my gaze. His crime was comprehended, and need not be told.

"Villain," said I, in a slow and emphatic tone, "what have you done? Col. Buteres has long told me that you prized your smooth favor above your honor, and I find it true. What have you done? what is your desert? Death! Shame! shame! You have betrayed the generous hospitality of this people by the basest ingratitude! Not content with the preservation of your life, and regardless of all that is due for the many open-hearted kindnesses that they have bestowed upon us, you have violated their confidence by a shameful insult to this poor girl! And see the result! By your villany, for it deserves no better term, you have jeoparded the lives of this brave band, who have, every man of them, fought at your side in honorable battle! Now, sir, can your wits discover the means of their preservation from the toil in which you have placed them? No! You are only a breeder of mischief; and it were but just to send your lifeless trunk to the people you have wronged, as a guarantee of our own innocence of any participation in your crime."

Here I was interrupted by the voice of the trembling girl, who understood the purport of my words, and exclaimed, in beseeching terms—

"*No lematar! no lematar! yo te diré como puedes salvar vita*," (Don't kill him! don't kill him! I'll tell you how to save your lives.) "Our people will not harm you now, they know the

spirit of the night will oppose them if they do; and you may escape before day without danger. Fly! fly!"

The girl's manner assured us that she spoke the truth; and had come, on behalf of the very man who had caused all the mischief, to warn us of our danger. In the simplicity of her heart she had, like many others of more refinement and education, been allured by the exterior of an Adonis, to throw away her affections upon a most worthless object; and with that fulness of devotion, found only in woman's love, she had, even after discovering her error, jeoparded her own safety, by stealing into the camp of the stranger, to screen the villain from a merited punishment. Without hesitation, we proceeded to act in accordance with her advice, and orders were immediately given to march. Our guardian angel stood by, seemingly impatient of delay, until every man was in his saddle; then, turning from the spot, she moved silently away.

We rode directly and safely through the nearest of the Indian villages. Their people looked upon us with astonishment and in silence, under a full belief that the spirit of night had warned us of their intention.

CHAPTER VIII.

Escape from the Chiriviones—Expulsion of Capt. Tinecares—Arrival at Oran—Promotion under Col. Garrere—Surprise and Capture of the Town of Pascaye in Tarija.

We proceeded rapidly on our way, under the positive necessity of placing as much distance as possible between ourselves and the Chiriviones before daybreak, our men all the while muttering their imprecations upon the cause of our flight. Nothing loud or boisterous was said; but it was plain that a deep feeling of indignation and hostility had grown up against Tinecares. As the day dawned, each grew more loud and bold in the expression of his thoughts, despite our interference, which was now put in, until they actually declared that he should be sacrificed. The indignation of the officers had been as deep as that of the men towards him; and, while their words bore only the shape of complaint, or expressed their contempt for his conduct, they were not opposed, because our own hearts responded to all they said; but the matter had now assumed a shape so serious as to require the decision of authority. Buteres, through infirmity, had lost all command; but it was found necessary, in order to save the life of Tinecares, that the officers should step between him and our chafing comrades. This was done, and, with a determined effort, we suppressed, for a time, the ebullition of their vengeance.

Our ride, which had been rapid, was a sore trial for our poor colonel. He suffered excessively from his wound, and, in an agony of pain, exclaimed—

"Oh! *mi mayor*, I should find relief, if you would order them to put four balls through my body!"

"Be cheerful, my friend," said I. "We shall reach Oran safely, where you will find comfort and attention, and I hope you will then speedily recover from your injury."

"I fear not," he replied; "the terrible fatigues of this campaign, with the injury that I have received, will bring me to the grave."

"Nay, be cheerful; the fatigues over, with rest and care you will forget what you now suffer, and, I trust, live long to be an aid and an ornament to your country."

My effort to rally his spirit was not without effect. His eye brightened with hope, and he replied—

"I will do my best."

We rode for about a week, travelling slow for the comfort of our suffering *comandante*, and subsisting on such game as fell in our way, when the spirit of revolt began again to manifest itself towards Tinecares. From the start he had been shunned by officers and men, but now he came to me trembling with dread.

"*Mi mayor*," said he, "I have done wrong, I confess; but—"

"Well, be silent!" said I, interrupting him. "Why do you come whining about it now? It is too late to mend it. If you have done wrong, keep it to yourself."

"But I fear the men will murder me," he continued, with agitation.

"You need not fear; the men shall not harm you. Ride on with us till we find something like civilization, and then leave us."

I conversed with the men, and pacified them by saying that Tinecares should leave us at the first houses we should find; and on this condition alone they consented that he should remain with us.

The tenth day of our ride brought us to a little cluster of

chozas, (huts.) And here Tinecares must leave us. He expressed a wish to say a few words on his own behalf, which was granted; and, our company having halted for the purpose, he began by addressing the soldiers.

"Comrades," he said, "I have been to blame; but, although guilty of one great error, wherein I have endangered all your lives, I am still, and ever shall be, a patriot. The act that I committed was unworthy of my station, and I cannot be surprised at your feelings towards me; for, although it was the result of impulse, that does not excuse it. I should have reflected, if not upon its impropriety, at least upon the danger that it would bring upon you."

He then bade them farewell; and, expressing a wish to address the officers apart, the soldiers retired a short distance, when he said—

"Brother officers, and especially to you, *mi coronel*, I owe acknowledgment of my error. You, sir, reside at Cinte, and I hope to meet you again, or at least you will see my friends. Do not make known to them this disgrace. But for *mi mayor*, he is from a far country—I may never see him again; therefore I desire he should know that what is passed will be a lesson to me; and that henceforth I am resolved to act as becomes a man. He has fought bravely for Peru, I respect him; and should he in after years visit Potosi, my native province, he shall learn that I have kept my resolution."

"Tinecares," said I, "should I ever visit Potosi, I hope to hear well from you. I will forget the past, and look only to the future. I regret that we must part thus; but it is necessary that you should leave us, lest our men should do that which we might all regret. Go, then, in God's name."

He left us at that place; and what became of him afterward I know not; I never heard of him again.

After a little rest, we proceeded on our march, which was prolonged on account of the danger of meeting with Spanish

pickets, and to avoid which we were sometimes compelled to take long and circuitous routes. Occasionally our men and officers took leave at villas where they were known, or had friends, until, on our arrival at Oran, about forty days from the time of leaving the tribe, our number consisted of but four officers and ten men. We arrived at about sundown, worn down with fatigue, covered with dirt, and with garments in a deplorable condition. The men were placed at a public-house, with orders for their comfort; and, having conducted Buteres to the house of a friend, Ponci and myself waited immediately upon our old friend, Gov. Civilia. Having no means of changing our dress, we were obliged to present ourselves in our travelling plight, presuming that the circumstances would serve as our apology.

As we entered the hall of his residence, our heavy spurs and chains clanking upon the floor, the sounds of festivity reached us from above. We were shown into an anteroom; and, having sent our *cards*, were soon invited to see the governor in an adjoining parlor.

He received us with an exclamation of pleasure and surprise.

"I am delighted to see you," he said; "but how is this? You have been discomfited!"

"True, señor."

"And Buteres, where is he?"

"In the city of Oran, señor; but too ill to wait upon you."

"I am sorry to hear it; but he is alive, and that of itself is good news. Come, you must join us at the *bala*, and to-morrow we will talk over the affairs of your expedition."

"Pardon, Señor," said I; "our costume is not altogether *establecido*," (fashionable.)

"Never mind," he replied, with a smile; "brave men are fashionable anywhere, now-a-days. And they who fight our battles are always welcomed by the ladies. Come."

With a very awkward *grace*, we followed his excellenza

to an apartment of magnificence, where glittering forms of beauty flitted across our vision, causing a contrast with the scenes from which we had just emerged, that was to me even painful. As I entered the room, a lady, with the form of a sylph, left her seat and came hastily towards me with a sweet smile, saying playfully—

"Cavallero, I'll wash your shirt."

I now perceived it to be the Doña Cacinta R——, who had recognised me; and I replied in the same strain—

"Señora, 'tis but half a one."

She drew back, and, with a look of pretended shyness, placed both hands before her face, with the palms turned outward, exclaiming—

"Oh! oh! So fine a cavalier, with only half a shirt! The governor shall answer for this."

And sure enough, much to my annoyance, she bounded across the room, caught his excellenza by the arm, and led him towards me, saying—

"Shame! shame! Señor! that our brave Cavalleros should come to such indignity! Only half a shirt!"

After a few moments of conversation, two or three presentations, and a cup of *maté*, served in silver, and drunk through a sucking-tube of the same material, I made my excuse to the Governor, and with Ponci, beat a retreat, and went to our lodgings; escaping from the arena of splendor with a degree of satisfaction, differing, it is true, in its character, from that which we had experienced at the escape from Carriparee, but at the same time quite as sincere. As I was obliged to remain here, awaiting orders from Salta, Civilia supplied me with means to obtain a change of apparel, and also to meet my immediate wants; and at the end of a month, I received orders from Gov. Gorete, directing me to report to Col. Garrere, who was then raising a corps in Oran. I replied, without complying with his instructions; complaining of the indifference and neglect with which I had been treated; told him of the severities of

the duties which I had been called upon to perform, under sickness and without pay; that I was at that moment indebted to the charity of Gov. Civilia for the clothes which I wore; and requesting that a remittance might be made, to enable me to make some suitable preparation before joining the regiment. To this I received a prompt reply, enclosing an order for ten doubloons, and a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel. In his letter, the Governor stated that he deplored, as much as myself, the necessity which required the gallant men of the army to perform their duties under the restraints and privations of poverty; and expressed a hope that *La Patria* would ere long be free, and able to give a just compensation to the brave men who were now fighting her battles. The Governor also spoke in terms of high approval, of the course which I had taken in urging the advance upon Carriparee. He stated that the resolute stand taken at that time had been indirectly a source of great advantage to the patriot cause in Alto Peru, because the reinforcement sent by Onalietta, to sustain Mendez at that place, had so weakened his own force as to leave him an easy prey to the Peruvian general from the North.

Garrere, with whom I was now to be associated, was one who I well knew would never be an agreeable associate for me; he was an old man, as surly as a bear, and as indolent as surly; fond of gayety and dissipation, he was constantly at *balas* and *conversaciones*, never going to his recruiting station, which was about five leagues from town, and apparently neither knowing nor caring what was its condition; yet, when in the field, he was known to be as fearless and furious as a tiger.

I now reported myself to him, presenting a letter from the Governor; and, with very little ceremony, was ordered to proceed forthwith to the station, which I found to be any thing but agreeable, for the situation of the encampment subjected us to an annoyance worse than the predatory parties

of an enemy. At sunrise we were served with myriad swarms of minute gnats, whose poison set every man's blood in a perfect fever; these remained with us until the heat of the day. At noon came armies of flies, as voracious as vultures; and these were succeeded, at evening, by perfect clouds of moschetoes. In vain did I apply to Garrere for permission to change our location; he never came near us, and of course suffered nothing from the annoyance. I was, however, often in town, and never ceased to importune him; at last, in order, I suppose, to get rid of all annoyance, he directed us to form an outpost at Baratu, about twenty leagues from Oran. We were all glad to go anywhere, to avoid the continued annoyance of these insects, and were soon at our new quarters. This post was also left to my command, assisted by acting major Capt. Bacca. We had been but two or three days at the outpost, when a stranger on horseback presented himself to the guard, and inquired for me. This proved to be no other than our old spy, *Panana*, of Carriparee. I was surprised, yet pleased, to see the fellow; and made him sit down and relate the condition of Mendes, his army, and the town, after the battle. This he did briefly, saying, in his own quaint way, that the slaughter was tremendous, the town disheartened, and Mendes loud in his praise of the foreigner who led the last assault.

"Then he was pleased with the assault?" said I.

"Better pleased with the manner than its effect," he replied.

"Was it severe upon him?" I inquired.

"He says nothing but *el Refuerzo* saved him, and promises that, with your assistance, old Spain shall never lose her authority in Alto Peru."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, Señor; and if you will join their service, you may get high rank and high pay."

"Are you authorized to tell me so?" inquired I, with a look that was intended to go through him.

"No, Señor; but you may be sure of it, for I heard him say as much."

"Panana, what is your business here?"

"To take my place in the service, under the only man that ever had the tact to command me. I heard you were at Oran, and came to serve under your orders," he replied, drawing a paper from his pocket, and placing it in my hands. I examined the paper, and found it to contain his commission as ensign in the patriot army.

"You are a singular fellow, Panana," said I. "What induced you to enter the service?"

"I join it because I can do nothing out of it. Spanish oppression has driven me into a corner, and I will fight my way out of it, under the promise of a constitution."

"You really do not love tyranny, then?"

"No man loves tyranny; but, more than that, I owe the Spaniards a grudge. They have ruined me, and in one way or another I will have satisfaction."

"Very well; Major Bacca will assign you a place in the line."

He was about leaving, but turned again, and stated that a good opportunity now offered to surprise the village of Pascaye, lying in the province of Tarija, at a distance of about sixty leagues. He said he had passed through the village, which was without a garrison, and that it would form an important position, if secured while it was in our power; "Besides," said he, "it will give us a handsome share of *botin*," (plunder.) I told him I would think of it, and dismissed him.

I knew this fellow to be a villain; but it was too often the case that our officers were selected for their daring rather than their moral worth; and as I believed that he could be made of essential service to us, I had no objection to his entering the corps. That, however, was of little consequence; because the appointment once made was conclu-

sive, and it only remained for me to make the best use of the man that I could.

From subsequent conversations I determined to write to Garrera, advising him to act on the suggestion of Panana. After some days he replied, saying that he would consult at head-quarters on the subject; but, as I heard nothing from him for a long time, I wrote again, urging him to take command, and order the movement. Still he declined. At last I asked permission to proceed with the regiment without him. This he did not forbid, nor yet sanction; so I determined to take the responsibility, and go forward, for I was weary of the life of inaction at the encampment. Our force as yet amounted to a mere battalion of about three hundred and twenty men; and, leaving a guard of about forty men at the post, I set out with the remainder, resolving in my own mind to take the village, and form a garrison, without going into the plunder that Panana had counted as among the objects of the surprise. The men were in high spirits; and we proceeded towards the Monte de Baratu, progressing but slowly, as the route lay through a rough country; and as none knew the direct course, we were often far out of our way.

On passing through the wood of Baratu, our advance-guard suddenly came in, stating that from a noise ahead, they were sure that a body of men must be approaching. Their report led me to suppose that the enemy had anticipated our movement, and were coming to meet us. I immediately ordered every man to his post, and continued advancing. In a few minutes the sound was distinctly heard; but it bore no resemblance to the sound that would arise from the movement of a body of men. There was no clattering of horses' hoofs, no distinct voice, but a continuous Babel-like confusion of sounds, as if a regiment of old women were all chattering together. Still we advanced at a slow pace; when, lo! on turning a sharp promontory, we beheld about two hundred monkeys, swinging themselves from tree to tree, twisting

their long tails around the branches, and all enjoying the most perfect freedom of speech and action. As we came in sight, however, all was suddenly as silent as death—not a creature among them moved—each several monkey stopping in his career of fun, in the precise position in which we discovered them. Some hung pendent by their tails from the branches, some lying outstretched upon a limb, and others, in the act of climbing, remained with their long arms clinging to the tree. Each played the part of a dead monkey; and, after the first moment of mortification at having arrayed and rallied my men for such a piece of ridicule, I could not resist joining in the universal roar of laughter that followed the discovery. Some of the least subordinate men levelled their pieces at the innocent creatures that had produced a temporary excitement among us, but I instantly ordered that they should not one of them be harmed; and we left them, no doubt congratulating themselves on their fortunate escape.

Passing the dense wood of Baratu, we came upon an open country of rolling prairie, in the province of Tarija; and on the evening of the fourth day of our march, encamped on the borders of a small piece of woods. The camp having been set, I strolled away from my companions, and, alone in the bright moonlight, gave scope to my own thoughts, as they wandered afar and returned to me again, freighted with sad yet sweet memories of *home*, *kindred*, and *friends*. Wrapt in thought, a tear standing in my eye, I remembered the thousand acts of kindness and love that had been lavished upon me by a mother or a sister, and I reproached myself that my "truant disposition" had led me to return, by my desertion of home, so unworthy a response to the fulness of their affection. The voice of Panana recalled me to myself, as he addressed me with the words—

"*Señor coronel.*"

Vexed at the interruption, I demanded—

"What do you want? Why am I followed?"

"*Señor coronel*," said he, "our picket has sent in a prisoner, who awaits your order."

"Let him be brought to me."

I went to my quarters, for, although we had not tents, a luxury seldom enjoyed at that time by the troops in South America or Peru, the camp arrangement gave each officer, and the various squads of men, their separate and distinct positions.

In a few minutes the poor fellow was fairly dragged before me, trembling from head to foot like an aspen, and immediately began entreating of me to spare his life. Our men had handled him rather roughly, as their hatred of any thing belonging in any way to the Spaniards was sure to find vent whenever a luckless wight happened to fall into their hands. I ordered them to unhand him, which was done.

"Now," said I to the men, "leave us alone."

The men retired, and the prisoner fell upon his knees, and clasping his hands, exclaimed—

"*No me mates! señor, no me mates!*" (Don't kill me! sir, don't kill me!)

I told him to rise. He obeyed.

"You are my enemy," said I. "Now, if I spare your life, will you tell me the truth?"

"Yes, señor, yes!"

"Where do you live?"

"At Pascaye, señor."

"How far is it from here?"

"About one league, señor."

"Is there a garrison at Pascaye?"

"No, señor, none."

"What are the employments of the people of Pascaye?"

"Some are farmers, señor, some are mechanics. They are very quiet people, señor."

"What is your occupation?"

"Señor, I am a farmer."

"Have you a family?"

"I have, señor."

"Has Pascaye contributed any men to the Spanish army?"

"It has, señor; but few."

"I am going to take possession of the town," said I, "in the name of *los Patriotas*. Will you show me the road?"

"Yes, señor."

"Very well, you are a great coward, but if what you have told me is true, your life shall be spared."

I directed Bacca to prepare for an immediate advance, and we soon after proceeded directly into the wood, led on by our prisoner. The men had tied him upon a horse, with his feet fastened under the animal's belly. When I saw this, I felt that it was an act of unjustifiable cruelty, and was about to order him loosened, when it occurred to me that, as the men were not permitted to take his life, they *would* use some means of annoyance towards him, and that this was perhaps as bearable as any that they would put upon him. They were men who could never be guided or held in check by any means of moral restraint, and were governed only by fear of their superiors. At about midnight we emerged from the wood, and saw the town at the distance of half a mile. Well knowing that if I entered the place at night, no earthly power could prevent a *saqueo*, (pillage,) I called a halt, retired again into the wood, under pretence of reconnoitring, and sent a couple of men for that purpose. These soon returned, and reported every thing perfectly quiet, and no sign of a garrison. Bacca was now anxious to go forward. I told him that I should not move till daylight, ordered the watch set, and forbade any man's leaving the camp on pain of death. This was received with manifest dissatisfaction; but the order was complied with, and I lay down on my bull's hide, not without serious misgivings for the result of the morrow. I could not sleep; and with the first streaks of dawn, the camp was in active commotion. I drew my

garro over my brow, and pretended to sleep, waiting the slow approach of light, until the soft beams of morning had found their way into the very recesses of the wood. As soon as I arose, Bacca came to me, and said that every thing was ready for the advance.

"Where is the prisoner?" I inquired.

"He is under a guard at the rear," he replied.

"Let him be released, then; he has told us the truth, and kept his promise as a guide. I have given my word to spare his life; release him at once, and we will proceed."

I afterwards learned, that on releasing the poor fellow, he was stripped naked, and whipped into the wood, where he ran for a place of refuge!

As we approached the village, the people were seen running in every direction through the streets, apparently in the most fearful excitement; and no opposition was made to our advance. At the spot where we entered, was the *vado*, or fording-place of a small stream; this we passed, and rode through the town to the square, or market-place, in the centre. Apprehensive that in the absence of a garrison there might be an organization of militia, I directed every adult male to assemble at the market-place; and the town being small, my orders were soon promulgated and obeyed. Here I ran up the patriot flag; and leaving a small guard over our prisoners, I marched slowly through the streets of the town. On every hand the unprotected women and children came to the doors of their houses, holding in their hands pieces of plate, and other valuables, as peace-offerings for the safety of their persons. My heart bled, as I witnessed the terror that was painted in their looks; and I thanked God that Garrere had not come in person. Hapless indeed would have been their fate in his hands.

Having returned to the market-place, I summoned the *Magistrado;* told him that he was a prisoner to the army of *La Patria*, and demanded his arms. He assured me that

there were no arms in the place—that they were never allowed to have them ; and expressed a hope that as they were our prisoners, we would respect their families. As I left him, Panana rode up to me, and said—

" *Señor mayor*, the men wish to know what license you give them."

" None ! Tell them the first man that dismounts, dies !"

He hesitated, and was about to speak, but I interrupted him—

" Am I understood ?"

He returned to the corps. Giving direction to the officer of the guard, whom I had determined to leave with about one hundred men, I remained apart, but kept my eye on the corps, to ascertain the effect of my order. I saw that it produced considerable commotion ; the ranks were gradually broken, the men riding hither and thither, conversing, and apparently very much disposed to revolt. I perceived, too, that Bacca made no effort to restrain them. After some fifteen minutes, Panana, who had the impudence of the devil, came to me again, and said to me as before :

" *Señor mayor*, the men desire to know what license you give them in the town ?"

" I tell you, *none !*" I replied, fiercely. " No man shall touch the value of a pin ! Tell Major Bacca to form the corps instantly !"

He retired. I again saw the *Magistrado*, and informed him that I should leave the villa, for a few days, under a small guard, whom he must respect and treat well, or his town would be made to answer for it ; that the private rights of his people should be respected, and that the prisoners were at liberty to return to their homes. I now perceived that my order to form the corps had not been obeyed ; and putting spurs to my horse, I sprang towards them. The first man that I encountered was Panana.

" Villain !" I exclaimed, seizing him by the collar, " you have not given my order !"

And as I hurled him to the ground, he replied, like a school-boy under the whip—

"I *have*, Señor! I *have*!"

I left him, and went on.

"Major Bacca," I cried, speaking so loud as to be heard by every man, and in a tone that could not be mistaken, "did that officer deliver my order?"

"No, Señor! he only said you ordered that we should not touch the value of a pin."

"Well, sir, I said it! Form the column instantly, and cross the *vado*!"

The order was as quickly obeyed as given. I remained at the *vado* until the last man had crossed; then, as looking back upon the town, I saw the upstretched arms, and clasped hands, of women who were invoking blessings, and returning thanks to God for their unexpected preservation, I may safely aver that at that moment, without a *chelin* in my purse, my coat made of patches, and with scarce two shirts in the world, I drank in the purest draught of happiness that my heart has ever known. Without a single soul to assist me in my endeavor, I had, through the influence of subordination alone, saved a defenceless villa from the *saqueo*, and its helpless women from violence. My situation, during the first twenty-four hours of our return march, was far from safe. Panana himself, had he dared, would have murdered me at night; but he feared me, and was even heard to swear that he did not believe I ever slept. This opinion indeed became almost a superstition with my men, for in truth I never slept soundly when on service; and as the slightest noise aroused me, they almost believed that I never slept at all. A custom which I had, of walking about the camp at night, served also to strengthen their opinion.

CHAPTER IX.

Insubordination of Capt. Bacca, and Loss of the Battalion—Suspension of Garrere—New Regiment at the Banda San Francisco—a Jealous Husband—Interview with Crasey—The Mattaca Indians—Visit to Jujuy—Supremacy of the Church—Persecution and Imprisonment.

On my return to the outpost, I left the troops in camp, and proceeded immediately to Oran, where I reported to Col. Garrere what I had done, and advised him to follow up the advantage by immediately establishing as strong a garrison as possible at Pascaye. He replied by stating, as before, that he would consult at head-quarters upon the subject, and continued his frivolities in the city. Gov. Civilia continued, as he had ever been, my most cordial friend. He applauded the course which I had taken, and joined with me in advising Garrere to garrison the place; but it so happened that a little private hostility existed at this time between them, and Garrere refused to be advised or directed by him. I had been about two weeks in town, when we learned that Bacca (who, by the way, had complained to Garrere of my refusal to allow the *saqueo* and pillage of Pascaye) had left the outpost, taking every man with him, and moved towards that town; and subsequently we received information that after committing numerous atrocities in the scattered hamlets about the country, he had arrived at Pascaye, and was received upon the swords of a detachment of the Spanish army, and nearly the whole corps butchered. When this announcement arrived, Gov. Civilia was loud in condemnation of Garrere's neglect, saying, that had he performed his duty, this sacrifice would not have occurred, and declaring his determination to

report the whole matter to our commanding general Gorete. This he did, speaking at the same time in the highest terms of my course, and indeed of my services generally, adding, also, that by this act I had been again thrown out of active service.

The general immediately demanded of Col. Garrere the cause of his neglect, which led to a short correspondence between them, the precise character of which I could not know, but which finally terminated in the suspension of Garrere.

Civilia at this time sent a request that I would call on him in the evening at his house. I did so; and we conversed at length upon the subject of the existing wars in Peru, and also the more immediate matters of Garrere's suspension, and the creation of a new regiment then recruiting at the Banda San Francisco, about fifteen leagues from Oran; and finally he said to me—

"What would you think if I should obtain for you a commission as colonel of that regiment?"

I replied, "Señor Civilia, should such good fortune be mine, I should perform my duties with fidelity, and strive, with renewed energy, to secure to the people of Peru that independence for which they are struggling. I desire," said I, "to see the whole American continent freed from foreign dictation and misrule. I believe man to be capable of self-government, and sincerely wish that every nation under the sun might, like my own, enjoy the blessings of constitutional freedom."

He said he would, if possible, obtain that command for me, notwithstanding Garrere had set his hopes upon it, and indeed expected to receive it. I thanked him for his interest in my behalf, and again assured him that I would never disgrace the trust should it be bestowed upon me. I subsequently found that he had been some time engaged in paving the way to this appointment, and in less than a week my

commission as colonel arrived, with orders to take command of the division of the army then forming on the Banda San Francisco.

Here was a promotion beyond my most sanguine hopes; and it was with no small degree of pride that I rode down the Banda to see my new regiment. I found an encampment of about five hundred men, and every thing in most complete order.

In the vicinity of our camp lay a farm owned by Don Francisco Sombrano, a little phlegmatic individual, about sixty years of age, with a wife of about twenty-three. I often visited their house by invitation of the Don, until he took it into his head to become jealous of my politeness to his young wife, of which he did not hesitate to inform me in terms the most threatening. It was in vain I protested that he wronged the good lady by his suspicions; he would have his own opinion of the matter, so I left him to *enjoy* it, and went into a train of reflections, which led my mind to inquire by what rule of philosophy a man must necessarily travel to reach, perversely, that hell of existence which is found in the burning doubts of conjugal fidelity. This man, conscious perhaps of his own infirmity of age, looked ever with a suspicious eye upon the wife of his bosom, ever doubting, and ever seeking, yet never finding cause for his foolish distrust; his mind was chained to a continual anticipation of evil, and his whole life converted into an existence of torment. He might appropriately have exclaimed with Othello,

> "I swear 'tis better to be much abused
> Than but to know't a little."

His hostility to me became inveterate; and, as I frequently rode to Oran, passing through a close wood for a distance of about four miles, he was heard to say that "some day they would find my body in the woods." His threat, however, had no effect upon me—I rode as before; and, true (so

far as it went) to his promise, I one day met him, when on my way from town to the camp. He had with him two of his own servants, all well armed, and they with himself were posted in the middle of the road directly in my way. As I came up to them, the Don put on a fierce look, and placing a strong emphasis on the first word as he spoke, said—

"*Well*, my young colonel!"

The word "*well*," as here employed, might have meant any thing but the legitimate purport of the word. It seemed to say, as plain as a monosyllable could say it, "Now I have you, sir." So I put on a face as fierce as his own, and, at the same time laying my hand on the hilt of my sword, pronounced with an equal emphasis, but with a different inflection, the same word, "*Well?*" by which I meant to say, "Now that you have me, what do you intend to do?"

The question, however, together with my attitude and look, he did not seem prepared to answer. He glanced at his men, then at me, and, as he seemed undecided, I said—

"Don Francisco, you are bound to Oran, I to my encampment—I wish you a very good day." Then putting spurs to my horse, I rode past him, glancing over my shoulder to be prepared for an assault, but it was unnecessary: he did not follow, and from that time I heard no more of his threats.

I had been in camp but a few days, when I heard that an Englishman resided about a mile off, on a tobacco plantation. As I was always happy to find a person with whom I could converse in the English language, I determined to visit him; and, accordingly, on the next day rode to the spot. But what was my surprise and joy on finding my old friend and fellow-sufferer, Luke Crasey, whom I had left in the occupation of setting diamonds, when I was escorted to a prison at the city of San Juan. His joy was equal to my own, and each had a thousand things to say to the other. He complained bitterly of his fate; said the convulsions of the country had driven him almost to beggary, and that he was then about to

start with a company under Don Pablo Soria, to explore and survey the river Vermejo, a small river which passes the Banda San Francisco, and empties into the river Paraguay. The Vermejo was supposed to be navigable throughout the whole distance; and, in order to determine its capacities, Don Pablo had built a small vessel, and engaged the co-operation of a number of Frenchmen, who, like himself, were owners of property on its banks.

Prior to his leaving, Crasey and myself exchanged courtesies, and passed most of the time together, either at the camp or the plantation; but in a few days, their expedition being ready, he departed.

Near San Francisco was a tribe of Indians, known as the Mattacas. They often visited us in small numbers; and I occasionally amused myself by going into their camp, and studying their habits and customs, which afforded a strong contrast with those of my friends the Chiriviones. The one was cleanly, almost with religious scrupulousness; the other on the opposite extreme. This tribe, unlike any other race of men, worships a *living* deity; and that is always the oldest male member of the tribe. But in order that their deity shall not become common-place, and lose the devotional respect that is due to his character as a god, he is required by their tenets to absent himself from his tribe, and become a recluse; never appearing to them, except at certain stipulated periods. In case of his non-appearance at the appointed time, he is accounted dead, and the next oldest takes his place. I was present at one of those periodical visitations; when the deity no sooner appeared, than all present fell upon their faces in the most abject humility. He remained among them one or two days, giving counsel, and inquiring about their necessities, and again disappeared. Their mode of courtship and marriage is brief and singular, yet differing but little from the manner of some of our North American tribes. It is thus: Whenever a Mattaca becomes touched

with the tender flame, he takes some convenient mode of signifying the same to his "object;" but the method of "popping the question," is by placing before her door at night a bundle of sticks. If the sticks are taken and burned, he is accepted, and the marriage ceremony is over; he has nothing more to do but take his wife. If, however, he finds the bundle of sticks lying in the morning where he placed them at night, he takes his fuel, and goes in search of another *dulcina*.

Their mode of treatment of the sick, in certain cases, is indeed any thing but Christian; for, whenever one of their people is taken with small-pox, he is placed within the centre of a circular yard, made with pickets for the occasion, supplied with food and drink, and left to his fate. If he recovers, well; if not, he is never sought for by man, woman, or child: so complete is their dread of the disease. The Mattacas are a wandering and indolent race.

I had now been several months at the Banda. My regiment numbered seven hundred good men. But as I had no immediate service on hand, I determined to spend a month in visiting some friends at Jujuy, and other places in that direction: a determination which changed the entire current of my affairs, and set me again on the down-hill road.

I set out one fine morning, with an attendant on horseback, leading a mule, which bore my valises strapped across his back. As a measure of precaution, in case the mule should at any time get from his fastening, and rove away into the woods, a small bell was attached by a strap around his neck, by which his whereabout might be known; for, thus equipped, at every step the bell responded with a continuous "tinkle, tinkle, tinkle." We proceeded first to Oran, where I learned that the Donna Cacinta was at that time on a visit at Jujuy; and I felt gratified that I should thus have the privilege of her society during my few days of leisure. I proceeded immediately on my journey, stopping at Ladesma and San Pedro,

where I had formed acquaintances on my former march from Humaguaca to Oran; and at length arrived at Jujuy. My attendant with the mule had not yet arrived; and as he often travelled slower than myself, I knew not how far behind he might be; so I gave my horse in charge, and with a friend started as far as the market-place, in which direction I knew my servant would pass. Here I waited, expecting every moment to hear the "tinkle" of his bell.

It is proper here to remind the reader that I was in what is very significantly termed a Catholic country; or, to be more explanatory, a country governed by the Catholic religion: for although the civil authority of the country is stern, and the military sway almost boundless, the ecclesiastical is *supreme;* and wo to the luckless wight who falls into its grasp. All must own submission and pay obeisance to the church; and the governor, the general, or the judge, whatever may be his own private tenets, must hail the passing *host* with bended knee, or suffer the severest punishment of an offended priesthood for his temerity. The *holy host*, as it is termed, is borne by a procession of friars, headed with one bearing an image of the Saviour. At his side is another, carrying a small bell, which, by a continual tinkle, gives notice of their approach. These are preceded, at a distance of forty or fifty yards, by priests, with soldiers on either side, ready to strike down all who are not kneeling at their approach.

I was at the market-place, as before stated, in conversation with my friend, awaiting the arrival of my servant, and expecting every moment to hear the tinkle of the bell attached to his mule. The sound of a bell at length reached my ear, but I was in earnest conversation and gave it no heed, when suddenly I received a blow from behind, which threw me a little forward, and knocked my *garro* into the dirt. I turned to resent the insult, and met the frown of an exasperated friar. He was preceding the *host*, accompanied by his guard; from

the musket of one of whom, I had received the blow. But, as I always scrupulously conformed, outwardly at least, to the customs of the country, I instantly fell upon my knees, by the side of my friend, who had discovered the cause of our interruption in time to escape the holy displeasure of the advanced guard of the host.

The procession passed on. I felt that I had committed a crime sufficient to draw a watchful eye towards me, yet trusted that no further note would be taken of the circumstance. It was a vain trust, however; for, in the space of eight hours, I was arrested for contumely towards the holy church, and, without trial or examination of any kind, cast into a loathsome cell. The Donna Cacinta had no sooner learned of my arrival and imprisonment, than she wrote to Gov. Civilia, urging him to demand my release; but that officer, after various vain attempts, was forced to declare, in a letter, (which was clandestinely conveyed to me,) that his intercessions were totally disregarded, and that it was impossible to effect my liberation. He also deplored my detention from the regiment; and stated that nearly all the provinces were in seditious commotion. Nothing, therefore, remained to me, but to submit to my miserable imprisonment, and abide the result. My offence had, of course, been magnified a thousand fold. The friar who caused my imprisonment, very naturally, in making his complaint, made it strong enough to accomplish his object; and from that grew a mountain of offence in the public mind. The friend who was near me at the time of the occurrence, very wisely remained silent; well knowing, as I did, that to attempt to excuse an offender against the church, was but to become an abettor and share his imprisonment.

For three months I had been in this horrible confinement, which had almost deprived me of reason, when one night I was awakened from a feverish slumber, by the drawing of bolts at my prison door. Lifting my head, I saw, indistinct-

ly, the form of a friar, with his cowl closely drawn, and holding in his hand a lamp, whose flickering flame served only to make more dreary the desolation of my prison. As he entered, the door was closed and bolted behind him. Resting on my elbow, I looked upon him from the dark corner where I lay, without speaking a word; but, as I gazed, the thought, "Is this an angel of light, or an angel of darkness?" crossed my mind. Throwing back his cowl, and shading with his hand the light from his eyes, he looked for a moment, with a straining effort, into the dark recess; then, without moving further, pronounced my name. I at once recognised the man whom I had encountered at the market-place, and on whose complaint I had been thrown into this gloomy dungeon; and I replied, in a bitter tone—

"Well, *holy* father, what would you have of me now?"

"My son," said he, "this is no hour for irreverent blasphemy; but I forgive you. The punishment of your crime has already exceeded my intent; yet I fear the worst has not arrived."

"Well, I can bear it all, be it what it may. My life and these walls have become wedded: if I should part with them at the same time, it would not go hard with me."

"My son!" said he, in an exclamation of reproof.

"Look at me," I continued, "and answer to my bones, which speak to you through the parched skin, whether it is possible for you to make a punishment of *death*. The poor machinery of my body, worn as it is by sickness and distress, hangs together but by a single thread, which barely keeps the soul within its tenement. 'Twould not cause one pang to sever it."

"Still I would save you, though I fear it is too late. The people are greatly excited towards you, and whether you shall die or suffer banishment to Casas Matar, is not yet determined."

"If I die on this issue, you may account yourself my murderer," I replied, in a calm but decided tone.

"I can prevent such a catastrophe," said he, "on one conditions, which is in your power to meet."

"And what is that condition, holy father?"

"Remember, my son, that life is sweet, and dear to those who love you in a distant land. Think of them, my son, and for their sake strive to preserve it."

"But the condition, holy father; what is the condition?"

"That you become a Catholic."

"Friar, you do not know me. My life is scarce worth the holding at any price; surely, I will not buy it so dearly as that. Will nothing but apostacy serve me in my extremity?"

"Nothing but that can save you."

"Then let me die!"

"At least you will *say* you are a Catholic, that I may tell it to the holy fathers, and thus subdue your enemies; say that, and your prison doors are open."

"Father, I will not even lie to save a wretched life. While I have sojourned in your country I have observed all the requirements of your public customs and ceremonies. I have fought for your country, I have bled for it, I have suffered for it, and now I am ready to die, if it please ye; but, if it must be so, I will die as I have lived—a man of honor!"

"You will not say it?"

"No!"

Crossing himself devoutly, he said—

"Then *I will*;" and with these words he left the cell.

What course he pursued, I know not; but for seventeen days longer I remained in all the horrors of suspense, when at length a person, whom I had not seen before, entered the prison, bearing in his hand an open letter, which he handed to me. On looking at the letter, I found it to be an order for my release, with directions to leave the town in twenty-four hours; upon which I was immediately conducted to the street and set at liberty.

I proceeded directly to the house where I had left the little all that I possessed, in hopes of obtaining a change of apparel, and a little money to assist me on my return to Oran, but I found nothing. My valises, with their contents, horse, mule, every thing had been swept away by the confiscating power of the church—and I stood once more penniless.

I determined to hasten direct to Oran, weak and emaciated as I was, in hopes of there finding leisure and means for the restoration of my health, before taking command of my regiment.

CHAPTER X.

Fate of Godfrey Pananio—Return to Oran—Gov. Civilia deposed—Interview with the new Governor—Journey towards the Frontier—Salta—A Friend in need—Reconciliation between a Jealous Husband and his Pretty Wife—Earthquake—Ruins of *La Suldad d'Estaca*—The Nymph of the Woods—Modes of Pastime at the Celebration of *Nuestra Señora de los Dolores.*

Being released from prison, I directed my steps to the house of a man named Pysanio, whom I had before known. Pysanio, though a native, was no Catholic; and, after hearing my story of suffering and injustice, he told me of the fate of my old acquaintance Godfrey Pananio, whom I have before mentioned to the reader. This man having been taken ill, and, as was often the case, left almost friendless, (for it seemed as though the sympathies of every heart were frozen up,) was in his last hours visited by a friar, who exhorted him to confession. Pananio replied that he was a Protestant, and did not believe in the efficacy of confession to man, and begged that he might be supplied with something that would relieve his pain and suffering. He was told that by embracing the Catholic religion and confessing, he would secure attention, but that if he refused to do so, he should be left to his fate, and none should approach him. He replied that he would die as he had lived, a Protestant; and so, all succor being withheld, he died. His miserable death did not, however, satisfy the cold and heartless spirit of intolerance. His lifeless body was denied burial, and cast uncovered upon the river's bank, from whence it was removed, and interred by the

direction of Richard Orrs, Esq., at that time a merchant of the town.*

The time allowed me to remain in the place left but little opportunity to look about, had I felt able and so disposed; but as it was, I cared for nothing but to get away. How I should do so, Heaven only could determine; suffering, feeble, and friendless, for I sought no sympathy, and was too much acquainted with privation and endurance to shrink from my physical inability to proceed. I left Pysanio, and went to the suburbs on my way to Oran. Here I was met by another, who had slightly known me before. He expressed a sincere regret at seeing me in such a condition, and urged me to go to his house, which was near at hand, and remain until I should be in better condition to travel. I told him of the impossibility; for I well knew that to have accepted his hospitality would have brought down upon his head the vengeance of the demons who had persecuted me. I was anxious, too, to reach Oran, where, with Gov. Civilia, I was sure of such treatment as would tend to restore my strength, and fit me once more for the duties of my profession. Finding that I could not remain, he said, that at least I should not go on foot; and very generously gave me a mule to convey me on my journey. I thanked him heartily, and left the town, utterly disgusted with every thing save this one act of kindness. Here, where I had anticipated a short season of relaxation from the duties of my camp, and the attendant sweets of social life, I had been, for a term of near four months, inhumanly and unjustly incarcerated in a vile and loathsome prison, and this too under the sanction of what is called Christianity! I thought of the reply of the Chirivione chief, and envied his pure and happy people the blessing which they enjoyed under their simple and unostentatious manner of social existence: and, with an earnest prayer that my native

* This gentleman was a native of the United States

land might never be brought under the curse of a politico-religious government, I set out on my lonesome journey.

After a few days I reached Oran, having shunned as much as possible every place and person on my way, in the anticipation of a good home and generous friends when I should reach the city. But here I was doomed to another disappointment. During my absence Civilia had been deposed, and left the city; my regiment had been disbanded or broken, by neglect and desertion; and I found myself, so far as the government was concerned, a total stranger. To the successor of Civilia I presented myself, and witnessed a forcible illustration of the rule of contrast. Instead of that urbane and courteous gentleman, I found myself before a gross and surly man of about fifty, whose manner and appearance were rendered doubly disgusting by the exhibition of an immense and unsightly wen, which protruded from beneath his chin, occupying the whole space between the chin and the chest.* To this man I reported myself, and asked for orders; to which he replied, that if I wanted a command I might get troops where I could find them. This *cavalier* answer left me fortunately in no state of uncertainty: it was plain that I need look for no aid from him, and as to my raising a regiment without a *chelin* in the world, that was equally out of the question.

I remembered having left an old sword and some half-worn clothes at the house of a friend in the city. I called on him—found all safe; and, after remaining a few days to gain strength, I concluded to go on as far as Salta, in hopes of finding some means of getting into active service. I ac-

* These singular excrescences are very common in this part of the country, and sometimes grow to an astonishing size. I have seen them hanging so large and elongated beneath the chin, or on the side of the neck, that the persons suffering with them have laid them upon the shoulder to relieve the head from their cumbrous weight. Their bulk is often as great as would fill a half-peck measure.

cordingly made a second visit to his *Excellenza*, the governor, and told him of my intention, presuming that he would at least offer me a horse for the journey. He told me, with an air of indifference, that I was at liberty to go as soon as I pleased.

I said, "Will your *Excellenza* have the goodness to order my passport made out?"

"Yes."

His surly manner almost forbade me to ask another favor; but I must have the means of transportation, and, moreover, I felt a serious inconvenience from the perfect vacuum which existed in my purse. I spoke again.

"If your *Excellenza* would be so kind as to insert in the passport an order to the commandants of the posts which I shall pass, to furnish me with horses, I shall take it as an especial favor; for, I assure your *Excellenza*, I have not the means to purchase, or even to hire one for the journey."

"It shall be done," said he, gruffly. "What more?"

"Nothing, señor," said I, completely insulted with his words and manner; and withdrew, determined to get along as well as a man conveniently could, without a *medio* in his pocket.

I left the city of Oran, hoping for the last time, for I was wearied with reverses, disaster, suffering, and ingratitude; and was now fully determined to work my way, step by step, to Buenos Ayres; thence to embark for my native land, where I could at least be free from persecution. As I left the town, I turned back, from a small eminence, to take one farewell look, and was struck with admiration at the magnificence of the scene before me. Almost every house in the town has its orange-garden; some containing ten, twenty, and even fifty trees. The fruit was just ripe; and, from the position which I then occupied, the whole town seemed buried in one perfect mantle of green and gold, waving and flashing in the sunbeams. "Ah!" thought I, "how inviting,

how lovely is nature, when unperverted by the dark and fearful influences of human passion! Here is a country fitted for man's enjoyment comparable even with the Eden of creation; yet all is lost, all is absorbed in the hideous vortex of ambition."

The people of Oran are remarkably small in stature. Indeed I do not think that I ever saw a native of that province exceeding four feet in height. The face of the country is low and level, and the climate excessively hot; by which, during summer, the inhabitants are mostly confined to their houses or orange-groves, after about seven o'clock in the morning; and to this cause is attributed the Lilliputian dimensions of the people. Sugar-cane grows abundantly, and furnishes the staple product of this region of country.

Proceeding on my journey, the various petty commandants upon the route provided me with horses, as directed, always taking pains to give me the worst horse in their possession, until I arrived upon a nag at the city of Salta, completely worn down with fatigue, and even hunger. I determined, in my adversity, to seek none who had known me in my upward career to fame, for, with all the other evils then pressing upon me, I had grown misanthropical and sternly proud. In the suburbs of the town I rode up to a shantee, in the door of which stood an old woman. The sun was just setting in the west; and as I drew up the reins of my broken steed, the old woman noticed my dejected and wo-worn countenance, as also my military dress, and exclaimed—

"Ah! *mi militar*, what is the matter?"

"I am hungry and weary," said I, "can you give me food and rest?"

"Si, señor, come in."

I alighted; and the old woman, calling a boy, to whom she gave charge of my horse, led the way into her hut. I told her that I was penniless; but she only uttered an exclamation of pity, and proceeded to prepare for me a dish of

masaniora, or mush and milk. During my repast, she asked if I wished to obtain a room. I told her that any place would do for me; and after supper she showed me an unoccupied room, in a shantee adjoining her own, and asked if that would suit me. The apartment was about four yards square, with a brick floor, unfurnished, and dreary enough. It was, however, in keeping with my mood, and I said I would take it. The boy brought my saddle into the room; and the old woman having found "keeping" for my horse in the neighborhood, I sat myself down upon a bench, and reflected upon the best means of pursuing my journey over a route with which I was comparatively a stranger. I reflected also upon the contrast of my condition here and heretofore. I thought of the words of the Supreme Director of Buenos Ayres, when he gave me my first commission as a *bandero*. "Go," said he, "and make your own way up the ladder of fortune." Alas! I found myself still on the first round, or perhaps even beneath it. All my efforts had been unrewarded. I was a foreigner; and although, in order to secure my services, I had been loaded with rank and temporary power, no emolument had followed my services; and now, after years of toil, privation, danger, imprisonment, and suffering of every kind, I found myself in the city of Salta, dependent upon the charity of a poor old woman! Need I say that I looked out upon the town with a feeling of more than contempt? or that I shunned the society and contact of man, as he appeared to me in his hideous deformity of soul? Will any ask why I sought not those who had known me in the glow of my seeming prosperity; preferring rather the communion of my own sad thoughts, in solitude and in gloom? Let him be answered when he has known the thousand stings of ingratitude and neglect, for in that hour shall he find a response which cannot else be given.

I thought, now, how contented would I be, could I but look to some spot, however obscure, however humble, and call it

by the blessed name of *home*. All my gorgeous aspirations of honor, rank, fortune, and fame, had vanished from my soul; and I thought, that if I could but escape from the turbulence of the world, and sit quietly down in the peaceful retirement of private life, I should be happy.

I had been two days in my seclusion, scarce going beyond my own premises, when a shoemaker, who worked at his trade in the neighborhood, approached my shantee as I stood in the door, and, with hat in hand, pronounced, with a tone and look of surprise, the words, "*Mi Comandante!*" Astonished and mortified at being discovered, my mind at the same time diverted by his tone and manner, I did for the instant assume, in fact, the feeling and bearing of the officer. Looking at him with a searching effort, I demanded, "Who are you?" But the words were scarce uttered, when I recognised him as one of my outpost at Humaguaca. In an instant my feelings came down, or rather up, from the *comandante* to the man. Extending my hand to him, I said—

"Ah! my brave comrade, I am glad to meet you. Put on your *sombrero*, my man, and come into my quarters; we are equals now."

I took him into my hut. He was a poor and humble man. He had never wronged me. We were indeed equals; or, at least, I was not his superior—perhaps he was mine. After exacting from him a promise of secrecy, very much against his wish, I told him of my reverses, and my wish to proceed, unknown, to Tucuman, in hopes that he might be able to learn of some caravan or person going in that direction, with whom I could travel. But my object was no sooner known, than the generous fellow declared that he would himself be my guide, my companion, and my servant; saying, at the same time, that he would do work at the *ranchos* on the way, to obtain the necessary means of defraying our expenses. He said he was a single man, knew every inch of the road, and begged that I would take him into my service. "I have got,"

said he, "a good mule, a pair of saddle-bags, which I can fill with corn and *charca molida*, (jerked beef, roasted and pounded,) and I am sure we can get along very well."

It is needless to say that I accepted the good fellow's offer, resting on the hope that it would be some day in my power to reward him. We set to work forthwith in our preparations; and as I could not leave the old woman who had sheltered me, without just remuneration, I sent my sword by Diego, (who insisted on being my servant,) into the town to be sold. It was a good weapon, with a silver-mounted hilt of curious workmanship, and had stood by me through my encounter at Carriparee, and in many a skirmish at the outpost of Humaguaca. I parted with it with almost as much regret as though it had been a limb of my own body; but there was no alternative, and I consoled myself with the reflection that it was sacrificed in an honorable cause. With the proceeds I purchased a weapon of less pretensions, and had sufficient money left for immediate use.

On the day after that on which I was accosted by Diego, I walked a short distance, at about sunset, from my hiding-place, and was met by another, with whom I had formed a slight acquaintance when in the city before. This man was a resident of Salta; and upon our exchanging salutations, he informed me that serious difficulties had occurred in his domestic affairs: such, indeed, as to cause a separation from his wife. As is usual in such cases, jealousy was the moving cause of their difficulties; but, although he was the jealous party, the separation was caused by the determination of the wife: a thing quite unusual in that country. When I say unusual, it is perhaps well to explain why it is so.

I will therefore state, by way of premise, that the Spanish descendants, like the genuine Castilians, are extremely scrupulous as to their domestic rights; and an act of known infidelity on the part of the wife, is generally followed with impunity by the death of the offending party. And when a

husband strongly suspects his wife, without having, however, any positive proof, it is very common for him to say to her, "Señora, we must part; I believe you are unfaithful." The lady will of course protest her innocence, and weep floods of tears. But he only responds by saying, "Go; I do not wish to commit murder, and that is the only means by which it can be prevented." When his mind is thus made up, further remonstrance becomes useless; the lady returns to her friends or her paramour, and there the matter ends. But in this instance, the lady had left her husband against his direct wish, notwithstanding his own suspicions; and this very course had evidently tended to shake his doubts, and, as he loved his wife, create a desire for reunion. All this he told me, and expressed a wish that I would intercede to bring about such a result. I told him of my unfitness at that time to perform such a duty, but he insisted that I should see her; and as the lady's residence was not far distant, I consented.

Calling therefore at the house, and inquiring for the lady, I was shown into a neat apartment, where I was soon after joined by a lady about twenty-four years of age, and very beautiful. Her hair and eyes were jet black, the former falling in long and sweeping ringlets over her graceful neck and shoulders, which were slightly exposed, and the latter speaking at the first glance a volume of playful sweetness. Her whole appearance was voluptuous; and my mind was irresistibly drawn at once to the conclusion, that my friend had not been mistaken in his suspicion.

"You inquired for me, señor?" she said, in a most gracious tone and manner, as soon as the usual salutations of politeness had been exchanged.

"I did, señora, if you are the wife of Don ——," I replied.

"I am his wife, señor; please to be seated."

"And you do not live happily with him, as I learn?" I said, as we took seats upon the sofa.

"I regret to say, señor, that you have learned truly," she

replied, glancing at me with an air of uncertainty, and evidently annoyed by my inquiries.

"Pardon me, señora," said I, perceiving her embarrassment. "I visit you as the friend of your husband; I am also your friend, and would gladly see one so beautiful restored to the arms of him who loves her."

"Since you are my husband's friend," she replied, with more of ease in her manner, "and since you have been frank with me, I will be equally so with you, señor. My husband does *not* love me."

"You mistake him, I do assure you."

"He is always jealous."

"His wish to remain with you, under such a circumstance, is the best proof of his love. Love, they say, makes a man a fool, and he must be a fool indeed who will remain with a wife when he believes her unfaithful."

"And if he has no cause for suspicion, señor, is it the duty of his wife to remain forever subject to his taunts and abuse?"

"If he has no cause he deserves punishment for such suspicion and treatment, most certainly."

"And do you believe that my husband's suspicions are well founded?"

"Pardon me, señora, *I do*. But that is no part of my mission. I have not come to arraign you. Your husband has suspected you, but his suspicion has passed away. He now believes you innocent; and for your mutual happiness it were well that he continued to believe so. That must depend upon your future conduct."

"I would cheerfully live with him," she replied, without attempting to cast aside the imputation which I had so fully placed upon her. "I would cheerfully live with him, if he would treat me with becoming kindness; but heretofore I have received nothing but what is the reverse of that."

"I am sure, señora, that nothing but jealousy could induce him to treat you unkindly. Men of sense are not prone to

make themselves miserable without cause, or at least a tangible appearance of cause. So you perceive that as he loves you, the power is in your own hands to make him your slave, in the tender bonds of affection, instead of your tyrant. Upon your own demeanor depends every thing, and if you love him there is now no barrier to your mutual happiness. I pray you, therefore, allow me to convey to him the gratifying intelligence of a full reconciliation."

"You tell me that he has laid aside his foolish suspicions?" she inquired.

"Entirely, señora; and if you give him no further cause of complaint, he will be to you an affectionate husband."

"In that case you may say that I *forgive* him this time, and that I expect to see him this evening."

"Nay, señora; I cannot say that to my friend, for however much I desire a reconciliation, I will not place him in the attitude of a culprit. In my opinion, it is he that should *forgive*."

"What, then, will please you, señor?" she inquired, with a little of sarcasm in her tone.

"It will please me to see you meet on equal terms, as husband and wife. The past forgotten, the future filled only with promises of pleasure."

"And how shall we arrive at so desirable a conclusion? I am sure I wish to be happy with him."

"And you may be so by mutual concession. He has already expressed regret for the past, and a desire for reconciliation; and surely, señora, under the circumstances that is doing a great deal. Yet even more than this is due from you to him. You have injured the feelings of a most excellent man, and an affectionate husband; one who loves you so deeply as to cause him to forget his own honor, and it would be more becoming in you to ask his forgiveness."

"To do that would be to acknowledge myself in error, which I am certainly not willing to do."

"Nevertheless, it is no more than you should do in a spirit of perfect conciliation; but I will not ask that of you. I shall only ask that you will express, as he has done, your sincere regret (for I believe you feel it) for what is past, and at the same time allow me to convey to him an assurance of your continued affection, and your determination to deserve his confidence hereafter."

"I love my Francisco, señor," she replied, with downcast eyes, "and assure you that our separation has given me great uneasiness. Oh, if he would but be kind to me, and treat me as becomes a gentle husband, we might indeed be happy."

"And you desire such an issue?"

"I do, with all my heart, señor."

"Then it shall be accomplished. Francisco will see you within the hour, and I pray you receive him as the husband that you love and honor."

"I will do so, and shall await his coming with anxiety. Señor, accept my thanks. You have made me once more happy. You have shown me myself. I feel that I have been to blame; and when my husband comes, I will not only assure him of my affection, but ask his forgiveness for the past. Will he forgive me?"

"He will, señora, and he shall do it soon. I will at once inform him of your desire."

"Thanks, señor," she replied. "This interview will never be forgotten."

I then took leave, and returned to my *quarters*, where the husband was in waiting. I told him of my success; but, as he was about hastening to meet his wife, I advised him, as a measure of precaution, that hereafter, however earnest might be his affection for his wife, he must never forget the true dignity of his position as a husband.

On the fourth day after my arrival, all things were ready for departure. Diego appeared with his mule, fully equipped, with well-filled saddle-bags, and a tin kettle, wherein to pre-

pare our *molida*. And having compensated the old woman to her satisfaction, we set out; our joint stock of funds amounting to a few *chelins*, (shillings.) I was, however, in much better spirits than when I arrived, four days before; thanks to the hospitality and sympathies that I had received from those who regarded me as one far above them in the scale of human existence.

Avoiding the town by passing around the suburbs, the city of Salta was in ten minutes behind me, and I felt a secret thrill of pleasure at having escaped recognition. We proceeded without any interruption or occurrence of importance, halting at night, and making our meals of the *charca molida* in the little pot, until the fourth day, when, the weather being excessively hot and sultry, we rested near the banks of River *Passage*, unsaddled our beasts, who had for some time showed a restiff disposition quite unusual, and lay down under a tree. The animals were no sooner relieved from restraint than they darted from us, running from place to place, and snuffing the air in every direction, occasionally returning to the spot where we lay, and again darting off, neighing, staring, and trembling, evidently overcome with profound terror. Fearing that danger might be near, more palpable to the acute instinct of the brute creation, than the reason or perception of man, I was about to rise, when I was suddenly thrown prostrate by a convulsion of the earth, which seemed to quake from its very foundation. If ever I knew the sensation of fear, it was at that moment. To describe my feelings is impossible. It seemed as though the concentration of all that is dreadful had been found in that one minute of time during which the shock lasted, and my thoughts turned instinctively to God, freighted with a prayer for our preservation.

As soon as the shock was over we caught our horses, who, like ourselves, were still trembling with fright; and throwing on the equipments, hástened from the spot, without pausing

to reflect that we were perhaps approaching, instead of leaving, the point of greatest danger. It was near sundown when we reached the river, which we crossed, the horses swimming part of the distance, and continued our journey far into the night. Our first alarm being over, our conversation naturally turned upon the subject of earthquakes; to the destructive effects of which South America has been peculiarly subjected. My guide informed me that we should soon reach a spot where the ruins of a city which had been destroyed by one of these visitations were still to be seen; and on the next evening we arrived at the place to which he alluded, and there spent the night. Here were to be seen evident traces of a ruined city, in the remnants of walls, masonry, and broken columns protruding from the earth. It was the site of La Suldad de Esteca.

On the next evening we arrived near the little village of Cancho, and approached a substantial farm-house, which I afterwards found to be the residence of *el Comandante* Don Francisco Boedo, father of the unfortunate young man of that name, who was murdered by Echagua while carrying a flag of truce, at the time of our fearful fight near the Villa de Ranchos. Without ceremony, I entered the house and threw myself into a chair, asking for food and rest. The old gentleman, surprised at my manner, demanded who I was. I told him my name and condition, to which he immediately responded with a hearty welcome. My name brought to his mind reminiscences of the past; and he informed me that his son, Capt. Boedo, had been in the service with me. "He was killed," said the old man, "at the Villa de Ranchos. Were you there?"

I told him that I was: but in order to spare the father a description of the scene of his son's murder, I evaded his numerous questions as I best could; saying that Boedo was a brave and a good man, that he died with hundreds of others in the good cause of the republic, and that what was past

could not be recalled. His daughter, Donna Buenaventura, a lovely maiden, when she learned that I had been the companion of her brother even to the moment of his death, was often at my side, for she loved to speak of him; and it seemed as if the companionship of one he had known, afforded some consolation to her bereaved and gentle heart. This lady's perfection of person and mind had won for her the *soubriquet* of "*La ninfa del Monte*," (the beauty of the wood;) and it will readily be believed that the softening influences of her presence tended to restore me to my true nature, and chain me to the spot.

Some days after my arrival I was informed that a feast or fair was to be held at a little place about twenty leagues distant, on the occasion of the celebration of *Nuestra Señora de los Dolores*, and as the whole family intended making a holiday, I was of course invited, and very cheerfully determined to make one of the party. As these celebrations constitute a feature in the habits and customs of the people, a short description may not be uninteresting.

Passing over our preparations, ride, &c., I will state that on the day appointed our family party reached the place of the celebration, and found a gathering of people of all ages and sexes, and from all quarters, for a distance of thirty and even forty leagues. The number of visitors far exceeded the accommodations of the little hamlet, so that hundreds slept and lived in the open air, while a part of those only who were willing or able to pay enjoyed the privilege of a table for their meals, and a covering from the night air. As this was a religious festival, great numbers of infants were brought in for baptism, and the little *capilla* (or church) was literally crowded with mothers bearing in their arms the precious objects of their religious as well as maternal solicitude.

The ceremonies each day began with early mass; after which came the *maté* and breakfast, and next gambling, horse-racing, and other sports, in all of which the priests partook

with a relish equal to that of the most profane. Merchants were also there, who brought goods in their *platacas*, (a kind of leathern trunk,) which were opened upon the ground, and their valuables thus exposed for sale, and a good mart they made of it; inasmuch as the lovers and maidens of the interior seldom met with so fair an opportunity for the purchase of the numerous little *et cæteræ* attendant upon courtship and marriage.

The higher class of visitors, with the priests, did their gambling in-doors; but the more common people (and of these I shall now write as characteristic of the country) were under the necessity of making a bull's hide their table, and of conducting their play in the open air. Let us describe one party as characteristic of the whole, and indeed of the whole interior of the country, for what was seen here may be seen in all the country places of the republic. The reader must imagine a bandy-legged, clumsy, hard-featured fellow, with no pantaloons, but with drawers neatly ruffled about the ankle; his *poncha* wound into a sash, and tied about his waist instead of hanging in its usual grace from his shoulders; his sword hanging or projecting from beneath its folds; his spurs, with rowels measuring about three inches from point to point, and the heavy chains attached to them clanking at every step, as he moves along with a lazy, swinging gait, and, with an equivocal smile, accosts another, who is perhaps the outward counterpart of himself. He says to the other—

"*Amigo*, will you play?"

"Yes; but we are only two. It needs four."

"Let us find others, then."

The other two are soon found, and they make a party of four—rough fellows, but good-natured. A bull's hide is produced, and thrown upon the ground, upon the four corners of which they seat themselves, each taking the precaution to throw his knife upon the hide beside him, as an intimation that there is to be no foul play during the game. The cards

are then produced, the money put up, and the game proceeds. A very small quantity of gin or rum is sometimes used by these people, but never to excess. While some were thus amusing themselves, others were engaged in horse-racing, feats with the lasso, &c. The Doña Buenaventura and her mother were of our party, and seemed much interested in the last mentioned sports; and, in truth, it was a pleasing sight to witness the *guacho*, who had, as it were, been bred upon the back of a horse, spring upon the graceful form of his noble and high-mettled racer. These men are so long accustomed to riding on horseback, even from their infancy, that the conformation of their lower limbs often grows conformable to their habit of riding, and the result is, that they never appear to advantage except when mounted. Once in their saddles, however, the deformity disappears, and horse and man present together a picture of the most perfect grace and ease.

The fair lasted three days, and our party remained to the end; when, the family having made a number of purchases, we all returned safely to Cancho.

For some time I was detained in the family of Boedo, partly by ill health; but day after day I remained, and night after night did I sit beneath the porch of her father's house, with the sweet Buenaventura at my side, drinking the eloquent music of the Spanish language, as it flowed untainted from her ruby lips, bound to her presence by a sensation to me hitherto unknown, and struggling in my heart to rend the charm which held me; happy in her presence—miserable in her absence; yet, unable to fathom the cause of my own feelings, I lingered and lingered still, until two months had flitted away, and it seemed but as yesterday when I arrived.

At length, as we were sitting alone as usual, she one evening told me that her father had spoken of removing to Salta. And here occurred the first serious thought of a final separa-

tion. Without knowing what impelled me to speak as I did, I replied in a peremptory manner, "He can't go!"

"Why not?" she inquired, with a start.

"I'll not let him go," I replied.

"Pray explain yourself," she exclaimed.

"I cannot," said I; "but he must not go."

At that moment a light passed the window near which we sat, and as its rays fell upon her face, I perceived that she was in tears.

"Why do you weep, my dear girl?" said I.

"I cannot tell," she replied, wiping away her tears and hiding her face.

"Tell me, my dear Ventura, do you love me?"

"I know not," she said. "Alas! I only know that I am miserable!" And with these words, she arose and entered the house.

In a few moments her father came out; and seating himself near me, said—

"Colonel, you look melancholy."

"I am so, indeed," I replied; "and with good cause. Your daughter has just informed me of your intention to remove to Salta, and I do not feel willing to part with her. In a word, Don Francisco, I love your daughter."

"I know it," he replied; "and further, my daughter loves you; but you must part. This is the principal cause of my hasty resolution to depart for Salta. In your present fortune, you should not think of the encumbrance of a wife. You are an officer of the patriot army—one whom I respect and honor; but you must banish forever this hope from your mind. My daughter can never be your wife."

In this manner, and with various modes of reason, he strove to convince me of the impropriety of any thought of marriage on my part at the present time; and concluded by saying that his family would depart for Salta on the following day. "My lease of this land upon which I have built,"

said he, "is now nearly expired; and as the proprietor refuses me any allowance for the building, I am determined to remove my family and furniture, and burn the house to the ground."

I told him that if this, my first attachment, afforded any clew to what might occur in the future, my hopes of domestic happiness were in a fair way to arrive at a fate similar to that which had thus far attended my military career.

True to his resolution, Don Francisco, on the second day after, commenced the removal of his valuables, which were safely deposited on *carros*, for their journey to Salta; and at last the carriage that was to bear the object of my first love forever from my sight, drove up to the door of the mansion. It was a beautiful equipage for that country, and appointed with postillion and attendants in livery; and all being ready, I handed the trembling and weeping girl to her seat. The door of the vehicle was closed; the driver cracked his whip, and the carriage drove off, bearing from me the only object that I truly loved on earth. My heart fell heavily; and folding my arms across my breast, I watched the receding equipage, until it was shut from my sight by intervening objects, and in a state of mind almost bewildered. At one moment I felt disposed to condemn what I conceived to be the hard-hearted cruelty of Boedo: at the next I blamed myself for permitting such deep-rooted passion to get possession of my mind: and then I strove to laugh at my own weakness. I had been in ill health for a long time; and as I turned from the spot with a kind of half-delirious sensation, I felt the oppression of a rising fever throbbing at my temples.

CHAPTER XI.

Severe Illness at Cancho—Interview with Sir Edmund Temple—Don Pablo Latorie—Catholic Superstition—Tucuman—Fate of Gov. Arouz —Santiago—Don Miguel Sovage.

When the family of Don Francisco had left, himself alone remaining, I went to the house of a farmer by the name of Gonzales, distant about one-eighth of a mile from Boedo's residence. I was now fairly too ill to travel, and determined to spend a few days with the farmer to recover.

In the evening I walked out with the view of visiting the scene of my ill-starred love; but, ere I reached the spot, I discovered volumes of smoke rising from the building, and in a few moments the whole edifice was wrapped in flames. True to his resolve, Boedo had fired his former dwelling, and in one hour the whole mass was reduced to a heap of glowing cinders.* This done, Don Boedo followed his family, with one attendant, on horseback.

At the house of Gonzales, I was soon confined to my bed with a raging fever, which, for some time, rendered my life almost hopeless. While in this state, the old farmer and his family, who were Catholics, often urged me to confession, but I as often refused to listen to them, and begged of them, unless they wished to see me die, to cease their annoyance.

* The burning of an isolated building, as in this case, was no offence against the laws of the country. The house belonged to Boedo, but the land upon which it was built belonged to another. He was at liberty to burn the building, upon the principle that a man may do what he likes with his own.

My faithful friend and fellow-soldier, Diego, remained constantly with me, supplying my wants as well as lay in his power, smoothing my pillow, and using every exertion for my comfort. At last I became delirious; and I was afterwards told, that while in this state a priest was brought to my bedside, who persuaded me that I must die, but that if I hoped for mercy I must confess. He went through certain ceremonies, as the burning of incense, &c., telling Diego that by this means he would cast out the evil spirit, and prepare his master for death. Of all this I was unconscious; but after a few days my delirium passed away, my fever subsided, and I soon found myself rapidly recovering. At the end of about a month my health and strength were so far restored as to enable me to renew my journey to Tucuman.

Very much to my delight, I learned from the farmer that my old friend, Don Pablo Laterie, was then residing near the village of Arenas, which lay immediately upon our route. I now felt anxious to see some old faces. My acquaintance with the family of Boedo, my detention, sickness, and especially the kindness that I had experienced, made me feel like myself again; and I looked forward to an interview with Don Pablo with much satisfaction. Diego accordingly made ready, refilled his saddle-bags, the materials for which were generously supplied by old Gonzales, fastened his little pot to the saddle, and with our simple accoutrements and humble stores we again set out. We had now only about three days' ride before us, with but a single small range of hills on the whole distance.

On the morning of the first day, I met with a gentleman, who, on learning my name and rank, introduced himself as *Sir* Edmund Temple. If ever a man was in a state of mind to regard with scorn an empty or hereditary title, it was myself at that particular time. I could not help contrasting the life of ease and indolence through which this man had probably arisen to the honor and distinction of an English

knight, (?) with the toil and sweat which I had endured, in working my way to the rank of colonel in the army of a government that could not or would not provide me with even a mess of pottage.

I inquired of Sir Edmund the object through which the Argentine had been honored with his presence. He replied that he was on a travelling visit to the country, seeking for information.

"And do you discover any thing worthy of the trouble that you have taken?" I inquired.

"Not much," he replied. "I did, however, fall in with a very extraordinary large bird called the condor."

"Oh, yes," said I, "there are great numbers of them about the Cordilleras."

"But this was one of extraordinary size: it measured sixteen feet from wing to wing, and would have carried off an ox," he replied.

"My dear sir, you exaggerate."

"Well," said he, "perhaps I do; but it would certainly have borne away a calf."

I thought it would have been difficult for any bird to bear away so large a one as I could name; nevertheless, I acquiesced.

We were now approaching a house near Arenas, which, from description and location, I believed must be the residence of my friend; and, as it so proved, I invited Sir Edmund to halt with me.

Don Pablo we found at home, and apparently much gratified with meeting me. He at once ratified my invitation to Sir Edmund Temple, and we all dined together. I subsequently informed Latorie of my intention to return to the United States, and the causes which induced me to do so; at which he expressed much regret, but was constrained to admit that there was little dependence to be placed in the ability of the government to meet its indebtedness to me for

some time to come. Our guest left us on the same day, but I remained with my friend until the day following, when Diego and myself again set out towards Tucuman.

Another little incident occurred on this route, which, as it illustrates the influence of superstition upon a certain class, is perhaps worth mentioning. At another house, where I made a short stop, I got into conversation with a Catholic priest, whose fraternity were and are still strolling in numbers over the whole Argentine Republic. While conversing with him, a countryman entered, carrying in one hand a large ox-horn, the opening of which he covered with the other hand. The man approached the priest in great humility, and stated that the country where he resided, a distance of twenty miles, was overrun with locusts, which were destroying every thing; and added, that he had secured about twenty of the creatures, which he had confined in the horn, and had brought them the whole distance in order to obtain the curse of the holy father upon them. With the utmost gravity, the priest complied, by mumbling over the incarcerated locusts a string of hard words; and the countryman departed with a look of satisfaction. When he had gone, I asked the priest what effect was anticipated from his curse upon twenty poor locusts.

"Oh!" said he, "when the man gets home he will liberate the locusts, and these going, with the curse upon them, among their flock, the whole will feel its influence, and leave the place or die."

"But suppose they do not leave the place or die, on account of this curse," I inquired, anxious to discover how far his hypocrisy would lead him.

"Oh," he replied, "if they do not leave, it is because the Virgin is offended with the people."

We soon after reached Tucuman in safety; but, before entering the town, I directed Diego to find a place in the suburbs, where we might stop, until I could learn the position of public affairs in the city and province. He went before,

and obtained a room at a small inn, where we put up. Here I soon learned that during my absence this province, like Oran and many others, had passed through an ordeal of the revolutionary spirit, to which my old friend, Gov. Arouz, had fallen a victim, and been publicly shot. In this state of things I determined not to make my situation known; and, after three or four days spent at an obscure inn, I told Diego that I should continue on to Santiago. He said he would go with me wherever I went, and the faithful fellow, who always found something to do with his awl and bristles, paid our little expenses; and we proceeded on our way to Santiago, without having encountered an individual who had known me in Tucuman.

From this place to Santiago, our course lay nearly along the banks of the Rio Santiago, a distance of about twenty-five leagues, with a fine level country, and good roads throughout the whole route; and three days more brought us conveniently to this point of my journey.

When I first visited this place, with Lieut. Col. Calderon, on our route from San Juan to Humaguaca, we made but a short stay, and consequently a limited acquaintance. Here I felt that the contrast of my condition would not be known. I felt, too, that I was entitled to *auxilio*, or aid from the government; and with this view I called on the governor, Col. Ibara; first making known to him only my person, rank, and the country where I had been engaged during the last few years. He told me that during my absence the whole republic had been shaken with civil commotion; each province making war upon its neighbor, and the country suffering the extreme of distress. I informed him that I was proceeding towards Buenos Ayres, intending to take Cordova in my way, but as I learned that the country was overrun with *ladrones*, or banditti, and as a great part of the direct route was a wilderness, I should first go to Catamarca and thence to Cordova, by which means I should pass through an inhabited

country, at the expense of a greatly-increased distance. I also took occasion to hint to him, as fully as my pride would allow, the impoverished condition of my exchequer, believing that he would at least give me some hopes of obtaining *auxilio*. The governor was one of those who had obtained their rank through commissions held in the militia; and as it was usual to give the government of a province or city to the commanding officer of the force that subdued it, the commandant of a militia regiment, as in this case, was eligible to the place, and sometimes obtained it; but as the operations of the regular army sometimes interfered with the opportunities of the ambitious citizens, besides the existence of a degree of provincial jealousy, there was always a sort of antipathy entertained towards it by those men. This antipathy Gov. Ibara felt to its fullest extent—a circumstance which, it was soon apparent, stood directly between me and my wishes. He gave me no satisfaction on the score of the assistance which was so much needed, so I requested that he would direct commandants on the route to provide me with horses.

"That," said he, "I cannot deny you." Implying, I suppose, that he would deny me if he could.

"When do you start?" he continued; evidently desirous of getting rid of so poor a customer.

I felt disappointed, and not a little piqued at his manner, and replied bluntly, that if I got assistance I should start forthwith; if not, I should be compelled to remain until I found the means.

"Then," said he, "if you do not get assistance, you will probably remain forever?"

"God forbid," I answered, and immediately took my leave, glad to get away from his presence at any rate.

In this place Diego had found quarters for us, at a post-house, or a place where stage-drivers change horses; and there I went, on leaving the house of the governor, pondering on what course it was necessary to pursue. I was deter-

mined still not to seek for private aid, and avoided the few persons of rank that I had known on my former visit; yet there was one whom I would gladly have seen, and this was no other than Don Miguel Sovage, at whose house I had spent two or three evenings, in the midst of his happy and amiable family. This man was a chemist and astronomer; and I had taken much pleasure in listening to his explanation of the planetary system, and in learning from him the names and locations of the most prominent of the starry galaxy; and when, at the end of a few days, I bade adieu to him and his charming wife, it was with more of regret than was usual in my many partings with the transient acquaintances that it was my lot to make in the course of my various journeys. I now thought of him again, and believed that in his society, if anywhere, I could enjoy a short season of social pleasure; and accordingly inquired for him at the post-house where I lodged.

"Don Miguel Sovage!" said the person whom I addressed, speaking in a low tone, and echoing the name that I had just pronounced.

"Yes," I replied; "I knew him many years ago, and should be much pleased to see him and his lovely wife, the Donna Constancia."

"Ah! poor Constancia!" was his only reply.

"Is she dead?" I inquired.

"No! poor lady! 'twere better that she were!" he answered.

"What do you mean, my friend?" I again inquired; "has any evil befallen them?"

"Yes," said he; "poor Miguel is dead, and Constancia is a maniac. Sit down with me, if you were his friend, and I will relate the story of their misfortunes."

We sat down, and he proceeded to relate in substance as follows—

"It is now about a year since our present governor, Ibara, imagined that a conspiracy was on foot to take his life, and

he began arresting and putting to death all that he suspected were concerned in it. There was a great deal of excitement, I assure you, on account of his proceedings, and people used to talk openly, and express their dissatisfaction ; but this only made things worse, and many of our most inoffensive men, who had dared to blame the governor for what they called murders, were in turn arrested and put to death, until at last no man felt safe for a moment. Poor Sovage was one of those who spoke their minds freely ; and at length he heard, by some means, that an order had been issued for his arrest. He well knew that to be arrested on this charge, (for every one who spoke was called a conspirator,) was about equal to being condemned and executed. 'So,' said he, 'if I must die, I will at least make an effort to end this wholesale murder.' He went to his house and loaded two pistols, in the presence of his wife. She asked him what use he was going to make of the pistols ; and he told her that he was to be arrested as one of the conspirators, and he was determined to murder the man who was preparing to murder him. The poor thing wept like a child when she heard this, for she saw that she must soon be a widow ; still she did not attempt to dissuade him, as in the death of the tyrant she alone had hope for her husband. Sovage managed his work well ; but as the devil is always interfering to make mischief and spoil a good deed, so he did in this case. The weather at the time was almost too warm to live ; and Sovage knew that the governor slept all night with doors and windows open, but with a guard at the front porch. He also knew the room in which he slept, and that the secretary slept on a small cot on a veranda, close at the door of the governor's chamber. Now it so happened that Ibara, in passing along the veranda to enter his chamber at night, saw the cot of the secretary lying unoccupied outside, and threw himself upon that, as the night was very warm, instead of going to his own bed. The secretary came afterwards, and, seeing the governor on his

cot, passed by without disturbing him, and retired to sleep in the chamber. After this came Don Miguel, who reached the veranda by climbing one of the pillars; and when he saw, as he supposed, the secretary asleep outside the door, he passed through one of the open windows, and approaching the governor's bed, fired a bullet into the brain of its occupant, who was no other than the unfortunate secretary. Supposing that he had killed the governor, and being satisfied, Sovage made no effort to escape, but surrendered to the guard, who in a moment surrounded him; but when the poor fellow discovered his error, and found that he had killed an innocent man, he became frantic on the spot, and tearing his hair with horror at his deed, he called upon them to shoot him at once. They did not gratify him, however, but kept him in all his torment till the next day, when he was led to the market-place and shot, in the presence of his enemies, for none of his friends would witness it. His poor wife was crazed on hearing his fate, and has been, ever since, a raving maniac."

Tears were in my eyes when the recital was ended, and I exclaimed, "Poor Sovage! Poor Constancia! You are but two of the many innocent who have suffered in this distracted country to gratify the doubts or spleen of some petty and irresponsible tyrant." I asked my narrator if he could lead me to where Constancia was confined. He replied that he could; "but," said he, "you will not be pleased with seeing her. It is too mournful a sight."

I felt that it would indeed be a mournful sight; yet I could not leave Santiago without seeing her. It was many years since we parted, and although she would not know me, I felt a melancholy desire to visit her. We accordingly went to the place of her confinement. As we entered the apartment, the hapless creature gazed on me for a moment, and then ran towards me, exclaiming, "Poor Miguel! poor Miguel!" My heart throbbed with emotion; for it was plain that she recognised me as the friend of her husband, even after years

of separation. I took her hand, and, in reply to her exclamation, could only say, "Yes, I knew him."

"Oh! I remember you, señor," she said, in a most rational manner. "I remember when you came to visit us; but it's a long time ago. Yes, Miguel was here then, and he was so good, and he loved me so well, and"—then lowering her voice, she added, "but he's gone now. They've murdered him!—in the market-place!—and he's gone! gone! gone to the stars!" and as she uttered the last words in a perfect scream, her voice having risen higher and higher at each exclamation, she pointed frantically upward; her youthful and still beautiful face glowing with animation; her sparkling eye made doubly brilliant from the fire that was raging in her brain, and her long black hair hanging in tangled masses about her form, shading a neck of perfect loveliness, and apparent health. The scene was too painful to witness longer; and, as she continued to rave, walking to and fro about the room, I withdrew unobserved, bearing upon my soul a load of oppressive and unyielding melancholy.

After remaining some three weeks in the city, uncertain what course to pursue, and still hoping for some assistance from a government that was largely my debtor, I concluded to obtain my passports, and proceed as I best could. I had got thus far, and, with the blessing of heaven, I could in some way accomplish my journey. The keeper of the hostelry, where we stopped, appeared to me to be a worthy man, and one who had at heart the tranquillity and interest of his country. I had often conversed with him; and one evening, as we sat together with Diego, in the kitchen of his establishment, he said to me, with a significant shrug—

"Colonel, I understand you are bound to Catamarca?"

"Yes," I replied. "But what do you mean by that shrug of your shoulders?"

"It is a dangerous route," said he.

"True; but I have nothing to lose," I replied.

"Yes, you have a life to lose, and that is worth preserving. Nothing would tempt me to travel in that direction at present."

"But I must reach Cordova," said I, "and the direct route is worse than this."

"So it is; but neither is safe."

"My friend," said I, "I know little of the dissensions in the provinces, and have no desire to mingle with them. I have been up to Tarija, in Alto-Peru, fighting for freedom, and my sole object now is to reach the sea-coast. To Catamarca I must go, let the consequence be what it may."

I here discovered evident signs of uneasiness in the looks of Diego, and changed the theme. The keeper understood my object, and spoke no more on the subject. In a few minutes Diego arose and left the room, and our host renewed the conversation.

"To speak plain with you, colonel," said he, "the whole road from here to Catamarca is infested with *ladrones*. Bands of discontented soldiers are now scattered through the hills, and in fact ransacking the whole country. It is impossible for you to get through; they will respect neither your person nor rank, and the result will be, if you persist, that you will be murdered on the road."

"What else can I do? The government for which I have fought will give me no assistance, and go I must!"

I left the apartment, and found Diego sitting on a bench near the window outside.

"My friend," said I, addressing him, "I am going to Catamarca; are you willing to go with me?"

"*Mi coronel*," he replied, "as I sat near this window, I heard all that has been said since I left the kitchen; and now, that I know the whole danger, I would be ashamed to leave you."

"You are a noble fellow, Diego," said I, "and between ourselves, I don't think the danger is quite so great as our

friend imagines; at any rate, the fellows that we are to fear are but poor soldiers, and they will not harm us when they know that we too are soldiers, and as poor as themselves."

We determined then to set out immediately.

CHAPTER XII.

Journey to Catamarca—Arrest and Detention—Gen. Quiroga—Oppression of the English Miners in Rioja—Thrilling Instance of Self-Sacrifice by a German.

Our passports obtained, Diego and myself set forward under the same arrangements as before. We were both well armed; and although I expected to fall in with more or less of the roving banditti, I had little thought of any real danger. About ten leagues brought us from the open country into a range of abrupt and ragged hills; our course sometimes winding through dark and narrow ravines, with lofty, overhanging cliffs, again along the circuitous and narrow passes upon the brink of a precipice, and again at times over the very peak of some towering eminence. Never was a country better calculated for the operations of *ladrones*, for they had not only the advantage of concealment and close passages, but they had the choice of their point of attack, and could without difficulty, after scanning the strength of their object, surprise him at places where there was no opportunity either for retreat or defence. However, although we occasionally saw small bodies of men at a distance, we met with no banditti; but on the fourth day of our journey, as we were moving slowly up a steep pass not more than six feet wide, with a precipice rising perpendicular on the one hand, and another falling into a ravine on the other, I was startled on hearing above me the word "*Rendicion!*" (surrender.) I halted, and looking up saw at the top of the pass some five or six men with their muskets levelled at us. I replied, that

as we were not in an enemy's country, it was difficult to know whom we were to surrender to.

"*Rendicion !*" was their answer.

"Withdraw your muskets, then, and let us come up. We are but two ; and when I see who you are, I will surrender if it is proper."

They did as desired. We accordingly continued our way up, and in a moment reached a small table of land, occupied by sixteen men.

"Where is your *comandante ?*" I inquired.

"I am *comandante*," said a little fellow who had met us at the top of the pass. "Who are you ?"

"A *comandante* of regiment from Alto Peru," I replied.

"Very well ; you are now my prisoner." Then turning to the men, he added, "We have got one of them."

This I did not understand, and inquired what he meant.

He said that he was captain of militia in the province of Catamarca, and was with others posted on the road, with orders to secure any persons that might be found coming from Peru, and to take them to the governor.

"And who is now the governor of Catamarca ?" I inquired.

"Señor Caril," was the reply.

I was of course duly grateful to Señor Caril for his courtesy in providing me with an escort through the hills ; and the little *comandante* seemed decidedly pleased with the trophy of his valor, which he was about to present to his master, in the person of a penniless colonel from Peru and a cobbling servant.

We soon commenced our march ; and, on the whole, I was pleased with my change of condition. We were well fed, treated with respect, and, in consideration of my rank, I was allowed to wear my sword. The same consideration probably induced the captain to make an escort of his whole command, if command it could be called, where all seemed striving to excel in insubordination. Ranging in every direc-

tion, and yelling like so many savages, poor Diego got frightened, and more than once expressed to me his fears that they would shoot us. I told him, however, to fear nothing, for we were not in the hands of *ladrones;* but, at the worst, in some shape or other only prisoners of war. Antioipating a release as soon as we should arrive at Catamarca, I had no apprehensions. These ignorant fellows had made an arrest, for which they would probably get no thanks, while, in the mean time, I was sure of a safe escort to the town.

We at length arrived at the capital of the province of Catamarca, and were most unceremoniously paraded through the streets like criminals, until we reached the house of the governor, a place which the reader must have discovered, ere this, was the fountain-head of all justice, or, more properly, *injustice,* in most of the cities and towns of the so-called republic, each functionary of that grade dispensing life and death at his own pleasure, without let or hinderance. At this place, however, I found a slight exception: the governor was evidently in awe of a certain general, then not far distant, by the name of Quiroga, a name well known as belonging to one of the most ruthless men the country had thus far ever known.

Having arrived at the governor's house, our cavalcade halted, and our captain entering the mansion alone, left us to the gaze of a gaping populace. He soon again appeared, and ordered us to be taken before his Excellency. Accordingly, our horses were taken in charge by the troop, and having entered the house, we found the Don very quietly but ostentatiously sucking his maté through the silver tube. Not feeling altogether pleased with the manner of my escort, I approached him with an air of *hauteur* equal to his own, and said—

"Señor, I presume you are the governor of Catamarca?"

"I have that honor," he replied, scarce taking the tube from his mouth to speak.

"Your Excellenza will please inform me, then, what crime I have committed that myself and servant are thus borne, like criminals, through the public streets of your city."

"It is enough for you to know that you are arrested, and will be imprisoned in the *quartel*, (barracks,) until I know who you are," he replied, pompously.

"That I can inform your Excellenza without further delay," I said. "My name is Quino. I am *comandante* of regiment, and have recently been engaged in the patriot service of Alto-Peru; have served as an officer in the regular army of the Argentine Republic, am now on my way to Buenos Ayres, and am going from here direct to Cordova."

The governor removed his sucking tube for a moment, and with a smile of self-complacency, replied—

"That will depend upon the answer that I receive from Don Gen. Facundo Quiroga, who is now either at San Juan or Rioja. Perhaps you will have the honor of going there, and being introduced to him, in which case he will know better than I how to dispose of you. For the present you will remain at the *quartel*."

I cast upon him a look that was intended to convey the whole burden of contempt which my soul at that moment entertained towards him. I had heretofore dealt with men who had souls of their own—this fellow was a mere tool; and I turned away, under my escort, towards the place of confinement, mentally exclaiming, "When shall I get from this accursed country?"

Diego and myself were now separated. I was placed in the *quartel*, but allowed the range of the building and yard. Few of the officers approached me, and those I shunned, preferring always solitude to such companionship.

The distracted condition of the country, and perhaps the best evidence of a rotten organization, may be understood from this one incident. The principle of state rights, or perhaps rather of state sovereignty, was here exercised with a vengeance. The province of Catamarca, through its guber-

natorial ignoramus, assumed the power (and exercised it too) of detaining and imprisoning an officer of rank attached to the (so-called) republic! The reader may judge to what extent it might justly lay claim to such a title. I was an officer of the regular army; for although my field of operations had been latterly in the territory of a neighboring nation, my authority was derived from the Argentine; and my commission, received from the hands of Gen. Gorete, ran to that effect. Nevertheless, the governor of a distinct and remote province, professedly a part of the great Confederation, deliberately, and without assigning even a reason, detains and imprisons an officer of the general government; and yet there is no power that may call him to account. In fact, as I may have before stated, and as I may inadvertently state again, there existed no sympathy of feeling or action, morally or politically, either between the government and its component provinces, or between the provinces one with another. Each petty governor was irresponsibly supreme in his province, and totally unaccountable to any other authority; and the various provinces were permitted to declare and wage war against one another, as in the case of Salta and Tucuman, without the intervention of a word; and all this arose from the fact that no sufficient political unity had been effected, and no political head, that should command the confidence of the people, established.

Here I remained several weeks, when the governor at length sent an order to bring me before him. I was now escorted by two soldiers, one on either side, each armed only with a bayonet, which he carried in his hand.

The governor received me this time more graciously; and after a few inquiries as to my former course, told me that he had heard of me, and expected soon to receive an order for my release. I was then remanded to the *quartel*, where I met Diego, who was now permitted to remain with me. I soon discovered also a more decided inclination to-

wards familiarity on the part of the officers at the station, but I conversed with them as little as common politeness would admit of. There was one among them, however, in whom I had found more congeniality of feeling than in the rest; and one evening this man sought my quarters, and began conversing about the General Quiroga.

"Do you know the general?" I inquired.

"I know him well," he replied, with a shrug of the shoulders. "I served a year in his immediate command."

"What manner of man is he?" said I.

This was answered with another shrug of the shoulders.

"Speak plainly, my friend," said I; "you have nothing to fear from me. I have been many years upon the borders of Peru, and have had little opportunity to know what has been going on in the provinces. I have heard the name of Quiroga—I should be glad to know more of him. Speak out, and speak freely; you have nothing to fear from me."

"I believe you," said he; "and I will give you an account of one incident in the life of this man, by which you may judge of what may be the fate of a people under his rule." He proceeded.

"It is now about three years since some persons from Buenos Ayres went to England, carrying with them specimens of ore from certain valuable mines in the province and vicinity of Rioja. These mines they represented as belonging to them; and by operating with persons on this side, they succeeded in disposing of them for immense sums of money. The English purchasers formed a joint-association, and sent out, at vast expense, men and machinery, for the purpose of working the mines; but on their arrival, they discovered that they had been duped into the purchase of land belonging to the government. Quiroga, who was then governor of the province, was applied to, and finding that there might be a possibility of turning their operations to his own account, gave them permission to work the mines, but withheld the title of

possession. They accordingly proceeded with their work, expending large sums as they progressed, until their all was staked in this one enterprise. They had begun to reap a realization of their hopes from the product of the mines, when Quiroga commenced throwing obstacles in their way, and exacting large amounts for the privilege that he had granted them, flogging and even imprisoning the workmen, and annoying them to such a degree that at length the operations were suspended, and the whole company became totally ruined. There was no means of redress, and those who could get the means returned to Europe; but there were many who were compelled by necessity to remain; and among those were two Germans, whose Christian names were Frederick and Wilhelm. These two were devotedly attached to each other, and might always be seen together, sharing their means and striving for each other's comfort and enjoyment.

"Tyrants are always suspicious of those about them, and Quiroga, to be in the fashion, imagined that a conspiracy was on foot against *his* life. Many persons were arrested under this suspicion; and as he knew that none could be more likely to entertain hatred towards him than the poor foreigners whom he had ruined, our friend Wilhelm was arrested and imprisoned with the rest. It was in vain that his more than brother, Frederick, pleaded the innocence of his friend, and begged his release. Quiroga only smiled, and told him that he wasted his words. The poor fellow became almost distracted; and in this state of mind, was one morning informed that his friend was to be shot in the afternoon. Those who knew him, feared that this announcement would drive him to madness; but it was no sooner made to him, than a change of a very different nature came over his mind in an instant. He had entreated, worried, and fretted himself into a feverish excitement, going from person to person, and from place to place, to obtain influence, and often, too, with tears in his eyes; yet all had been without avail. But when he

heard the irrevocable sentence of death, a deliberate calm seemed to take possession of his soul; and with it came, as will be seen, a settled determination to save his friend, even at the sacrifice of his own life.

"He immediately procured a fleet horse, and riding to the guard-house, where Wilhelm was confined, and which stood near the residence of Quiroga, he dismounted, and leaving his horse with the captain of the guard, said calmly—

"'Captain, I am going to the governor to obtain a reprieve for my friend; should the governor send an order to that effect, you will please give him my horse.'

"Having obtained a promise of compliance, he proceeded to the house of Quiroga; and passing the guard at the entrance, found him alone.

"'Governor,' he said, 'you may know the object of my visit; it is to intercede once more for my friend. You have been misinformed respecting him; he is not capable of joining in any conspiracy, and is innocent of this charge. I beg of you to release him.'

"Quiroga looked upon him, and with an infernal smile, said—

"'You must forget your friend, he has but a few hours to live. Do you not know that when I condemn a man I seldom forgive him?'

"'But he is my only friend!' exclaimed the poor fellow, falling upon his knees and bursting into tears; 'he is my only friend! and if you kill him you will kill me. Señor! señor! he is incapable of this act! He has not the heart! he has not the power! Even now he cannot speak the Spanish language. Señor! I entreat you, spare him!'

"'If he does not understand the Spanish language,' said the cold-blooded tyrant, 'he will not need to learn it now. Go—leave me; you can say nothing that will alter my determination, or save his life.'

"'Is it so, Monster!' exclaimed Frederick, springing to

his feet, and levelling a pistol at the very breast of Quiroga. 'Speak one word, and you die! I have come to liberate my friend, and I will do it!'

"He then approached the door, and turned the key. The tyrant saw resolution in his eye, and trembled.

"'See,' continued the German, 'I have saved you the trouble of drawing the order for his release; it is all ready, together with his passport, and wants only your signature, which you will please affix to it instantly.'

"Quiroga knit his brows, and hesitated.

"'Come, señor, there is no time to lose. My life you may have, and you shall be welcome to it, but you *must* sign these papers! Hesitate one minute longer, and I swear that I will deprive you of the power to commit more murders.'

"There was no alternative: the papers were signed. The German went to the door, still keeping Quiroga at bay, beckoned one of the guard, and handing him the paper, said calmly—

"'Here is the governor's order for the release of the foreigner Wilhelm; he commands you to deliver it instantly to the captain of the guard.'

"Then returning, he again fastened the door, and taking a seat, said, in the most quiet manner possible—

"'Now, governor, I will have a half-hour's conversation with you.'

"Upon the margin of the order of release, Frederick had written a few words in the German language, directing his friend to take the horse that the captain would deliver to him, and escape, without a moment's delay, from the province.

"This self-sacrificed man conversed with Quiroga for a full hour. He spoke of the injuries that himself and companions had so unjustly suffered at his hands, and entreated him to adopt a different course of conduct towards his fellow-men. 'By humanity and goodness,' said he, 'you will win their confidence and love to such a degree that you need

fear no conspiracy against your life; but by pursuing your present course, be assured that the sword of Damocles will forever hang above you, ready at any moment, even as it now is, to fall and destroy you.'

"Wearied with his imprisonment, Quiroga at length said—

"'Well, Señor Frederick, you have accomplished your object, your friend is secure, and I suppose you are ready to retire.'

"'After I have obtained from you a single promise,' he replied.

"'Well, what is that?'

"'I wish you to promise, on your honor, as a Spanish American, that you will order no pursuit within one hour from this moment.'

"'I promise it,' said Quiroga, taking out his watch. 'Go; if you can escape in that time, you shall not be harmed.'

"Bowing politely, the German retired; but he had been more thoughtful on behalf of his friend than himself. He had provided no horse for his own escape; and rather than lose the time necessary to obtain one, he trusted in his ability to reach the hills and thus elude pursuit."

As I have before stated, the Spaniard regards his word as more sacred than his life, and even Quiroga would not break his.

"With his watch in his hand," continued my informant, "he paced his apartment in frantic impatience; and on the moment when the hour had expired, he sprang to the porch, exclaiming—

"'Pursue the foreigner! A hundred ounces to him who brings me the head of the foreigner, Frederick!'

"Pursuit was instantly made in every direction, and it was not long before the poor fellow saw the hunters on his track. He had just reached a passage in the hills, as they perceived him. Entering the first recess that presented itself, he ran

forward and took refuge in the narrow cleft of a huge rock, hoping they would pass without discovering him; but it was a vain hope: there he was found, and there, fighting for his life, he fell, pierced with a dozen weapons.

"Wilhelm escaped into the province of Catamarca, and finally returned to Europe."

The substance of the interview between Quiroga and Frederick was made known by Quiroga himself, who often laughed over it, saying that it was the best-managed affair that he had ever witnessed.

Such was the man of whom I had before but little heard, and who subsequently became a prominent character in the country. In the hands of such men the people have suffered, and continue to suffer, without possessing within themselves the moral strength and mutual confidence necessary to rid themselves of the incubus.

CHAPTER XIII.

Cordova under Gov. Bustes—Independence of the Banda Oriental—Gov. Dorago of Buenos Ayres deposed by Gen. Lavalia—Battle of the *Puntas Marcus* and Execution of Dorago—Bustes deposed by Gen. Paz—Entrance of Paz into the city of Cordova—Marriage of the Narrator—Journey to Buenos Ayres—Depredations and Cruelties of the Pampas Indians.

After a few days the governor gave us liberty to proceed on our journey, and with my passports, ordering as usual horses for our accommodation on the route, Diego and myself set out afresh. I now found the evidences of civil commotion growing daily more apparent. Every hamlet and village was in arms, and squads of militia were moving in various directions throughout the province. Preparations for war seemed to be the ruling employment of the people, yet thus far I had gained no definite idea of its object. Passing along the range of hills which skirt the eastern side of the province, and thence across the southwestern point of Santiago, we reached, after several days of hard travel, the province of Cordova. Here the manifestations of coming trouble were as apparent as what we had before seen. We continued on direct to the capital, and there, to my infinite satisfaction, I found my old friend, Gen. Bustes, at the head of the government. This man, it will be remembered, was in command of a division of the army which rescued a number of prisoners, myself among the rest, from the hands of Echagua, soon after the massacre at the Villa de Ranchos.

Soon after my arrival, I presented myself, and was received with demonstrations of the kindest remembrance, al-

though some ten years had now passed since the time of our separation. This was in the year 1829.

I had before learned that after the independence of the republic had been fully established, the force of her arms, under the command of the brave Gen. Albia, had been directed towards the liberation of the Banda Oriental (Uruguay) from the hands of the Emperor of Brazil. I had also heard of the establishment of a dictatorial government in the Argentine; and I now learned from Gov. Bustes that on the return of the army to Buenos Ayres, under Gen. Lavalia, (the commander-in-chief, Gen. Albia having retired from public life,) that officer had turned his power against Don Dorago, then governor of Buenos Ayres, and, having driven him from the city, pursued him to the Punta Marcus, a distance of about seven leagues. Dorago, having been there reinforced with troops, provided by Gen. Rosas, made a stand, and after a severe battle, was again defeated, taken prisoner, and shot by the order of Lavalia.

"Now," said the governor, "I am expecting a visit from Señor Paz, who was a colonel in the army, and who, I learn, has been dispatched by Lavalia, with the rank of general, to subdue this province, and relieve me of the burden of my government. You have, therefore, arrived at a most opportune moment, to aid me in sustaining the legitimate government; and, if you please, shall at once have a command."

I felt satisfied in my own mind, although I was not yet familiar with the occurrences that had taken place during my absence, nor of the motives that governed them, that the movement of Lavalia had been in the cause of freedom; that the people, in ridding themselves of their Spanish oppressors, had but paved the way for a new set nearer home; and my heart instinctively leaned towards the cause in which they were engaged. It was with sincerity, then, that I expressed to the governor the pain with which I listened to these state-

ments, but, at the same time, assured him that I must now be but "a looker-on in Venice."

"When it was my fortune," said I, "to lend my humble assistance to the security of this country from the grasp of old Spain, or to aid the people of Peru in securing their independence, my heart was ever warm—my hand was ever ready in their cause; but here is a different issue. Instead of a people struggling against foreign oppression, I find a people struggling against itself. If I fight upon this side, I fight against Americans; if I fight upon that side, I fight against Americans; and, in either case, I war with my brother. Besides, I am myself a foreigner,—not the creature of a despot, it is true, but a free-born citizen of a glorious republic; yet I am a foreigner, and well might the people of this republic look with a jealous eye upon one, who, not being of them, should venture to enlist in their domestic dissensions."

"You are in the right, after all," said he; "yet, although you will not take part in our quarrels, I hope you will make Cordova your home as long as may be consistent with your own objects and comfort."

After this interview I soon learned that my conjectures were right, and that the people were generally looking forward to the arrival of Paz, as one step that would lead them towards their promised freedom.

I had been about three weeks in Cordova, mingling again with society, and forming acquaintances, when the near approach of Gen. Paz was announced in the city. The people generally said little, but awaited in silence the turn that affairs would take in the passage at arms, about to take place between the two armies; yet so completely subdued by the horrors already suffered in some of the sister provinces, that they seemed ready at any moment to fling up their *garros*, and cry *viva* to whichever should, by a victory, prove itself the most powerful. Such was the condition of the Argentine Republic. Long accustomed to the dominion of a foreign

power, and still in a measure unconscious of, yet thirsting for, their rights as freemen, the people were in a state of singular hope and doubt: a hope which they could not wholly comprehend, and a doubt which fitted them for submission to any power which should, per force, name to them their destiny.

Paz approached with his army, and halted upon a plain about three leagues from the city. Bustes, preparing for his approach, had taken a position on the north side of the town; to which place Paz advanced, passing through the town, and went at once into an engagement. The battle was severe, and well fought on both sides: the cannonading was distinctly heard at the city; couriers were constantly flying to and fro, until at length it was announced that Bustes was beaten, and preparations were immediately made to receive the conqueror in an appropriate and respectful manner. Wreaths were prepared, triumphal arches erected, sonnets and addresses, in praise of the victorious general, were written and conned, and every sycophant who sought for place or favor, vied with his contemporary and compeer, in devising means and ways for pouring into the ears of the leader the lowest strains of fulsome adulation. Such men are ever found at the heels of power.

On the following day Gen. Paz entered the town, at the head of about one thousand five hundred men; and his army became at once the object of a well-merited and universal admiration. It was indeed the first well-regulated corps that I had seen since leaving Peru. The men were well fed, well clad, and appeared in excellent spirits; and their entrance into the town, where they were received with every demonstration of triumph, was orderly and creditable in the highest degree.

The general was escorted to the government-house, where the addresses and sonnets were said and sung in a spirit of sycophancy that was to me supremely disgusting.

Among the many, I was presented, and received from the general honorable and flattering mention of what he had heard of my career, in the service of the Republic and of Peru. He also hinted to me that the army which had fought to gain the independence of the Argentine, was now compelled to employ its energies in the *securing* of that independence; and after a short interview we parted, with a request on his part, that (as he would probably be some time in Cordova) I would visit him often. I promised to do so, and left with a favorable impression of the man, and an increased conviction of the correctness of the cause in which he was engaged.

Still recognised as an officer of the regular army, yet not engaged in its active duties, I drew a small *auxilio* for past services, and remained several months in the city of Cordova, which I found to be one of the most beautiful and agreeable places in the whole republic. Situated on the river Primero, it is surrounded with every variety of delightful scenery; and the artistical arrangements of the city itself are not surpassed even by the capital of the country, Buenos Ayres.

The *Alemande*, or public promenade, is ornamented with a circular artificial lake, covering an area of several acres, in the centre of which is built a small summer-house, open to all. This spot is attainable by a single boat, which becomes the property, for the time being, of the party who may be so lucky as to secure the possession of it; and as the capacity of the summer-house is only adapted to the accommodation of six or eight persons at one time, there is often a scramble for the single means of conveyance to and fro. Having reached the spot, however, the party is compensated for its trouble, in the privilege of sucking a cup of *mate*, in the cool of the evening, upon an artificial island. The circuit of the lake is bordered by a superb gravel-walk, about sixty feet in width, for promenade, and the whole is embosomed in the massive foliage of lofty and well-regulated trees.

The province is celebrated for the great quantities and superior quality of its wool and goat-skins, the former of which forms the staple of its natural products.

During my present stay in Cordova, I became acquainted with and married the Doña Juana ——, a connection of Gov. Bustes, of good family, finished accomplishments, and the most perfect gentleness and amiability of disposition. By this marriage, I became instantly transported from a state little removed from absolute poverty to one of luxury and wealth. But I had not counted upon my own unfitness at that time for the married life, and particularly when connected with the soft luxurious indolence, the trappings, pomp, and splendor of riches. Reared in the field, accustomed to make the ground my bed, the heavens my canopy, and the rough soldier my companion, I found myself unfitted for a life of ease, and could not bear the obsequious attentions of the slave who watched behind my chair. My wife was all a gentler heart than mine could wish, and to a gentler heart her home had been a paradise. Mine thirsted for excitement, activity, danger; and, after a respectful term, in order to gratify a ruling propensity, I determined on making a journey to Buenos Ayres; and, accordingly, taking my faithful Diego as a companion, (for I had become sincerely attached to him,) I bade my wife a short farewell, and departed. The length of our journey would be about one hundred and sixty leagues, but the route lay through a more populated country than I had hitherto travelled; and here were witnessed the most appalling scenes of desolation.

The Indians known as the *Pampas* had entered many of the villages in hordes, committing murders, driving the people from their homes, destroying their property, and in numerous instances burning their houses. From the systematic manner and the impunity with which they performed their work, taking prisoners, and carrying them through the very towns which had proclaimed for Rosas, (who had recently

become conspicuous,) it seemed more than possible that these terrible scenes were enacted by his connivance, or even by his direction. Often, after a large body of [illegible] a town almost in ruins, they would proceed [illegible] the next, leaving a few of their [illegible] destruction, and, as a signal to those [illegible] course of their route by burning [illegible] the pampas, which, by the large [illegible] to the heavens, would show [illegible] in which they were to follow.

After a long travel [illegible] arrived at length [illegible] terest to myself [illegible] three leagues from [illegible] determined to [illegible]

In the course [illegible] man named Don [illegible] the same [illegible] Freres was [illegible] though an officer [illegible] civil [illegible]

[illegible]

my blanket upon the floor, and there making my couch. I slept well and soundly; but what was my surprise, on being awakened in the morning by a rude push, to find a fellow in uniform and moustaches standing over me, and holding the point of his lance within an inch of my throat.

No sooner had I opened my eyes, than he exclaimed—

"*Rendicion, vos maldito Unitarian Frances,*" (Surrender, you damned French Unitarian.)

This was the first time that I had heard the word *Unitarian* used in the sense which it was here intended to convey. But I very promptly answered—

"No, I am no Frenchman."

"Who are you, then?"

"An officer from the interior."

"Is that true?"

"Yes."

"Get up, then," he continued, at the same time withdrawing his lance, and walking away.

My toilet was soon made, having nothing to put on but my coat and *poncha*. Freres had awoke; and as soon as we were dressed, we walked together into the road fronting the house, where we found an assemblage of something like a thousand *lanceros* and *carbineros* (lancers and carbineers) of Rosas' army. They had been temporarily dismissed, and were moving about the vicinity of the house at pleasure. From the road we walked into the *coral* adjoining the house, and there I was met by a boisterous fool, who drew a splendid Toledo blade, and levelling it at my breast demanded—

"Who are you?"

"Me!" said I. "I am nobody," at the same time stepping back a little from the point of his weapon.

He followed me up, making feint thrusts which came too near my person to be pleasant, and again demanding—

"Do you know who I am?"

"No," said I; "but whoever you are, I would thank you

to keep your point further from me. What do you mean by this ?"

"I mean to let you know that I am a spy of Gen. Rosas, and you are one of the damned Unitarians."

By this time I had slowly stepped back from his blade, until I came in contact with a hide rope, that was stretched across the *coral*. Leaning my back against the rope, I said—

"My friend, this is not fair. I am unarmed."

At these words, my companion Freres ran to me, saying—

"Col. Quino, here is a pistol."

I took the weapon, and, levelling it at the fellow, ordered him to stand back.

But the pronouncing of my name by Don Freres seemed to have been quite sufficient. The fellow did stand back, at the same time withdrawing his blade, and as he retreated, exclaiming, "Colonel *Quino* !"

I immediately sought the *comandante*, and asked if he had any orders to detain me. He said no, that I was at liberty to proceed.

We proceeded accordingly, and, having arrived safely at Buenos Ayres about mid-day, took rooms at the Fonches Hotel, a superb house in the *Calle de Vingt-Cinq de Maio*, kept by a Mr. Jackson.

CHAPTER XIV.

Buenos Ayres besieged by Rosas—Capitulation of Gen. Lavalia—Triumphant entrance of Rosas—Tenure of the Confederation—The Unitarians and Federals—Despotic course of Rosas—Further account of the depredations of the Pampas—Return to Cordova—Indignation of Gov. Paz—Revolution of the Internal Provinces commenced.

When I arrived at Buenos Ayres, I learned that, after the success of Lavalia, Rosas had retreated to the pampas, and from his hiding-place sent for and obtained the co-operation of Gov. Lopez, of Santa Fé, who has been before introduced to the reader. These men commenced a sort of guerrilla warfare, by harassing the towns, inciting the Indians, and cutting off provisions from Buenos Ayres, which, lying between the pampas and the Rio Plata, was thus made dependent upon Montevideo for its supplies of provisions; in consequence of which these soon became insufficient, and so excessively dear as to be almost beyond the reach of thousands of the citizens. Whenever any parts of the besieging armies permitted themselves to be seen, Lavalia immediately sent forces to meet them; but the guerrillas were ever active on retreat, and by dividing their parties, and moving in different directions, always eluded pursuit.

Lavalia, after holding out in this manner for a long time, and finding that the people were likely to suffer actual starvation, determined at some rate to relieve them. With this object he rode alone to the pampas, and at length finding the camp of Rosas, inquired for his deadly enemy the general. He was told that the general was absent. He then, it is said, made himself known to the officer in command, declared

his intention to await the return of Rosas, and laid himself down to sleep. When the general returned, he was told the circumstance, and exclaimed, "It is impossible—let me see the man." An interview was had between them, whereat certain stipulations were agreed upon, by which Lavalia agreed to retire from Buenos Ayres, and permit the entrance of Rosas and his army. This was the *great victory* said to have been achieved by the dictator.

At the time of my arrival, Lavalia, in accordance with this agreement, had just retired to Montevideo, and the adherents of Rosas were active in their preparations to receive the *hero*, who, in fact, had never fought a battle; and among the most loud in his praise, were a class of men, or desperadoes, the counterpart of whom are ever found engaged in what has been appropriately denominated "*the dirty work*" of their government, or their party, as the case may be. The character of their work under this man, was (as will be shown) such as to cause the blood of honesty and innocence to curdle in the veins.

A day had been set apart for the public entry of Rosas into the city; and when the time arrived, I went with the multitude to witness his reception in the market-square. No pains or expense had been spared in preparing the gorgeous paraphernalia for his reception. Arches were erected; banners were streaming; the bells rang a merry peal; the music of a hundred bands sent up their swelling strains to the sky; and at last, when "the observed of all observers" approached, the horses were detached from his carriage, and with long ropes made of red silk, he was drawn forward by some two hundred of the wretches before-mentioned, and from whom he afterwards formed his horrible *massorca*, (club.) I looked around upon the vast multitude that had assembled to do honor to such a being, and mourned in my heart, as did thousands of others, over the humiliating scene.

It becomes necessary to explain here, in as few words as

possible, the groundwork of the contending interests that were now distracting the whole country, and to define the term *Unitarian*, as applied to a portion of the people of the Argentine Republic.

A form of government, unfortunately too liberal in prospective, and consequently too popular, had treacherously led the whole country into a snare. The fundamental principles of that form were, in few words, the entire independence of each separate province, except so far as a unity of action might be found necessary for the transaction of business with foreign powers, or for the defence of the common territory against foreign invasion. The idea of a perfect state sovereignty was so alluring, that the best statesmen in the country were led away; and the masses at first with one voice hailed its advent as affording the ultimatum of their notions of true liberty. The plan was adopted, and the people, or a great portion of the people, after years of trial, and after becoming satisfied that the system itself, aided by ambitious and bad men, was the cause of all their internal commotion and civil wars, determined if possible to change the form, and in the true spirit of *E pluribus unum*, consolidate the discordant elements in one great harmonious whole, with an executive and representative head, responsible directly to the people.

As in all countries professing civilization, there consequently arose in this, two great political parties, each advocating and contending for its own separate views and measures for what they might consider the good of the whole, or, as the case might be, best calculated to accomplish their own private ends. Juan Manuel de Rosas, who seemed to be the master-spirit of the time, and who was at best but an adventurer, with unbounded ambition, aiming as he was at more than a dictatorship—aiming at a power that should transform his will into a law, and enable him to invade with impunity the sanctity of private rights—to set aside with his own word (directly or indirectly) the transactions of those who bore the

name of *law-givers;* and, even at his own discretion, and without responsibility, to take the lives of his citizens—a power, in fact, that should convert the government into a despotism, and the people into slaves—saw, in the proposed change, an insurmountable barrier to the success of his own plans, and, reckless of the cost to the people and the country, resolved at any rate to stay the current of popular desire.

To accomplish this, the (so-called) representatives must be moulded to his will. The necessary elements of intrigue, persuasion, and bribery, but more especially *coercion*, were all subsequently employed, and in the year 1834 (as I think) he obtained from that body the concession of *la suma del poder publico*, (the entire public power.)

The influence of the immense patronage thus thrown into the hands of one bad man, would of itself seem sufficient, if managed with cunning, to keep a people in subjection; and when to this is added the control of the army and the selection of its officers, it cannot be a source of surprise that he has succeeded in the accomplishment of his object, and in holding his position at the severest cost to the people. The representatives once subdued were easily held in a pliant attitude; and as the people, if left to themselves, would naturally hurl this corrupt coalition from its power, the influence of the bayonet was necessarily brought to bear upon their consciences. Hence the cloud of civil war that already hung, as with a frowning curse, above the land, grew darker and darker; and hence, aided by his minions, the people have been goaded and galled into an occasional transient quietude through the influence of his military power.

The first form of government was called a *Confederation;* and the party who, with Rosas at their head, sustained it, were denominated Federals. The other party, who desired the establishment of a government with a liberal constitution, and a union of the provinces after the manner of the United States of the North, were denominated *Unitarians*, and the

persecution of these people by Rosas is the surest evidence of his despotic intentions. The freedom of political discussion, and even of speech, was denied them, or, if exercised, it was so exercised (as will be seen hereafter) at the risk of liberty and of life. They were forbidden admission into the churches, denied communion at the Lord's table, denied the consolation of religion at the hour of death, and when dead denied sepulture. Not only excommunication, but even their extermination, has been encouraged and preached as an act of religious duty. Their property has been given to confiscation to glut the desires of his greedy satellites, and every means of cruelty and torment has been employed to break down the rising spirit of freedom, and awe them into submission. But of these things the reader shall be his own judge. Let us proceed with our relation of events as they occurred.

After a few days spent in Buenos Ayres, and having witnessed the ostentatious induction of one whose past acts made manifest the fact that he sought for power only for its own sake, I turned my steps once more towards Cordova. I have already mentioned the scenes of destruction witnessed on my route to Buenos Ayres, and my return was greeted with a repetition of those scenes, or rather with a view of the sufferings attendant upon the winding up of that fearful drama. Families, that had been driven before the threatening fury of the Indians from their homes, were now returning, dejected and wo-worn, in search of their firesides and the little property which they had once possessed; but too often did they find only the spot where their dwellings had stood, or the broken remnants of their furniture scattered along the earth. In some places, where not a human being was to be found, the desolation was broken by the presence of their domestic animals. Horses and cattle, which, having shared in the general flight, had, now that the tumult was over, returned to the places most familiar to them, and with loitering steps,

and a lowing that was even melancholy, seemed to await and urge the return of human companionship.

Thus we continued, until our arrival at the post-house at Tercero, the first upon our route, in the province of Cordova. Here I dismounted; and, giving my horse to Diego, entered the house, where a scene presented itself, so fraught with utter misery, and so illustrative of the heartless cruelty which followed a capture by the savages, that I will relate it. I found here a family, consisting of a man, his wife, and two boys, just reunited in their former home. Yet, although just restored with life to each other, although each had escaped the murderous fury of the Indians, there was no manifestation of that fulness of joy which would naturally attend their restoration to each other, and to the home of their affections. Upon the face of the husband was painted *misery*—upon that of the wife was depicted the lineaments of *despair;* bathed constantly in tears,—whether she moved, or sat, or stood, that one picture was constantly before me. Knowing that this could not arise from the mere loss of their household effects, and anxious to learn the cause, I called aside one of the boys, and asked the reason of his parents' sorrow.

"Oh, I don't know," said he; "only that when the Indians came, my mother was taken away by them, and carried to the pampas. She has just got back, and they are so miserable that I am afraid she'll die if it lasts much longer."

I gave the boy a dollar, and determined to question the woman herself, in order, if possible, to make myself useful in restoring their minds to tranquillity. I accordingly made an opportunity to speak with her alone.

"Señora," said I, "you have had fearful times of late. I have just come from Buenos Ayres, and at almost every villa, nay, at almost every house, I have witnessed the terrible effects of our civil war."

"And have you dared to cross the pampas, señor?" she exclaimed.

"What should I fear?"

"The Indians! señor, the Indians!"

"The Indians?" said I, wishing to lead her to speak further on the subject which had evidently been the cause of her distress.

"Yes, señor," she exclaimed; "*they* have ruined every thing. Before they came we were happy. *They* tore me from my home, and for six long months I was a miserable prisoner!"

"But you are now restored," said I, in a soothing tone.

"Yes! yes! yes! señor. But that's not all!" she replied, in a voice almost stifled with emotion. "But I will tell you," she continued, after a pause; and with an effort, that seemed the very unburdening of her soul, she proceeded—"When the Indians came, their appearance was so sudden, that my husband and the boys could scarce escape, but they were from home; and I was taken prisoner. Captivity, with all its suffering, I could have borne without a murmur, blessed still with the sweet hope of a final restoration; but, señor, their chief made me his prize! He tied my hands, and, through my long captivity, forced on me his horrible caresses! This my husband fears, and dreads a revelation. I have not dared to name it; and my poor soul, suffering in the agony of concealment, has longed to find some kindred bosom where it could unburden all its sorrows. I have done so at last, and in this confession, I feel that a weight of misery is taken from my heart."

"I am glad that you have made me your confessor," said I, "and I will satisfy your husband that you have not been to blame."

"Oh, thank you, señor," she exclaimed. "If you will but do that, we may again be happy."

"I will do so," I replied; "but tell me, how did you escape at last?"

"My husband, hearing of the direction that we had taken,

went himself to Santa Fé, and there, by the intercession of Gov. Lopez, obtained my release."

"Were there others at the same time in captivity?" I inquired.

"Yes, señor, there were several."

"Were they taken to the pampas?"

"The women were taken by the Indians, and the men to Santa Fé."

"And were they released by Gov. Lopez?"

"None, that I heard of; and what became of them I cannot tell."

I thanked her for her information, bade her be of good cheer, and after a stay of a couple of hours, enjoyed the satisfaction of witnessing a return of mutual confidence, smiles in the place of tears, and a cheering prospect of future happiness. As they were almost entirely destitute of the necessaries of life, I gave them such little assistance as my immediate means would allow, and left, but not until the good woman had bestowed on me a perfect shower of blessings.

Our route now lay among the ranges of hills that form the terminus of some of the spurs from the Andes or Cordilleras, which gave a diversified and wild beauty to the scenery, but at the same time subjected us to a great deal of toilsome and fatiguing travel. We arrived at length safely in Cordova, where I found my kind and affectionate wife, who had been anxiously wishing for, now made happy in my return.

I perceived at once that a change had come over the aspect of public affairs. The people, happy in the possession of a free provincial government, had contributed freely to the necessary means for its support, and to the support of an army for its protection; and although the government had still the appearance of a military power, it was so only so far as was necessary to sustain it in its independence of the sway of a tyrant. Every thing about the city was orderly and prosperous, and the efforts of Paz to gain the confidence

and good-will of the citizens seemed to have been entirely successful, except with the few whose fortunes or feelings were immediately connected with the interests of the deposed governor, and among whom was the family with which I had connected myself by marriage.

On the next day after my arrival I visited Gov. Paz, and held with him an hour's conversation. He had heard of the success of Rosas in Buenos Ayres, and severely blamed Lavalia for the course which he had pursued.

"His act was an act of weakness, to say the least of it," said the governor. "He should have held out to the end. Had he employed becoming energy, he would have obtained a full supply of provisions from Montevideo; or, he should have established strong outposts, which would have held the enemy at bay; or, at the worst, it were better that the city should suffer a season of distress, than fall into the hands of an oppressor who would chain down their very souls. I am sure," he continued, with energy—"I am sure that my country can never be prosperous, or her people happy, under the rule of that monster Rosas, and never will I lay down my sword until the bloody tyrant is destroyed—a tyrant who I believe is capable of any act that would become a demon."

I told him of the fatal ravages of the towns and hamlets along the pampas, and expressed a belief that the savages had been incited to their acts by Rosas himself.

"Incited!" he exclaimed. "They were employed; and with the promise of reward have done their work. Look at the course which the savages have pursued towards the peaceful hamlets of the pampas! Does it look like the legitimate warfare of the Indian? Did they seek only for plunder? Did they take their prisoners to the wilderness? or did they hand them over to the would-be tyrant, and his accomplice Lopez? These are questions, señor, that, if answered, must change surmise to certainty, and fix the origin of all these bloody acts on him."

At subsequent interviews with Paz, he informed me of his determination to wrest the gubernatorial power from the hands of Rosas' officers in the interior provinces; and my experience with the petty tyrants in that direction, enabled me to assure him that his interposition would be hailed by the people in most of the provinces with an earnest and heartfelt gratitude. I gave him a statement of affairs at Tucuman, Santiago, and Catamarca; told of the sufferings of the people under the despotic rule of the several governors, whose will dealt death, and often for the mere gratification of private pique or malice; of the discontent that had turned the soldiers into *ladrones*, and sent them upon the highways in the mountains, where their depredations had caused an almost total suspension of travel, thus paralyzing trade, and causing an entire cessation of mercantile transactions between the provinces; and also of the preparations making by Quiroga, who was recruiting in the neighborhood of San Juan; what his ultimate purpose was, I had not learned, but the known character of the man taught us readily to suppose that it was not for the good of the people, or the tranquillity of the neighboring provinces.

Gov. Paz had more than once desired me again to go into active service, and as often had I declined, under the same plea that I had given to Bustes, viz., that I would take no part in the civil dissensions of the country. The request was now renewed more urgently than before, and again as positively declined.

The army of each party claimed to be the regular army of the country; and as political opinion must, under these circumstances, govern every officer in the choice of the service in which he would engage, I should, if with either, most certainly have united with Paz, whom I regarded as a true patriot, and whom I hope to see some day president of the republic, under a constitution like our own, with men, too, who will respect and sustain it; and yet this hope seems al-

most beyond the prospect of a consummation, so long as the government is likely to exist as at present, under a politico-religious amalgamation. To the people of the United States it may seem an act of supererogation, to rehearse the evils resulting from a system of government so constituted. It is apparent to them that the time has arrived when the mingling of such discordant elements as those of religion and politics should be no longer tolerated by any intelligent people; but the people of South America, England, Spain, and others of Europe, are in this matter at least two centuries behind the present age, however advanced some of them may be in the other concomitants of civilization. The philosophy of this subject is so simple, that the continuance of such a combination has long furnished food for surprise to the wise of every nation. Of these two elements, one is spiritual, the other is temporal; the one is the growth of conscience, the other of judgment; and both are inflammable in their natures: hence, when they are combined, a fierce conflagration is the result—a conflagration which ever burns with phrensy, even in the breast of man, but often, rending the frail barrier of thought, it sweeps the earth in its ungovernable fury, and, like the hot simoom of the desert, bears destruction in its course.

CHAPTER XV.

Governor Paz beset with Flatterers—The Revolution continued—The Padre Aldao—Arrest and Imprisonment—The Cavildo—Modes of Execution.

GOVERNOR PAZ, having established his seat of government at Cordova, assembled around him his officers of state, with most of whom I soon entered on terms of intimacy, and being on the most friendly terms with Paz himself, conversed with them all without restraint upon subjects of public importance. As my advice was often asked, it was as freely given, until my position became one that was regarded as influential, and this fact caused a degree of jealousy to spring up among the officers of the army. No *tertulias*, either political, social, or convivial, were held, to which I was not invited; and while I usually shunned the latter, and attended the former, these men felt an unnecessary and unaccountable pique, that an officer not in the service, and a foreigner to boot, should be regarded with more distinction and favor than themselves. The effect of this feeling will be seen by and by.

The officers of the government were all obsequious to the governor, Paz, and, by their flattery and adulation, had in a manner warped his good judgment, and rendered him proud in his position. He was so often called by some the Washington, and by others the Napoleon of his country, that his mind seemed to become inflated with his consequence, and almost unfitted for the great work that he had so well begun. He had sprung too hastily from the rank of a colonel to that of a general, and from that to a governor, to be insensible to their

attacks upon that weak point in the human mind, his vanity, and its effects were too apparent to be misunderstood.

This I noticed, and mentioned to several of those who were foremost in their sycophancy. I told them that if they did not cease their flattery, they would spoil a good governor, and expressed my regret that he had not already followed up with energy the advantages that he had gained, instead of resting so long upon his first-earned laurels. These things were of course spoken in confidence, and with the best feeling; but they reached the governor's ears, nevertheless, and were, naturally, not very palatable.

At about this time, in a conversation with Señor Losano, the minister of finance, that gentleman informed me that he was apprehensive of the governor's intention to displace him, and asked my continued friendship as a means of conciliation. I inquired in what way so simple a matter as my friendship (beyond what he already possessed) could serve him in such an object. He replied, saying—

"Señor, there is no man in Cordova whom the governor would not more willingly offend than you. Your experience, your known bravery, your love of liberty, and your counsel, have bound him completely to you, and when he knows that you are especially my friend, he will not, I think, be so likely to carry out what I fear are his intentions."

I told him (as I respected him highly) that if my friendship would aid him it was fully at his service. He requested me to visit him often, which I promised to do, and we parted.

Preparations were now making, by recruiting the army, &c., for the revolution of the internal provinces; and Col. Dasa, having received orders to advance on Santiago, called on me for information respecting the country into which he was about to proceed. I gave him all in my power, assuring him that the people would be glad to receive and assist in deposing the tyrant Ibara, and also that he had little to fear from the miserable troops of the province, who I was satis-

fied could never withstand the discipline and courage of the veterans under his command. In this there was no flattery, as most of his force was from the very men who, having fought the battles of the Banda Oriental, had followed Paz on his triumphal entry into Cordova. They were brave fellows, and good soldiers.

I was also visited by Col. Pedrenerez, to whom a division had been assigned, for the purpose of marching against Mendoza, taking on his route the Punta San Luis, the spot where I had met my first military disaster, when serving under the unfortunate Ramarez against Carrere, and of which Lieut. Col. Ortis was still governor. To him I also gave information as to his route, the country, and the people; and in a short time the two divisions set out, moving in opposite directions; that of Dasa going due north over the pampas, direct to Santiago, and that of Pedrenerez crossing the ranges of hills, which lie westward between the city of Cordova and the Punta San Luis.

My acquaintance in Cordova now extended to all the families of distinction in the city, among whom were the Fragaros, Losanos, Freres, Lastros, Dees, Ruados, and others. Our *tertulias* continued, and the usual amount of fawning and intrigue was carried on. In a short time we heard from Col. Dasa. He had been successful at Santiago, had beaten Ibara with great ease, established a legislative government, and having secured his position, and recruited his army, sent back a small detachment of his troops to Cordova.

We soon after heard of the success of Pedrenerez, by the arrival of a detachment with prisoners, among whom was my old friend Col. Ortis of the Punta San Luis. That place had been taken; and subsequently arrived prisoners from Mendoza, one of whom was a man who had gained much notoriety on account of the singular ferocity of his disposition, as also from the fact of his having laid aside the cowl and taken the sword. This was Gen. Aldao; who, on account of his

having been a Catholic priest, was even now more commonly called the *Padre* Aldao. By his energy and influence, this man had raised an army, and taken the command at Mendoza, and on the approach of Pedrenerez, he had met that officer near the city. A fiercely-contested battle was the result. Aldao was beaten, and himself taken prisoner. Well known as a cold-blooded wretch, he was denied even the common courtesies sometimes allowed to a prisoner of war in that country, (where the best courtesies of that nature were little better than rough handling,) and was sent in chains to Cordova. In this manner, with his gray head left bare to the sun, and his feet fastened under the belly of his horse, he entered the city; and no sooner was it known that he had arrived, than a thousand voices demanded that he should instantly be put to death; so deep was the detestation for him in the public mind, and so completely had the people become accustomed to this summary mode of dealing with their enemies. Fortunately for Aldao, the governor of Cordova was a man of humane feelings, or at least as much so as could be expected, and much more so than was usually found with the men of power who had been reared in that country; and by placing his authority between the excited people and their intended victim, saved him from their fury. Aldao was placed in solitary confinement in one of the lower cells of the Cavildo, with a guard constantly at his door, as I had been at San Juan. I confess that my sympathies went with him, notwithstanding his unenviable reputation.

Pedrenerez, who was a bold, persevering, and energetic officer, having settled a legislative government at Mendoza, according to the plan laid out by Paz, subsequently recruited his army, and proceeded to San Juan; and having revolutionized that province, advanced to Catamarca to deal with my friend Caril—he who had held me for a few months prisoner, while waiting the orders of Quiroga. The town of Catamarca fell into his hands, but La Revea still held out under

Quiroga, who made his head-quarters in the mountains, and recruited his army from among the *guachos* of the country.

About this time my wife presented me with a son, thus forming another link in the chain of events and circumstances which held me in a country, the political convulsions of which I would willingly have avoided; and about this time I discovered, too, that my friend Paz had been so wrought upon as to regard me with distrust. The jealousies of which I have before spoken were employed in murmurs against me; my remarks respecting him were spoken of as not sufficiently respectful to warrant me his friend; my connection by marriage, with a family known to be inimical to the interests of his government, was pointed at as a certain evidence of treasonous intentions on my part, and, in fact, that my friendship for him was assumed from sinister motives. I saw the effect of these things, without knowing, at the time, the cause. Paz had grown cold and indifferent of my society, in consequence of which my visits had been lessened, and finally ceased altogether; still, conscious of my own integrity towards him in every particular, I gave the subject but little thought. During this state of our affairs, I was one morning accosted, while enjoying my usual early walk, by a subaltern, who had with him two men; the officer approached me politely, and in evident embarrassment, addressed me with—

"Good-morning, Señor Colonel. I have orders to arrest you."

"To arrest me!" said I, with unfeigned surprise; "pray, sir, by whose orders am I to be arrested?"

"By the orders of the governor," he replied.

"Well," said I, laughing, "you must first go home with me, and take a cup of chocolate."

"I cannot do that, señor; I have orders to take you at once to the Cavildo."

"But you have not got me yet," said I; "come." And with these words I turned towards my residence.

The guard followed, the officer pleading all the way that he should be punished, and yet not daring to lay his hand on me.

"Come on," I replied; "when I have seen my wife, and had some chocolate, I will go with you to the Cavildo."

Arrived at my house, I entered, and invited my guard to follow; they obeyed, and in a moment we were seated together. My wife directly entered the apartment, and I said to her, gayly—

"My dear, I am a prisoner again."

"You are jesting," said she, with a look of inquiry.

"No, it is true, but you have nothing to fear; I presume here is some mistake. Gov. Paz has certainly no cause for arresting me, and I shall soon be at liberty again; or if not, you know that I am accustomed to prisons, and a short confinement will be no hardship to me."

She made no answer, but tears springing from her eyes, and coursing over her cheeks, fell to the floor. She glanced in silence at the guard, and at me. I met her look with a smile, and said, cheerfully—

"Come, please to order a little chocolate for my friends and myself, and after taking a cup, I will go with them."

We took our chocolate, and after again quieting the apprehensions of my wife, I left for the Cavildo. The Cavildo is a large building, that is used for a court-house and a prison. On the first floor is the large court-room, with its ante-chambers; above are the rooms appropriated to prisoners of state, of the better or higher class; and beneath are the cells of those who are placed in solitary confinement. At the front of the building is a wide-projecting porch, supported by pillars; and adjoining is the *coral*, or yard, where prisoners condemned to death are executed. The manner in which the victims were put to death, varied according to the pro-

penalty of the condemning power, and according to circumstances; sometimes they were shot; some met their fate at the hands of two *lanceros*, who, placed on either side of the prisoner, would at a signal plunge their glittering weapons into his body; others again fell by the most barbarous practice of drawing a keen blade across the throat. All these modes of execution I have been compelled to witness; and in no case does the victim know his sentence, until the moment before his death, and then only by the preparation made when he is to be shot. In the other cases, the first intimation of his fate is the touch of the steel.

These things will seem to those who have lived in a land blessed with peace and good government, as almost beyond belief, but they are, nevertheless, truths. Paz, I may even now say, and to his honor be it said, stooped not to such barbarities. His prisoners were at least awarded a trial or examination, with counsel to defend them, and if the punishment of death was ever decreed, it was so decreed upon good and substantial ground. I had therefore less apprehension for the result of my imprisonment than on former occasions, when similarly situated; still, according to custom, I had been arrested without knowing the charge upon which that arrest had been ordered, and that alone was sufficient to make my position unpleasant. I knew not what elements had been employed against me—I knew not what stroke of policy I might have been made the instrument of, or that I might be reserved for; and I reached the prison in a perfect state of perplexity and vexation.

Arrived at the *coral*, I asked the guard where he was to place me; and, on his replying that he had no orders, I said I would choose my own apartments; and accordingly led the way to the place of accommodation in the upper part of the building. Here I was handed over to the captain of the guard, and by him placed in a large room, in which I found some seven or eight already imprisoned, and among them my

old friend Lieut. Col. Ortis, who had been governor of the Punta San Luis. Ortis, recognising me, advanced, and shaking me heartily by the hand, said—

"I am glad to meet you again, señor; but regret that we should meet in a prison."

"Ah, señor," said I, "in this country, where all is commotion, every man is liable to meet his friend as we meet now. There is no law, no liberty, no order; nothing, indeed, but anarchy, confusion, and civil war! For my own part, I have long been weary with it."

He appeared much dejected; spoke often of his reverses, his losses, his family, and even wept over the names of his loved ones. "God protect them!" he would exclaim, "where they are, I know not!"

Each of the prisoners was provided with a small cot to sleep on; but we were not so lucky in the matter of chairs, there being but three or four in the room. So we made seats of our beds; and, after my interview with Ortis, the prisoners gathered around, and were introduced. I had heard of them all by their titles, and known them as officers in various of the provinces, although I had never before met with them. They had all been taken and sent in to Cordova, by Dasa and Pedrenerez, and were now extremely anxious as to what might be their fate.

For several days I was continued in this state, kept in total ignorance of the charges against me, or the cause of my imprisonment. None of my family or friends were allowed to visit me, and the suspense at length became oppressive. I have already stated that the *padre*, or general Aldao, was brought in chains, and confined in one of the cells below us, and occasionally we saw him from our windows, at times when he was permitted, under a guard, to seat himself, for a few minutes, in the sun, and enjoy the free air, within the walls of the *coral*.

At length I was called out, and conducted before an assem-

bly of judges in the hall of the Cavildo. I was asked to name my *padrino*, or counsel; but I replied, that whatever was charged against me, I had committed no offence; and, as an honest heart would have nothing to fear, I was able to defend myself. "I am ready to hear you," said I. "Proceed."

I was then subjected to a most rigid questioning about my visits to Losano, and other matters of which I knew nothing; and, after an investigation which lasted two hours, during which I was kept standing, the examination was ended, and I was remanded to my prison. My companions in custody now gathered around me, all eager to learn what had transpired during my absence; but I was in no loquacious humor, and after telling them that what had passed did not relate to them, requested that I might be left without further question. I knew also the importance of placing a bridle upon my tongue. I was, it is true, placed with men who were supposed to be the enemies of the people's rights, and, as such, had no sympathy with them; but we were *prisoners* alike, and, as association often makes men what they are, our cause seemed almost to become a common one; and I was apprehensive that the confidence arising from our mutual confinement might mislead me to useless expressions, which would be used or distorted to my injury; for I well knew that when a commanding officer once placed a man under arrest, it was humiliating to him to acknowledge his error, and that he would often, upon the slightest pretext, sacrifice his prisoner rather than retrace his step, as in the latter case he would virtually acknowledge the wrong he had committed. To Ortis I afterwards spoke more freely, and to the others stated that as there was no tangible cause for my imprisonment, I must shortly be liberated. This they seemed to doubt; and did not hesitate so to express themselves, not, apparently, with any intent to make me miserable, but simply, because, as misery loves company, they did not like

to acknowledge themselves worse off than their neighbors,

My wife was at length allowed to make one visit to my prison in the presence of an officer. It is needless to describe her feelings or my own; suffice it that I strove to assure her of my safety and speedy liberation; that she told me my boy was well, and that, when she left me, at the end of a quarter of an hour, my heart felt relieved of a painful burden. Nevertheless, that visit had forced upon my mind a conviction that revealed more of the importance of my imprisonment than I had yet realized. I found now that it was not *I* that suffered. I felt now that I was not alone in the world, and that something more than self was to be considered. I felt now, with all its force, the fact, that all the agony of my incarceration was suffered by a single soul outside the prison-wall, and for her sake I was wretched.

The time had been, when, apart from the prospect of death, I would have mocked the dreary aspect of a dungeon's walls in utter scorn; but now I became a very woman in my heart, and sighed for liberty.

CHAPTER XVI.

Midnight Examination at the Cavildo—Release from Prison—Quiroga's attack on Cordova—Terrible battle on the Tablada.

THE situation of my fellow-prisoners was one in which none could know at what moment he would be called forth to meet his death in the *coral;* and accustomed as they were to witness the summary course that had been pursued by some of the governors towards their prisoners of state, each was apprehensive that the fatal moment would sooner or later arrive. My situation they regarded as the same as their own, but they were strangers to what I supposed to be my known attachment to the government of Paz, and I gave little heed to their opinion. Had I known the elements that were at work against me, I should not have felt so confident of the security of my position. As it was, that confidence was unshaken, until one night at about twelve o'clock I was awakened by the falling of a heavy hand upon my breast, accompanied with the words, "Señor, arise." Looking up, I saw by the dim light of a small lantern, the form of a *sargento* standing at my bedside, and behind him two *lanceros*. The sergeant repeated the summons. I arose and dressed myself, while my companions in imprisonment were each gazing upon me from their several cots in mournful silence; no word was spoken, and as I looked around upon them, their gestures plainly indicated a last farewell. I should have bade them farewell in words, for the circumstance of this nocturnal visitation told me that the moment was critical, but it was one of those scenes in which the privilege of even a

single farewell was denied. I must not speak to my companions, nor they to me. So, having dressed myself, I returned their glances one by one; then turning to the sergeant, I asked in a low tone—

"What orders have you respecting me?"

"*No se, Señor*," (I don't know, sir,) he replied.

"Lead on, then, I am ready."

The *lanceros* took their places, one on each side of me, and the sergeant leading the way, we passed into the long dark corridor; having reached the end of the passage, the sergeant halted for a moment at the head of the stairs, and leaving us there, went below. I now addressed one of the soldiers—

"Comrade," said I, "do you know what orders have been given respecting—"

He made no answer and I spoke again, for now I thought of the fearful distress of my wife, in the event of my being called to the shameful death that seemed to await me.

"Answer me," said I, "if you know; tell me the worst."

He placed his mouth at my ear, and whispered the former reply—

"*No se, Señor*."

The sergeant returned in a moment, and we proceeded to the *coral;* here we halted again, and the men were ordered to stand apart, which was obeyed, by each moving about one pace from me, and in this position we stood for about fifteen minutes. The silence of death reigned over the city, and all was darkness, save the faint rays of light that were shed by the lantern, which was placed upon the ground at a short distance from where I stood. The suspense was horrible, and the breathing of the men at my side was distinctly audible. The sergeant, probably to avoid conversation, stood a short distance apart, with his arms folded across his breast, waiting the order which we all dreaded, yet the import of which none could divine. A door leading from the *coral* to the porch was

at length opened, and a person carrying a lantern entered, and placing a written order in the hand of the sergeant, retired. Having perused the paper by the light of the lantern, the sergeant approached, and ordering us to follow him, led the way to the front entrance of the building; as we approached, the folding-doors swung noiselessly back, without any apparent human agency, for no person was in sight save my conductor and the guard, and I was led forward into the chamber occupied by the court. Here I found the judges all in their places, sitting in perfect silence, as though awaiting my approach; the apartment was dimly lighted, and the heavy shadows that hung amid the dark tapestry of the room, coupled with the thrilling silence, and the scene of terrible suspense through which I had just passed, imparted to my soul a feeling of gloomy horror not to be described. Still, the abstract fear of death never entered my mind, and I took my place, upright and firm, before my judges.

The presiding judge, whom I well knew, broke the solemn silence with questions similar to what I had listened to on my first examination; these I declined to answer. He then said, in a low voice—

"Prisoner, will you choose counsel?"

"No," I replied; "I have once refused, and I refuse it now."

"Then you must answer me."

As he said this, he for the first time raised his eyes till they met my look, then as quickly lowered them again.

"I have given my declaration," I replied; "to that I have nothing to add, from it I have nothing to take away. I have no other answer."

"None?"

"None, señores."

All looked at me with surprise; whispers ran among them for a few moments, and my conductor was then ordered to return me to my prison.

When we reached the apartment, the prisoners were all up, and the moment I entered all crowded around with looks of fitful joy, earnest congratulation, and questions as to what had passed. I told them that I could answer no questions—my mind was disturbed—and throwing myself upon my cot, left them to their conjectures. I was in a mood, which, had it occurred in camp, would have caused me to pull my *garro* over my brow. Even with Ortis I would hold no conversation. That I was the subject of some accursed plot was now apparent, and my mind was racked in an endeavor to fathom the mystery.

On the following day, a gentleman came to the prison, bringing in his hand a folded paper. He introduced himself to me as Col. Bedoye, and, presenting the paper, said, in a polite manner, that by signing the document, he was authorized to say I should be immediately liberated. I took the paper, and found it to be a petition purporting to come from myself, and, in the most humiliating manner, supplicating my release. Folding the paper, and placing it again in his hands, I said—

"Señor, I cannot sign that paper."

"You wish to be free?" said he, inquiringly.

"Not at such a price," I replied. "I am used to prisons, and it will require more than my liberty to induce me to sacrifice my honor."

"But here is no sacrifice of honor," he said.

"It is *humiliating!* I am innocent, and will sue to no man."

"Think of your family, good sir," he said, still urging me. "Your wife suffers from your incarceration if you do not; your friends mourn over it, and long to see you free again. Pray, sign it."

My whole soul was embittered with the insult offered to me, and I answered with some warmth—

"I have heard you, señor; yet if all the inducements you

have offered were five times doubled, I would not sign that paper! The wife you plead for would despise me for an act so low, and with that black, unmanly insult on my soul, I should not dare to look my infant in the face. *Friends*, say you! I pray you, señor, if you count yourself one of them, urge me no more. Once for all, *I will not sign it!*"

He returned, and reported to the council, which was composed, I believe, of Gov. Paz and his state officers, what had passed between us, and, as I afterwards learned, my independent bearing did not please some certain of the gentlemen, nor had I supposed it would. Some called me stubborn; others, and particularly he who acted in the capacity of a sort of secretary of state, and who, I think was Fragero, pronounced it contemptuous and insulting to the government; but there were fortunately others of calmer blood among them, who acknowledged that it was no more than might be expected under the circumstances. Still they did not relinquish the hope of bringing me to terms of humility, and to complete the object, some of my personal friends were afterwards admitted to my prison, all of whom urged me to sign the petition, and be free, at the same time bringing every argument in their power to bear upon my mind. I was told, among other reasons why I should yield, that the anxiety of my wife on my behalf had been such as to seriously affect her health, and that, if my imprisonment was much longer continued, its result might be most deplorable. I was further told that on my course depended in a great measure the safety of Losano, whose familiarity with me had brought him under suspicion, and also of others similarly situated; until, wearied at length with their importunities, and reflecting upon the last-mentioned appeals, I said that I would think of it. So, when Bedoye came, as he did on the following day, into my prison, I said to him—

"Señor, if you have any thing that you wish me to sign, present it, but do not tell me the contents;" and thus, under a

vain effort to cheat my own pride, I received and signed the paper.

Two hours after this was done, I heard with shame that my prison-doors were open. I felt that I had humbled myself at the persuasion of others, and bidding my fellow-prisoners a cold good-by, I left the prison with a sense of regret and self-reproach, and with far less of satisfaction than I had felt on entering its walls.

Arrived at my residence, I found all overjoyed at my release, and was myself happy in once more clasping my loved ones to my heart; but amid all this, there was a weight upon my mind which filled me with disgust towards myself. I was by no means satisfied with the terms of my release. I never had believed that my imprisonment had arisen from any actual ill-will towards me on the part of Gov. Paz, and I was soon satisfied that such was the case. I blamed him only for listening to the tales that had been poured into his ear, without giving me an opportunity to explain my position to him in person before proceeding to extremes; and, although we afterwards exchanged courtesies whenever we met, I never could permit our former intimacy to be renewed.

I soon learned that Quiroga still held his position against Pedrenerez and Dasa, and that having recruited and got together an army, said to consist of about seven thousand, but actually amounting to five thousand men, (an immense army for that country,) he had even threatened to make a descent upon Cordova, and beard Paz in his stronghold. Much speculation was on foot, and no little apprehension was felt for the possible result of this threat. Quiroga was known to be a man of blood, remorseless and uncompromising; and in the possible event of his success, a total *saqueo* of the city was anticipated. The contemplation of such a catastrophe was dreadful, and the apprehension so great, that Dasa was ordered to return forthwith to Cordova, bringing with him

every man that could possibly be spared from his provinces. Cordova was perhaps the wealthiest city of the whole interior, and the prospect of plunder and rapine was sufficient to make demons of men who were known to be, at best, little removed from barbarians.

Dasa and other officers had arrived with about two hundred men, when it was ascertained that Quiroga was actually on his way to the city. Paz had lost no time in his military preparations, by recruiting, drilling, &c., and his force now numbered about four thousand men, well equipped, well officered, and under good discipline; yet, with all this, much consternation was visible in the town. A public meeting of the citizens was called in the market-place, where measures were adopted for the internal defence of the city, in case the army should be overpowered and driven in. It was resolved that every man would fight to the last, to prevent a *saqueo*; that the principal streets should be barricaded; the most prominent buildings fortified; the house-tops in the direction of the army manned, and armed with musketry and missals; and, in conformity with these resolutions, such preparations were made. In addition to this, most of the public buildings were converted into hospitals for the wounded, and supplied with cots, linen, and other articles, for the convenience of the surgeons, and the comfort of their anticipated patients.

Quiroga at length approached, and Paz moved with his whole army to the *Tablada*, a large plain about two miles from the city, and in full view from the tops of the houses. With several others, all well armed, I had taken a position upon the house of one of the state officers, not far from the entrance of the town, in the direction of the scene of action, and from this position we witnessed the approach of the enemy's forces, and the position occupied by Paz. At about three-fourths of a mile from that spot, Quiroga halted for the purpose of forming his infantry; and here it is necessary to

explain the practice of that country in the transportation of that branch of their service.

The armies of the Argentine are composed mostly of cavalry, yet no general forms an entire corps without having a small corps of infantry attached; and as their field of operation often extends over an area of some hundreds of leagues, the infantry, for the convenience of rapid transportation, are mounted behind the men composing the cavalry, each horse, so far as the number of infantry require, thus "carrying double." When about to go into an engagement, the infantry dismount, and are formed after the manner of their own tactics. Quiroga, as I have stated, dismounted his infantry, formed his column at about three-fourths of a mile from Paz, and advanced to the engagement, commencing his deployment at a distance of about half a mile, and presenting the whole force of his cavalry. Paz had every advantage except that of numbers; independent of his cavalry and infantry, (among whom was a small battalion of negroes under the command of an Englishman by the name of Wild,) he had a small corps of artillery. His men and horses were fresh, well disciplined, and he had chosen his position on a gentle slope or rise of the *tablada*. His infantry, numbering about one thousand, were drawn up in front, flanked on the right and left by artillery. About two hundred paces in their rear was a line of cavalry, numbering about two thousand five hundred, and at a distance of the eighth of a mile in rear of this line was a handsome cavalry reserve of five hundred men. The excitement which this scene created in my breast was almost overpowering. I could scarce resist the impulse that prompted me to go forth; but I had taken neutral ground, and besides this, I had united with others to fight only for our firesides in the last extremity. Those who had remained in town were regarded by their wives, mothers, and children, as their final hope, and it was for their protection that we remained.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon the action was commenced by Paz, who set his artillery at play upon Quiroga's column at the moment that he began his deployment; its effect was visible, and before the deployment was fairly completed, the enemy's right began a rapid movement, evidently intended as a charge upon our infantry. By the haste of his movement his line was already thrown into some disorder, and as his right approached they were met by a volley from the infantry, which turned their direction, carrying slaughter in their ranks, and the succeeding squadrons pressed on under a cross-fire from the artillery. The second assault was met like the first, by the infantry, who to all appearance had not yet lost a man, and who stood their ground like statues of marble. In the distance we could see of them only the long dark line, seemingly almost without motion; and ever and anon as that line was approached with the threatening aspect of attack, the glitter of their arms was for an instant seen, as they levelled their muskets, then shrouded in the smoke of their discharge. Beyond the volume we could distinctly see its effects. Confusion was apparent, and the horses, wounded by successive volleys, refused to advance again. Quiroga's infantry had by this time deployed its column in rear of their cavalry, and their general had evidently determined to unmask them, and endeavor at the same time to pass the flanks of Paz's infantry, thus throwing his whole force of about four thousand cavalry upon his enemy's second line. So it proved; but Paz had anticipated the movement, and was prepared to receive him. In one hour from the commencement the battle became general; infantry were engaged with infantry, aided on our side with the artillery; cavalry with cavalry: and the whole mass became so commingled and shrouded in smoke and dust, that it was impossible to discriminate between the parties. For a long time Paz's reserve remained immoveable, but at last we saw them dash into the conflict. It was a moment of intense excitement with us

all. Shouts and cheers resounded from the housetops in every quarter, as though our fighting friends could hear their encouraging tones. None could now form the slightest opinion upon the chances of success, and unable at last longer to bear the excitement and suspense, about twenty of us determined to go to the scene of action, yet without any direct object, except it was to quell the burning fever of anxiety. Passing hastily from the town we ran towards the *tablada*, the roar of the battle growing louder and louder as we approached. Both armies had been broken into detachments, and the men were fighting on all hands like bloodhounds. We saw Quiroga. He had thrown off every vestige of his clothing, save his drawers,* which were rolled up and fastened about his thighs. Both he and his horse were covered with blood; and altogether they presented an appearance that could be compared to nothing human. Goaded with the prospect of defeat, dashing from place to place, cutting down with his own sword such of his troops as quailed or turned for their lives, leading detachments into the hottest of the fight, naked as he was, and streaming with the gore that had spirted from his victims upon him, he seemed a very devil presiding over carnage. His troops had already commenced their flight, and were rushing, in small bands, from the battle in every direction; some halting, and at an auspicious moment dashing again into the fray; others resting, and others again flying for their lives. In this manner our little party of neutrals became entangled in the mass of moving detachments, and at one time we were compelled to fight our own way out; but at sunset the battle was decided; Paz was victorious; and Quiroga, at length finding all efforts hopeless, turned, and without a signal for retreat, fled from the spot. The *déroute* being to all appearance complete, Paz returned to the city, leaving Col. Dasa

* It is proper to state that linen or muslin drawers, neatly ruffled at the bottom, and tastily made, formed a fashionable part of the costume of the highest class, and were often worn without pantaloons.

in command. Night fell upon the scene; our party returned to town; and while the people, after some demonstrations of rejoicing, slept once more secure upon their pillows, our guards still kept at their posts, on the housetops and near the barricades. Well had it been for Dasa and his troops had they adopted a like course of vigilance.

CHAPTER XVII.

Crisis in the Affairs of the Country—Second Battle of the *Tablada*—Terrible Act of Retribution—Return of the Army to Cordova—Quiroga makes a second Campaign against Cordova—Enters the City by Stratagem, and is afterwards beaten by Gov. Paz, at the *Lagona Lago*—Flight of Quiroga to Buenos Ayres—Supine Neglect of Gov. Paz.

An important crisis in the vital affairs of the republic seemed now to have arrived. Paz, though tardy, had succeeded in wresting from the power of dictation nearly all the internal provinces, and the only hope left to Rosas in that direction was the fierce Quiroga. The only provinces of consequence now opposed to the plan of Gov. Paz were Buenos Ayres, under Rosas, and Santa Fé, under his close friend Lopez. Quiroga once defeated in the interior, these two would stand alone, affording necessarily an easy conquest to the Unitarian commander; and that conquest once accomplished, no obstacle remained in the way of establishing a pure democratic republican form of government. The entire destinies of the country seemed therefore, in my mind, to rest on this one contest; and although I was, to all appearance, a mere spectator of passing events, my whole soul, and my whole energies were concentrated in the cause. But the contest was not yet over. Let us return to our narrative.

Our watch, as I have stated, was kept during the night upon the house-tops and in the streets of the city. The sounds of rejoicing, mingled, as they had been, with the lamentations of the bereaved, had gradually subsided, and silence once more rested upon the earth. The night wore

tediously away, but, as the dawn approached, our ears were startled with the report of a volley of musketry in the direction of the scene of yesterday's slaughter. This was instantly followed by the sound of human voices, so terribly mournful and so shrill, that the blood grew cold, and the hair of the listeners seemed to move as with animation. Next came, over the stillness of the hour, the confused shout, the clash of swords, the rattle of firearms, and again the certain conviction that the battle had been renewed. The alarm was given; the city was immediately in commotion, and, as the light of the morning came on, we saw once more the place of the contending hosts in the distance marked by the smoke that rolled in curling volumes up from the scene of their fury.

The battle was, indeed, raging with all the ferocity that had attended the conflict of the day before; and at sunrise, the particulars of the onslaught were brought to the city. We were informed that Dasa, having supposed the rout of Quiroga's force to be complete, had, on the evening before, drawn his force a short distance from the battle-ground into a hollow, and there, after posting a simple guard, encamped (without tents) for the night. The dead were still on the field, the wounded had been removed to the city, and, weary with the labors of the battle, the whole camp, not excepting the guard, were soon lost in a criminal and profound sleep. Quiroga had, in the mean time, collected his scattered bands, and cautiously arranging them at the most commanding points on the margin of the hollow, poured a tremendous volley of musketry into the mass of sleeping men! Between two and three hundred were thus, in one moment, murdered by this cold-blooded wretch! The living sprang to their feet, and, without order, dashed up the slope among their assailants, fighting on all sides, hand to hand, until about ten o'clock in the forenoon, when the monster's force was again broken, and completely *derouted*.

In this and the previous engagement, seventeen hundred

men were left dead on the field, and seven hundred of Quiroga's troops, including a large number of officers, were taken prisoners.

At the close of the battle the citizens flocked by hundreds to the spot, and, in company with several others, myself. We found Dasa (who had this time ordered a pursuit) and most of his officers in a state of high excitement, on account of the villanous treachery of the surprise. Some of Dasa's own relations had fallen victims to that dreadful volley, and he had actually declared his intention to shoot every prisoner that should fall into his hands. So horrible a proposition I could not believe had been named, but I soon found that it was too true. With Dasa I had but slight acquaintance, and Paz had returned again to the city; yet I determined to use every effort in my power to prevent the accomplishment of so fearful an act of retribution. After much persuasion with some of his officers, who seemed unanimously to concur with their leader in his determination, myself, in company with three or four of those who had accompanied me to the scene, sought the commander. We found him disguised with blood and dust, and with a scowl of determinate vengeance fixed upon his features. After some words relative to the victory, we alluded to, and most respectfully urged him to countermand his order for the disposition of the prisoners. Wiping the sweat from his brow, and pointing to the scene of the morning's massacre, he said—

"Señores, had you felt that shock as I did, you would do as I have done. It was a *damnable* murder!"

We reasoned with him on the score of mercy and dignity; every thing that we thought calculated to move him. His officers stood around, and encouraged him in his resolution; and he would not be moved, until at length I said to him—

"General, we have had one wholesale murder already—let us not commit another; that would place us upon a footing with Quiroga. These men, general, will make good sol-

diers, but what I most wish to say of them is, *they are innocent.*"

"Innocent!" he exclaimed.

"Innocent, general. They are but the creatures of their master, and in performing that horrible act they did but obey his orders."

This seemed to shed a new light upon his mind. He wavered in his determination, and finally consented that the officers and one in every five of the men only should suffer death.

In accordance with this last arrangement, the prisoners were formed in single successive ranks, the officers not included. A sergeant was then sent, counting from right to left of each rank, and as he came to each fifth man, ordered him to step two paces from and in front of the line. This done, the men so brought out, to the number of about one hundred and twenty, were marched to the right, and with some fifteen officers immediately shot;—a butchery, sufficient, it would seem, to satiate the most blood-thirsty propensity.

The battle over, and Quiroga's forces thoroughly beaten, the remnant of our victorious army entered the city amid the most discordant scene of mingled joy and sorrow. The public pulse beat high with acclamation, while thousands of hearts were sinking with the heaviness of grief beneath the weight of their private afflictions. Externally all was rejoicing and gladness; but behind the curtain of this public demonstration, in the hospitals and in the dwellings, the tears of parents, brothers, sisters, wives, and children, were poured copiously upon the altar of domestic affection. As the army entered, the people who lined the streets through which they were to pass, received them with vociferous cheers and plaudits. Among the troops appeared the corps of blacks, who had fought fearlessly and desperately during both engagements; their eyes still red and bloodshot from the effects of

their fury, and their white teeth glistening in contrast, as they grinned a response to the successive cheers of the multitude, presented an appearance that was truly hideous.

Quiroga had made arrangements with his troops to rendezvous, in case of defeat, upon the plains of Rioja, in the province of Catamarca; and to that point he hastened, swearing at every post on the way, that he would in two months return with a power that should crush his enemy, and annihilate every thing that was in the remotest manner attached to his interests. Paz knew his man, and prepared accordingly for a vigorous defence. He knew that Quiroga possessed all the evil traits of his master, Rosas, save that of cowardice. He knew him to be ferocious, implacable, and bloody; but he knew also that he was as fearless and impetuous as the whirlwind; and he set to work, therefore, with renewed exertion, in preparation to meet an emergency that should, once for all, settle the destinies of his distracted country. Recruiting, calling in forces from the nearest provinces, and a rigid course of martial discipline, occupied his attention; and in a few months, true to his threat, and confident in his power, Quiroga sent information that he was coming, and coolly advised Paz to be ready to meet him.

By means of scouts, the direction of his march was soon learned, and Paz, in order that the scene of blood should be farther removed from the city, left a small force, and advanced with his main body to meet the approaching army. His march had been continued to a distance of about twenty leagues, when, at nightfall, the enemy came in sight, and each party encamped, ostensibly for the night, at a distance of not more than half a league from each other. The campfires of each were in full view of the other; and Paz, conceiving this an excellent opportunity for a surprise, cautiously advanced at about midnight with a strong body of his army, including the artillery, until almost upon the enemy's pickets. From his position he could distinctly perceive the figures of

men and horses moving about among the camp-fires; and having arranged every thing to his satisfaction, without any appearance of alarm on the part of his enemy, he opened his battery directly upon the encampment of Quiroga. Expecting a sortie to follow his first fire, he had planned every thing to meet it; but, to his astonishment, although much commotion was visible in the camp, the men riding rapidly hither and thither, no sortie was made, and his fire was but feebly returned. Uncertain of the cause of this, and fearful of being hemmed in by a flank movement in the dark, he did not venture upon a charge, but continued to throw in his shot until daylight, when the whole truth was revealed to him with a shock as though a thunderbolt had fallen at his side. His whole effort had been wasted upon a small band of men, and a few horses, while Quiroga, by a master-stroke of trickery, had, with his whole body, attained the rear of Paz's army, and was then, with about ten hours' start, on his way to Cordova. We will now leave Gov. Paz, in the midst of his confusion and perplexity, and follow Quiroga to the city.

By a rapid march he reached Cordova before sunrise, and was seen at a distance by the people, who supposed it to be our own troops. Every avenue to the city had been strongly barricaded, and as soon as it was ascertained that, instead of our own, the enemy's troops were advancing, every man was turned out, determined to resist, under a belief that it was only a detachment, instead of the main body of his army. The guard left by Paz, amounting to about three hundred men, aided by the citizens and barricades, kept Quiroga and his force at bay for about three hours; when he sent in a flag of truce, saying that he had a force of four thousand men, that Paz had been beaten, and that unless the city was immediately surrendered, he would take it by storm and give no quarter. Believing, under these circumstances, that resistance was hopeless, it was abandoned. Quiroga marched in, disarmed the troops, and such of the citizens as he had time

to arrest, liberated the prisoners from the cavildo, and then, leaving a regiment on guard, marched hastily out to meet and anticipate the return of Paz, as it was only by defeating him that he could maintain his present advantage.

In the mean time Gov. Paz, on discovering the trick that had been played upon him, was uncertain what course Quiroga had pursued, and consequently knew not which way to turn. Supposing at first that he had, under cover of the night, secreted himself in a small range of hills that lay upon his right, he moved in that direction; but not finding any trace of his army there, he determined that he must have moved on to the city, and forthwith commenced his march in rapid pursuit. Arrived near the *Lagona Lago*, the enemy was discovered drawn up at that place; and now he was more undecided than ever. Uncertain, yet fearing that Quiroga had already taken possession of the city, and anxious to be there to defend it in case he had not, at the same time unwilling to return without an effort to destroy his enemy, the mind of Gov. Paz was in a perfect chaos. He called a council of his officers, and, worn out as they were by their activity during the night before, it was almost unanimously recommended that they should avoid a battle, and return to the city with the best speed in their power. Among the officers present was Col. Bedoya, the man who brought to my prison the terms of my release. This man was not in the regular service, but had gone out with Paz in the character of a volunteer; and when the proposition to retreat was made, he begged that they would not commit an act so disgraceful, and thus throw away the last auspicious moment for the liberation of the republic. He was told saucily by some of the officers, that he had nothing to say about it, that he was not an officer in the service, and that the general wanted none of his advice; but, regardless of all this, he forced himself into the presence of Paz, and then besought and implored him not to think of such a thing as retreat. "Strike him at once, general!" he

like myself, saw the importance of speedy and decisive action; but our effort was unavailing; he refused to be moved.

Quiroga, on his defeat, fled with precipitation towards the hills of Altagarcia, in the direction of Buenos Ayres, expecting, at every moment, to see Paz upon his track. Here he concealed himself for a few days, and finding that his enemy made no movement towards the frontier, sent such information to Rosas, and stated also that he was himself coming (as all hope of again recruiting was lost) to take refuge in the city.

Immediately on learning that Paz was not approaching, and that Quiroga himself was coming to Buenos Ayres, with a corporal's guard, composed of the few officers and men who had made good their escape with him, Rosas began to feel new life and hope, and forthwith set to work a scheme that should turn his defeat to the best advantage, and, if possible, set the current of popular demonstration and rejoicing towards himself. With this view, after sending couriers to inform Quiroga, he issued a proclamation reversing the character of the information received from the interior, and boldly announcing that the Unitarian Paz had been overthrown by "the brave General Quiroga," who was at that moment approaching the city to make his triumphal announcement in person. In the same proclamation he directed a universal preparation for the festivity of the *conqueror's* approach; and, in conformity therewith, the arrangements were made upon a most extensive and gaudy scale. On the day fixed for his entrance, the city was covered with flags, the vessels in the harbor were decorated, triumphal arches were built, covered with wreaths of flowers, and, to crown all, the road through which the heartless refugee was to pass, was, by Rosas' orders, swept from the city to the village of Sancasa de Flores, a distance of three miles, decorated throughout the whole distance with flags, flowers, and arches, and lined on either side with thousands of the populace! A triumphal car, gayly

decorated, had been prepared for Quiroga, and sent out to the village, and at this place, attended by his suite of officers, among whom were Ortis and Aldao, and under an escort from the city, his *entrance* commenced, and was continued to the city, amid the shouts and *vivas* of a miserable and deluded populace.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Provincial Congress holden at Cordova—Declaration against Rosas, and Notice to Foreign Ministers at Buenos Ayres—Expedition from Buenos Ayres and Santa Fé, against the Provinces of the Interior—Capture of Gov. Paz—Flight of La Madri—Surrender of Cordova—Downfall of the Unitarians—Don Pablo Latorie—Gov. Ranafe—Success of Quiroga in the West—His Battle with La Madri, and Cruelty at Tucuman.

NEARLY all the provinces of the republic had, prior to this, been constrained to concentrate in Rosas, apart from his supreme control of the confederacy, the sole right to treat with foreign powers; but immediately after the defeat of Quiroga, at the Lagona Lago, all these provinces, including Tucuman and Salta, renounced the authority of the dictator, and declared for the principles of the Unitarian party. A liberal system of republican government was fully established; but it was only internal, and could not be made available in an international point of view. Buenos Ayres and Santa Fé, the two seaboard provinces, were still under the management of Rosas, and consequently no policy beyond that of an internal nature could be carried out. The provinces were like a nation shut from the whole world by the intervention of an enemy who held his position; and although a little more energy on the part of Gov. Paz would have easily broken down the barrier, that energy was not put in requisition, and the result was as has been stated. The people at length began to feel the position of political impotence in which they were thus placed. Their trade was crippled; their resources in a measure cut off; and in consideration of these difficulties,

and as one step towards remedying the evil, one of the first acts of the congress, or convention of delegates from all the provinces, assembled at Cordova by the request of Gov. Paz, was to annul the power heretofore assumed by Rosas, and to notify the several foreign ministers that no treaty which they might make with Rosas, would be acknowledged beyond the limits of the province under his immediate government. This announcement was made several months after the battle of the Lagona; and during this time, while the country remained in a state of comparative tranquillity, Quiroga was giving his time to gambling and dissipation at Buenos Ayres. On the receipt of this information from the interior, however, Rosas perceived that it was time to look about him. The acts of the convention had placed the representatives of foreign powers in such a position that they knew not how to act: Rosas discovered that he was the governor of a single province, instead of the dictator of a great nation; and, in a word, the entire affairs of state, so far as he was concerned, came suddenly to a dead stand.

In this dilemma he dispatched a messenger to his right hand man, Gov. Lopez, urging upon him the importance of activity and union; and both forthwith set to work recruiting their armies, and paying the expense from the pockets or effects of the Unitarians who fell within their reach. Many a poor fellow, already suffering from enormous and unequal taxation, was now totally ruined, his furniture and effects confiscated, and he turned penniless upon the world; this, too, for opinion's sake, in a country professedly republican in its politics.

After great effort, they finally raised a combined force of eight thousand and five hundred men, who were soon well equipped and mounted. With this force it was determined that the country should be swept from Buenos Ayres to Salta, and every vestige of resistance subdued, every spark of independence quenched in the blood of the people! As it was

arranged that the army should move in three separate divisions, the services of Gen. Vieamont were called into operation. (Gov. Lopez had arrived at Buenos Ayres, and between the three great men of the day, viz., Rosas, Quiroga, and Lopez, the campaign was arranged precisely in the following manner.)

As it was well understood that Gov. Paz would, in an emergency, weaken the western provinces by a concentration of his forces at Cordova, it was determined that Quiroga, with a division of one thousand five hundred men, should pass by the way of Rio Quarto, into the provinces of Mendoza, San Juan, and Catamarca, (a region of country with which he was well acquainted,) against Pedrenerez. Vieamont was to command the main body, consisting of four thousand men, and Lopez the advance-guard of three thousand, to act in concert with Vieamont, and move over the pampas direct to Cordova; Rosas cautiously remaining at Buenos Ayres, the better to be out of harm's way.

These preparations soon became known at Cordova, and the people began to murmur that Paz had remained so long supine as to allow an enemy already in his power to assume the offensive. The loss of his advantage was now sensibly and severely felt by all, not excepting himself; and with his usual activity in preparing for an emergency, (however passive he might be when the emergency was over,) he commenced preparation for the one which seemed to be now approaching. Gathering his forces into Cordova, under the belief that that city would be the first point of attack, he soon had in the field an army of five thousand men, well appointed in every respect, and on which he confidently relied for success in the coming struggle.

Agreeably to the plan as arranged, the campaign commenced; Quiroga passing by the way of Rio Quarto towards the western provinces, and Lopez, with Vieamont, moving from Santa Fé over the pampas towards Cordova. This was

no sooner known, than Gov. Paz set out with his army towards Santa Fé, intending to meet and give battle successively to Lopez of the advance, and Vieamont, with his main body of the tyrant's army; and here occurred one of those incidents which, though trifling in themselves, sometimes give tone and direction to the most important affairs, even to the destinies of a nation.

Gov. Paz had been three or four days on his march, when, halting at evening, he rode forward, accompanied with only two officers, in search of a suitable place for encampment; and when at the distance of a mile from his own troops, he encountered a scout of some five or six men from the enemy's body. To avoid a capture was naturally the first thought of the weaker party, and the whole turned to escape, when a ball-lasso,* from their pursuers, broke a leg of the governor's horse, and felled both horse and rider to the ground. In an instant they were upon him; and his companions, exclaiming, "The general is taken!" made good their retreat, and returned with the news to their own army.

The consequence of this announcement was that of almost universal consternation, and La Madri, the second in command, who, though actually a brave man, was, by this occurrence, frightened almost out of his senses, ordered an immediate retreat, and hastily fell back upon Cordova, where he was received with shouts of contempt. His first step was to raise a forced loan, and his next to move off with his army for Tucuman, against all the entreaties and protestations of the citizens. He was told that the city was not only well armed, and qualified with the assistance of the army to resist

* The ball-lasso is made by affixing an iron ball, weighing about five pounds, to each end of a hide thong, about one yard in length. The manner of using it, is by holding one ball in the hand, and whirling the other in the air until it acquires a powerful impetus; the whole is then let go, and flies with a rotary motion towards its object. When wielded by a skilful hand, it is a most dangerous missive.

any power that Rosas could send against it, but that the people, almost to a man, stood ready to join with the army in repelling their invaders. All would not do; a kind of prophetic consternation had taken possession of his faculties, and regardless of all protestations, he fled, taking with him the entire army of the province.

A public meeting was now held, whereat it was resolved, that the citizens would never listen to an unconditional surrender, but would fight to the last drop of their blood in defence of their rights and their homes. They were well armed, but the city had been so drained of its manual resources, that only about four hundred able-bodied men could be mustered for the occasion. These at once entered upon a system of defence, by organizing a sort of regiment, and were encouraged by the energy displayed by the governor *pro tem.*, Don Mariano Fragaro, brother to the secretary of whom I have before spoken. This man, in addressing the citizen soldiers, said, "My friends, we will defend our own firesides! If the *jackets* (soldiers) run away, the *coats* (citizens) will not. Be brave! be firm!"

Perhaps no better evidence can be given of the attachment of the people to the principles of the Unitarian party, and of their opposition to the dictation of a single man, than is here shown in their patriotic and resolute stand, when left to their own resources, alike unawed and unaided by the presence of a military power. As before stated, the city of Cordova was one of the most wealthy in the republic; it had now become one of the most intelligent also, and its enlightening influences were felt throughout the province. Her people had for a time tasted the sweets of true liberty, and had lived for a like period under a government of law and order. They now began to realize their change of political existence, and to comprehend the true intent and meaning of the words "*Civil Liberty.*" They felt, for the first, like freemen; hence their determined position against a power which they

knew was levelled at the very life of that which they valued above their own existence; hence, for the first, they were *not* prepared to cry *viva* to a conqueror merely because of his military prowess.

Lopez soon approached, and set down within about a quarter of a mile from the city. From his position he sent in a flag demanding a surrender; in reply to which he was told that the city would not surrender except by stipulation. He then ordered that the governor should come to his camp, and Fragaro, in compliance, rode out in his own carriage, without guard or escort.

The result of their interview was, that the arms of the city should be surrendered upon a stipulation that the lives and property of the citizens should be respected; but this was no sooner known than the best arms in the place were concealed, by their owners, in vaults, sinks, and other hiding-places, while the old and useless were left exposed for our invaders. The army then entered the town, but not without apprehension of a trap; not fully believing that our military protection had been withdrawn, the men marched in, evidently under a feeling of distrust and fear; and it was not until fairly convinced of the defenceless condition of the people, that they seemed to feel at ease, which was finally evinced by exhibitions of a predatory character, such as breaking into the houses, robbing and abusing the citizens, and a general course of lawlessness and riot.

These things were marked and noted as the men moved step by step in their acts of violence, until, having at length reached a point beyond endurance, the cry, "To the rescue," was raised; the town was in commotion, and Lopez, becoming alarmed, called off his hounds, and removed to a short distance from the city, leaving only a battalion as a guard. From his new position he began, after two or three days, levying a heavy contribution of money and property upon the citizens. Those who had money met his demands in that

shape, while those who had none were despoiled of their effects, and made homeless. Misery took the place of happiness and content; and our late peaceful and orderly town was converted into a scene of rabble and confusion.

The news of our reverse flew like wildfire throughout the provinces, carrying consternation wherever it went, and preparing the public mind for the successful advance of Quiroga, who, with little opposition, except at Mendoza, where he was met by Pedrenerez, subdued, successively, that province, San Juan, and Rioja. La Madri ensconced himself behind the citadel of Tucuman, and there awaited the storm that he knew must eventually overwhelm him.

Passing one day through the streets of Cordova, my mind embittered with the excesses of the soldiery, and the heartless exactions of Lopez, I met, to my surprise, my former friend Don Pablo Latorié, whom I had known years before at Salta. He approached me with a smile of recognition, and, according to custom, cordially embraced me. He told me that he was attached to the advance-guard of Lopez, and by conversation, I soon became satisfied, that, if not indeed the ruling spirit of that portion of the army, he was at least one of great influence. I invited him to my house, and, the invitation being accepted, we soon were seated together over a cheerful cup of *maté*. I inquired of his family; talked of old associations, of the affairs of the republic, and finally of the excesses and exactions that had been committed and imposed upon the people of Cordova by the present authorities, and urged him, as a friend and a man, to use his influence to stay them for the future. His answer was indeed that of a friend and a man; and, in the keeping of his promise, I became afterwards more fully convinced of the influential position which he seemed to occupy.

"My friend," said he, "I would do much to serve you, and you may be assured that this simple request shall be granted."

On the following day an order was issued, imposing a more orderly and respectful demeanor on the part of the soldiers, and I had the happiness to feel that I had been indirectly, and through my friend, the source of much good to our people.

From this time Don Pablo became a constant visitor at my house, and finally, at my solicitation, made it his temporary residence. His confidence led me directly into all the secret plans and arrangements of Lopez; and, on one occasion, he said—

"I will tell you to-morrow who is to be made governor."

Accordingly, on the next day, he brought to the house a tall, country-looking, ill-dressed personage, whom he very formally introduced to me as Don José Vicente Ranafe, "who," said he, "I am happy to inform you, has been selected as the future governor of Cordova."

If the intended governor of Cordova had possessed the slightest power of perception, he would have read in my looks the effect which this announcement had upon my mind; because, with the contempt inspired by the idea that the government of that noble city and province was to be placed in the hands of an ignoramus, as he evidently was, I experienced an involuntary contraction of the brow, and my lips were compressed. This, however, passed in a moment, and the embryo governor was welcomed to my house.

We soon became better acquainted, and before parting I came to the conclusion that the appointment might not be so bad a one, after all, as I had imagined; for although I found him, as I had anticipated, ignorant of the first principles of government, he had evidently a good heart, was no fool, and might, as I believed, be induced, by good counsel, to be a friend to, instead of an oppressor of the people. So I said to myself, "It is better even to have this man, with all his ignorance, than a learned and accomplished tyrant;" and we finally parted on much better terms than those on which we

had met. In a few days after he was proclaimed from the Cavildo, with all the formality of such an occasion, governor *pro tem.* of the province.

When Gen. Vieamont heard of the success of Lopez at Cordova, he halted in his position, a distance of some fifteen or twenty leagues from the city, and awaited the further order of Rosas. The dictator, feeling always insecure without an army about him, no sooner learned of the progress of Quiroga, and the subjection of Cordova, than he ordered the immediate return of Vieamont to Buenos Ayres, leaving Lopez still at Cordova ; but on the induction of Ranafe as governor, he also departed for Santa Fé. This done, Ranafe assembled the delegates of the province, who had already been selected by Lopez, at Cordova. They met at the Cavildo, and without a dissenting voice elected Ranafe the *bona fide* governor of the province.

Latorié (who still remained) and myself were frequently in his company, and often his closet companions. The governor was quite fond of a glass of gin ; and under its influence, he would unhesitatingly yield to my advice, and relate his affairs. From his own lips, I learned that his father was an Irishman, who had come to the country in the capacity of a sergeant, under Whitelock. His paternal name was Ranaf, but it had been adapted, by his father, to the language of the country by the additional *e*. He was himself a native of the province of Cordova ; and had three brothers living, all natives like himself. He did not hesitate to acknowledge his ignorance, and frequently asked for counsel in the public course that he was called upon to pursue. In reply to inquiries of this nature, he was told that the course which he should pursue was simple and plain. The difficulties that I had myself encountered, and the sufferings that I had witnessed, through the mal-administration of the governors of the various provinces with which I had from time to time been called upon to deal, had perhaps in a manner fitted me

to become the instrument of good to others in this instance. I had seen the rocks which lay concealed in the current of provincial government, and upon which the happiness of the people had often been wrecked; and I felt an instinctive delight in the opportunity of placing before this new navigator, the chart which, if followed by him, must lead to the happiest results. He was accordingly told that his first step must be directed to the object of gaining the good-will and confidence of the people.

"And how is this to be done?" he inquired.

"By a mild and manly administration of your public duties, señor," I replied. "Follow not the course of those men who have washed their hands in the blood of innocence; give every man, whatever may be his crime, a patient and thorough hearing; take no life for mere opinion's sake; do not distress your people with unnecessary taxation, or forced loans; establish order, that all may feel secure; protect the citizens in their lawful rights and occupations, and they will learn not only to respect but to love you."

"It is my wish," said he, "to do all this."

"You may do it, señor, without trouble; and this once accomplished, observe the result that must follow, not only to yourself and the people at large, but to your family. You have three brothers, natives, like yourself, of Cordova; it is in your power to give a lasting glory to your name, and by winning the public esteem, to establish your brothers in the road to fortune and honor."

Such was the character of our little *tertulias;* and I was soon gratified to perceive that they were not without a beneficial effect upon the private, as well as the public affairs of the citizens; Ranafe grew popular, and won from the people that respect for his goodness of heart which he had not the talent nor the judgment to command.

Having subdued the various western provinces on his route northward, Quiroga next turned his attention towards Tucu-

man; the last and only hold of the Unitarians. The announcement of his approach, which had been for some time anticipated and dreaded, threw terror among the inhabitants of the city, as it was to that point that he would necessarily direct his power; and many, who were so circumstanced as to be able to do so, fled, and took refuge in the various villas and hamlets.

La Madri, completely hemmed in on all sides by the enemy, was compelled to fight, and accordingly prepared himself to the best advantage.

A singular feature in the warfare of the provinces was here strongly illustrated. I allude to the fact that where two bodies of men of opposing armies come in contact, such a thing as capitulation without a fight is seldom thought of, no matter what may be the disparity of numbers or position. The position of La Madri was isolated in every respect; he was cut off not only from succor, but from all hope of succor; he knew that he was the last Unitarian in the field, and that the power of Quiroga was at least treble his own; still, although he had fled from the enemy at Cordova, and refused either to fight or capitulate, he was now at his last stand, and determined to fight it out. Quiroga met him at the citadel, where a bloody engagement was had; but the force of Madri was so overwhelmed with numbers, that the garrison at last gave way and fled to the town. There the contest was renewed with vigor and desperation, but all their efforts at defence were useless; the hordes of Quiroga were powerful, and having tasted blood, seemed more furious than ever; the squadrons of the last Unitarian commander were broken, and driven from the city, perfectly *derouted*; and their leader, with such of his force as escaped, fled in small bands through by-ways across the province of Salta, and thence escaped into Bolivia.

Quiroga, exasperated with the resistance that he had met, commenced at once upon the Unitarian inhabitants a series

of the vilest barbarities. About five hundred of his prisoners were shot after the battle; the houses of the people were plundered, their property destroyed, their women compelled to relinquish their jewels, ornaments, and clothing, and they themselves in many instances given, on pain of death, to the licentious soldiery.

Thus was the last spark of freedom in the republic effectually put out—a freedom which, but a few months before, had defied oppression, and bearded the tyrant in his den: not a vestige now remained, to tell of her recent greatness; not a spot that she could call her own; her firm but imprudent champion a prisoner, her sons subdued, her hopes lost, and her peaceful promises of a glorious future all absorbed in the wild vortex of a single grasping ambition!

CHAPTER XIX.

Supremacy of Rosas—Murder of Quiroga and Ortis—Policy of Rosas—Death of Gov. Lopez—Disaffection of the People of Rioja—Ranafo deposed by the Cordovese—Governor Rodriguez—Arrest of Ranafo and his Brothers—Their Execution at Buenos Ayres—Execution of Rodriguez—Gov. Don Manuel Lopez.

THE subjugation of the provinces being now complete, and the demon of civil war having glutted himself to satiety, Quiroga, having no more blood-scenes immediately on the tapis, began casting about in his mind the important and conspicuous part that he had played in the dark drama of the past, and very naturally concluded that he was at least as great a man as any other in the republic. He could not resist a growing impression, which forced itself upon his mind, that he had been the main spoke in the wheel of the counter-revolution, and that the important services which he had rendered entitled him as much to the *gratitude* of the people, and established for him a claim to their confidence and support not surpassed by that even of the man who had sat quietly at Buenos Ayres, and left him to fight all the battles. These considerations gradually fired his mind, and filled his breast with thoughts of coming greatness. He fully believed himself as well qualified for the responsible office of dictator as Rosas; and certainly, none will deny that his claims upon the people were quite as well founded as those of his illustrious friend. Under these circumstances he set to work upon what was to him an entire new theory in politics. He began to talk to the people about a national constitution, and a system of free representation; and, after some time devoted

to this stroke of policy, for the purpose of gaining their confidence, he set out for Buenos Ayres, with the avowed object of broaching the subject to Rosas in person, and to use his best influence in bringing about so desirable a result.

The active mind of the general was not, however, more rapid in conception than was that of the master-spirit of the day. Rosas no sooner found himself supreme in his power, than, like his kindred spirit Richard the Third, he saw "two spiders crawling in his path," and he could not feel content until some friendly foot should crush them;—Quiroga and Lopez had finished their work to his satisfaction, and his keenest powers of perception could discover no further possible utility in their existence.

Our new governor Ranafe was taken with surprise at the many protestations and demonstrations of friendship which he received from the dictator. Congratulations, presents, instructions, and arms, came so rapidly and confusedly in succession, that the brain of the peaceable functionary was set in a complete whirl of wonder.

Quiroga, prior to his departure for Buenos Ayres, had set up his own governors in several of the provinces, and among the rest my friend and companion Latorié was called to the province of Salta. This gave me pleasure, although I regretted parting with him, for Latorié was a good and worthy man, and such a one as would govern the province with discretion.

About this time Gov. Lopez lost his health; so that, on the arrival of Quiroga at Buenos Ayres, where he went in magnificent state, and in a like state was received, Lopez was unable to attend their conferences. Rosas and Quiroga, therefore, who had now become the only two men in the country, held their interviews without the assistance of a third party. Quiroga spoke, and Rosas listened. The one, it was said, recommended a constitution and laws; the other acquiesced, the better to conceal his true meaning, while at

the same time the subtlety of the devil was wreathing itself about his heart.

After several interviews, it was recommended by Rosas that Quiroga should, with a secretary, ride through the provinces, and ascertain the views of the people on this momentous subject, and, if found necessary, endeavor to mould their minds to a conviction of its importance; so that, when all should be prepared, an election for representatives should be held for the purpose of establishing a constitutional government. To all this Quiroga eagerly consented, for in this he saw, or thought he saw, a direct medium through which his ambition might be gratified: supposing, of course, that in *recommending* and advocating so liberal a measure, he should gain, at the same time, the concurrence and confidence of the people.

The plan being arranged, Ortis, the former governor of San Luis, was recommended as the secretary for the occasion, and Quiroga, having made up his company, consisting of himself, Ortis, two aids-de-camp, four guardsmen on horseback, and four postillions, set out in a superb carriage upon his tour. It is singular how people will surmise and talk; but among those who knew all parties it was rumored that those composing this little cavalcade would never get beyond the province of Santa Fé alive. The rumor was a mistaken one; the company did pass safely through the province of Santa Fé, and entered that of Cordova. Here, however, they were not so fortunate; for as they approached the Villa Chanar, they were beset, and every soul murdered in a most brutal manner! So careful were the murderers to avoid detection, that the horses, and even a small dog that was in the carriage, shared in the carnage, and suffered with their human companions. The body of Quiroga was found, pierced with one ball near the heart, and with some twenty poniard wounds inflicted upon it. Some of the party were found with their throats cut, and all exhibited evidences of a most fearful butchery.

The news of this tragedy reached the city of Cordova soon after, but without producing the slightest apparent excitement, and, strange to say, no effort was made to discover the perpetrators. The bodies were brought on and interred by the government in a manner becoming the rank of the several deceased, and there the matter took leave of the public mind. Not so with Rosas; like the artful Thane of Cawdor, he resolved to make his "griefs and clamor roar" upon the event, and forthwith issued proclamations offering immense rewards for the apprehension of the murderers. Even this, however, did not suffice to prove his *earnest* sorrow for the murder of his friend Quiroga. His griefs and clamor were not yet loud enough; and, as if to make assurance of his love still "doubly sure," a splendid funeral car was prepared and sent to Cordova, with a suitable retinue of priests and soldiers, to bring the remains of his lamented friend in state to the capital. The body of Quiroga was exhumed, and so conveyed to Buenos Ayres, where it was received with all the outward ceremonies of profound and earnest sorrow, amid the gorgeous solemnity of a combined martial and ecclesiastical display. The body was entombed, a splendid monument erected, and thus the *farce* was ended.

Quiroga dead and buried, the thoughts of Rosas instinctively turned towards his sick friend of Santa Fé, Governor Lopez; and so earnest was his solicitude for this man's health and welfare, that he actually sent a physician of his own choosing to attend him in his illness. But all would not do: Lopez grew worse and worse, and finally died, leaving none that could presume to question the authority, or divide the glories of the dictator. The "crawling spiders" were now effectually crushed.

But, after all, the captain-general was not permitted to rest with the quiet that he had anticipated. The commission of one error, is but the sowing of seed for the growth of another; and the man who builds upon so subtle a foundation, is

constantly liable to fall. The eyes of Argus will not suffice to reveal the points of danger that must encompass him; and though he continue to pile error upon error, the foundation of his fabric must eventually give way, and whelm him with destruction.

In the wild and mountainous province of Rioja, the birthplace of Quiroga, a feeling of sympathy for their stern general had naturally grown up among the kindred spirits of the region; and after his murder, the murmurs of the people, as to the manner of his death, became distinctly audible. At first they knew not precisely where to fix their suspicions and complaints, but ere long they were turned towards Rosas as the instigator, and our own governor, Ranafe, as the instrument. Suspicion was rapidly succeeded by complaint, complaint by threats, and threats by a demonstration. The people of Rioja demanded the murderers, and swore to be revenged. That province was peopled with perhaps as rude and ungovernable a populace, as that of any province in the Argentine; knowing little of, and caring less for, the etiquette of refined life—almost cut off by the mountain ranges from the more enlightened of their own country, and governed almost solely by their own local and unrestrained impulses, they acknowledged no law but that which might be suggested by their own wrongs, real or imaginary, and knew no arbiter save that of physical power. The blood of their favorite general had been shed in the province of Cordova, and, right or wrong, to that province they looked for restitution; some victims must be sacrificed to appease them, or the province should itself be held accountable.

Visiting the governor often, I spoke of these matters, and the probability that trouble would grow out of them; but he only shrugged his shoulders, and, with a smile of self-complacency, said—

"There is no danger, they can do nothing."

Soon after this I made a second visit to Buenos Ayres,

when I learned that the murmurs of the people of Rioja had reached that place also, and that the whole family of the Ranafes were by some regarded with peculiar suspicion; but nothing was said by these men, of the suspicion that had been attached to Rosas himself by the people of the interior. I saw that men were extremely cautious in expressing their thoughts respecting him in any shape, so great was the terror with which he had inspired them; but on one occasion I was accosted at the theatre by an officer of the government in a manner which revealed to me another stroke of bloody policy, to be enacted on the part of the dictator. This man, on addressing me, said—

"How does your governor, Ranafe, and his brothers, feel in relation to the charge against them?"

"Really," I replied, "I cannot say as to their feelings; they do not show any apprehension on the subject, however."

"Well," said he, "if they think themselves secure, they are damnably mistaken; it will not be many weeks before they hang in the market-place of Buenos Ayres!"

This did not surprise me, though it caused a shudder to run through my frame. I knew Rosas too well, to be surprised at any horror that he might contemplate enacting. His name had already been associated with the Ranafes, in the suspicion of the murder of Quiroga; and what better means could he employ to satisfy the people of Rioja, and to prove his own innocence and love of justice, than by sacrificing those who had fallen under their suspicion? Besides, it might have been that these very men were the only ones who knew of his participation in the crime. The murmurs had risen to complaints and threats, which had grown so loud as to jeopard his own safety; something must therefore be done to appease their wrath, and whether the accused were guilty or innocent, was a matter of little consequence; his object was not to punish the guilty, but to pacify an outraged

people; and wherever their spleen had fallen, there must the blow be struck.

On my return to Cordova, Ranafe sent immediately an invitation to call on him, which was as promptly complied with. I found him in a state of some anxiety, for the people of his own province looked already upon him at least as a marked, if not a guilty man; and as he had thus far been a minion of Rosas, there was a manifest disposition to leave him to manage his own affairs, and get out of his troubles as he best might. I pitied him, because I believed, that although a tool of Rosas, he had in no direct manner participated in his crimes. At this interview he addressed me eagerly, saying—

"Colonel, how is it? I hear that I am suspected in Buenos Ayres—is it so?"

"It is so, indeed, señor," I replied; "and your situation is a critical one."

"But what have I to fear? have I not power to defend myself? Observe!" he continued, taking from his escritoire a paper scroll, and unrolling it upon the table—"here is a map of my province, and thus I have arranged my troops: at —— there is a regiment of five hundred; at —— there is a regiment of about seven hundred; at —— I have placed one thousand; and here, in Cordova, I have a solid force of two thousand good and faithful soldiers. Will not these suffice to defend us against all that may come?"

"You have a goodly number, governor," said I, "and well arranged;" but I thought to myself, poor man, you little know the subtlety of the power you have to deal with; your defence looks well on paper, but these troops, after all, are the creatures of your enemy, and at his order they will imprison their own governor. I stated to him no more of what I had heard, and after a short conversation, took my leave.

As I had anticipated, it was not many days before a direct accusation of the murder came from Rosas, against all the

brothers Ranafe, with an order that they be immediately arrested, and sent to Buenos Ayres. True to his position, the governor resisted the order, and proved himself able, beyond my expectation, to hold his position for a length of time, and indeed until the neighboring provinces assumed a threatening attitude towards Cordova. At this the citizens became alarmed, and refused to unite in a broil between the accused and the accusers; and further, for their own safety, and the peace of the province, they expressed a determination to depose Ranafe, and select a new governor.

Finding that he was unsupported by the people, and that it was plain he must ere long yield to a successor, it became a matter of great importance to him that such a man as would befriend him, and prevent his arrest, should be appointed. To this end, he set to work with a few who were yet attached to him, in placing before the public mind one whom they had reason to suppose would answer this object; and the name of Don Pedro Nolasco Rodriguez, then minister of finance in the province, was accordingly put forth. This man had been raised from poverty to his present commanding position by Ranafe himself, and was, in truth, a friend to the governor. For his purpose, then, the selection was as good as could have been made, and as Rodriguez had already made himself popular with the citizens, he was in a short time chosen, by them at a meeting held in the Cavildo, and formally proclaimed governor of the province.

Soon after this Rosas repeated his order for the arrest of the Ranafes, and directed Rodriguez to send them forthwith to Buenos Ayres; but, instead of an immediate compliance, the governor sent in his intercession on their behalf, urging Rosas to withdraw his order, and at the same time expressing his earnest conviction of their innocence. Little did he suppose that in such a course he would compromise his own safety, without in the least degree benefiting his friends. The characteristic reply to this offer of mediation was a corps

of cavalry, who very speedily made prisoners of three of the brothers, among them the late governor, and conveyed them to Buenos Ayres. The fourth had taken the alarm, and wisely made his escape from the country.

Arrived at the capital, the three were thrown into a single stone dungeon, without either bed or bench; and here they were held in a most miserable confinement for a space of several months, during which time their sister, Doña Francia Ranafe, who had followed them to Buenos Ayres, plied the heartless Rosas with petitions, entreating the poor privilege of visiting her brothers in their confinement, and ministering as she best might to their immediate comfort. Even this was denied; not so much as the sympathies of one congenial bosom were allowed to soften the horrors of their imprisonment, and they were left to suffer, and endure, in all the fulness of misery, the mandate of unyielding tyranny. Sickness, the consequent result of their comfortless situation, wore them to skeletons, and finally relieved one of them, at the same time, from the sufferings of life and the power of his tormentor.

Having been myself, for some time past, engaged in mercantile pursuits, my business called me, three or four times a year, to Buenos Ayres, and I was there during the latter part of the time that the Ranafes were in confinement. I saw their sister in all the terrible anguish of her despair, yet I could not find one spark of comfort to bestow upon her. I knew that her brothers were doomed. Rosas had wrought himself into a position that was critical, but he had already,

> " in blood
> Stepp'd in so far, that, should he wade no more,
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er,"

and it was by terror alone that he could keep down the ebullitions of the public mind. Victims must be sacrificed to overawe the people; and a man once 'prisoned on his order was a man doomed to death.

The time at length arrived when the Ranafes were to add

one to the many public spectacles of this man. It was announced that they would be shot in the market-square, in company with another victim by the name of Sautes Pares, who had also been in some way implicated in the same charge.

Although I had long expected this order, I heard the announcement with a shudder. Memory, like a winged sprite, flew back upon the past, and, gathering the scattered fragments of her train, poured them as with a flood upon my mind. I saw again the tall, uncourtly *guacho*, as he had been presented to me by Latorié; too unsophisticated to be vicious, but with a mind as yielding and susceptible of immediate impression as the modeller's wax. Again I saw him governor of Cordova, holding, as with the hand of childhood, the reins of power, and guiding the capricious throng as one who trembled, not for himself, but for his charge. I thought again of our *tertulias* and *conversaciones*, of his pliant spirit, of the insidious wiles of Rosas to win him to himself, of his ultimate self-confidence, his deposition, arrest, imprisonment; and now, to crown the whole, in bold relief stood out the order for his execution.

"Ah! my poor friend," I exclaimed, when this order was announced, "I at least will not be a witness to your murder."

At the time of the execution, I shut myself in my room, which was at a house situate only about three squares from the scene of blood. From that spot I heard the report of the volley that bore them to eternity, and covering my face with my hands, I uttered a malediction on the man whom I regarded as their murderer. Soon after the execution, I had occasion to pass near the market-square, and, to my horror, saw the three bodies, still reeking with blood, hanging in chains upon a gibbet over the spot where they had died.

From persons who had witnessed the execution, I was informed that a moment before the fatal shot was given, Pares called out to the bystanders, exclaiming—

"Rosas is the murderer of Quiroga!"

Soon after this tragedy was performed at Buenos Ayres, Gov. Rodriguez shared a similar fate at Cordova. His intercession on behalf of the Ranafes had been sufficient to excite the doubts and fears of Rosas; and his hesitation to execute an order without questioning its propriety, was no less than an evidence of treason. He was, therefore, taken outside the town, out of respect to the feelings of the people of Cordova, who were not yet used to these scenes, and disposed of in the usual manner.

With such precedents before their eyes, few men, who were *honored* with an appointment, had the hardihood to resist, or put forth any measure that was calculated to thwart the dictator in his designs; and to have declined an appointment would have laid them equally open to his suspicion, and consequent hatred. The reader will thus perceive how Rosas, with minions of bloody mould scattered through the country, and with an army constantly at his back, was enabled to hold so terrible a power.

On the removal of Rodriguez from the government of Cordova, Don Manuel Lopez was appointed by Rosas in his stead. Quiet was again restored to the town, and Lopez, I believe, holds his office to the present time.

CHAPTER XX.

Rosas' Interference with the Banda Oriental—Tyrannical Demonstration of Oribe—Resistance of the People, and arming of the Militia under Generals Lavalia, and Rivera—French Protest—Rosas' Oppression of the Unitarians—Reign of Terror at Buenos Ayres—The Massorca Club—Rebellion in the Southern part of the Province—Crasey returned after five years Imprisonment in Paraguay—Gov. Francia—Rosas issues Government Scrip—His Breach of Faith with the Merchants—French Blockade

Soon after this, viz. in 1835, my business called me to Europe; and after visiting successively, England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, the Prussian territories on the Rhine, Belgium, and Holland, I returned to England, and thence to Buenos Ayres, where I arrived in the early part of the year 1836.

I now found Rosas quarrelling with the French minister, respecting the Banda Oriental, or Uruguay, the capital of which is Montevideo. At the time when the people of that country succeeded, by the assistance of the armies of the Argentine Republic, in securing their independence of the Brazilian government, that independence was acknowledged and guarantied both by England and France; and the country had continued from that time in a state of prosperity and happiness, under its republican form of government. But the (then) present President Oribe, who had just been elected, was not content that things should remain in so peaceful an attitude; he had witnessed the unrestrained power of his neighbor on the other side of the Rio La Plata, and felt an instinctive ambitious yearning to follow the example that had

been there set before him. To accomplish this object, he had set on foot a series of measures that had drawn down upon him the indignation of his people, for they too had witnessed the terrible condition of their neighbors, and certainly felt no desire to place themselves in a similar state of serfdom and terror. By employing his military power, however, the governor had succeeded in keeping his place; and having ensconced himself in Montevideo, opened a communication with Rosas, while at the same time Gen. Lavalia and Fructuoso Rivera were busily engaged in recruiting an army of militia, for the purpose of deposing the would-be tyrant.

The precise character of the correspondence between Oribe and Rosas was not known, but it was supposed to be no less than a negotiation to place Uruguay under the government of the latter, as a province of the Argentine Republic; but be that as it may, Oribe received large accessions to his means of defence, in the shape of munitions, arms, and even troops, from Buenos Ayres, whereupon the French minister, as in duty bound, for the good faith of his government, had entered his protest against such interference. This was disregarded by Rosas, who continued to send troops and arms, levying the cost, as heretofore, upon those who were opposed to his own tyrannical government. His hatred to the Unitarians increased at every step, and this hatred was manifested by a corresponding oppression. The accursed *Massorca* club, which was composed of from three to four hundred desperadoes, who were sworn to do the bidding of Rosas, even to the murder of their own relatives, were the most prominent instruments of his terrible policy. Goaded with the opposition of the foreign powers, he wreaked his vengeance upon the helpless of his own people. Violence succeeded violence, bloodshed followed bloodshed, until the era might justly have been denominated a second "reign of terror."

He had gone so far in blood, that he dreaded assassination

on every hand; and so jealous and vindictive had he become, that no man, who did not openly avow an attachment to the dictator, was safe, either in person or property. So sure as a Unitarian, by a word or action, became once obnoxious to his fears, he was a marked man; then he would say to his hirelings of the *Massorca*, "*Let him be arrested.*" If arrested, death was almost sure to follow, and the property of the victim was confiscated; for, "ills but thought by him, were half performed;" or, if the individual succeeded in avoiding the arrest and fled the city, confiscation followed as a matter of course. I could name numerous instances in proof of this, but one may suffice,—it is that of Don Pedro Boque, and may be thus related:

Boque was a Unitarian of wealth, residing in the Calle Cavildo; and having heard, through a friend, that Rosas' officers had been making inquiries respecting him, determined as a measure of precaution to leave town for a short time, or until he should learn the object of the inquiry. His departure proved a timely one, as on the following day a number of the *Massorca* paid a visit to his house, and searched it in every part; not finding their object, they directed his wife and family to leave the premises. The order was obeyéd, but without the privilege of carrying with them the slightest thing, save the clothes upon their persons. A little boy about twelve years of age was subsequently sent, by the Señora Boque, from the house of a friend where she had taken refuge, for the purpose of soliciting the privilege of bringing away a change of clothing for the now destitute family; but as he came to the house he grew timid, and when he told his errand, some of the villains who had been left in charge, declared him a spy, and threatened to shoot him; this so frightened the poor child that he attempted to escape, but not being able to reach the street, he fled to the yard, and actually sprang into the privy to avoid his pursuers. The attempt to escape, fully satisfied the wretches that he must be a

spy; and having drawn him from his nauseous retreat, and rinsed his garments, he was conducted by two men, each of whom held him by the collar, to the *quartel*, or guard-house, in the *coral* of which the numerous executions of the time were now performed.

I saw the little fellow on his way, conducted as I have described. A child but twelve years old, arrested as a spy! Arrested! Would that the worst were said, in saying that; but, reader, (can it be believed?) before the sun had set, that child was, by Rosas' order, SHOT as a spy, in the *coral*, or yard of the *quartel*!

It is needless to dwell upon scenes like these, or to give voice to the reflections which they naturally produce in the mind; it is sufficient to declare that the deed, horrible as it may seem, was performed, and that the then residents of Buenos Ayres can attest the fact. The entire property of Boque was confiscated, and distributed among the *Massorcas*.

As before stated, confiscation of the property of the Unitarians was the order of the day; but in order to give color to his oppression, a fictitious public sale of the confiscated effects was sometimes made. These sales were attended by the members of the *Massorca*, who arranged among themselves the apportionment of the articles or property, (whatever it might be;) and by bidding, secured possession, except so far as their master might require for his own purposes. None dared to bid against them, and in this manner these creatures enriched themselves upon the noble estates of the most ancient and worthy families of the country. Their band had now become the terror of the people; and so bold had they grown, that in order more effectually to designate and accomplish their object, they at length wore upon the lappel of their coats a large badge of red silk, upon which were printed the words—

"LIFE TO THE FEDERALS, DEATH TO THE UNITARIANS."

RED being the color adopted by Rosas and his followers, while the symbol of the opposite party was BLUE.

This decoration naturally tended to increase the consternation of the people; it was a passport to every species of violence and villany. With this badge upon their fronts, I have seen them at mid-day enter the houses of citizens, and either destroy or bear off the furniture and effects of their occupants, turning the families into the street, and committing other acts of violence too horrible to mention. If, in any of their predatory excursions, a fabric or ornament of *blue* was found, it was attached in derision to the tails of their horses, and thus exhibited through the streets. Rosas kept constantly an army of from five thousand to six thousand men, quartered in the city, and yet, so great was his fear of assassination, that, although the very watchmen of the night were required to add, as they cried the hours, "*Viva the restorer of the laws*," that great friend of the people never ventured to move in public without a powerful guard about his person, for, as

"Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind,"

he deemed each man his enemy; and so powerfully did this apprehension work upon his imagination, that he reversed the diurnal plans of nature, sleeping always by day, and watching by night.

At this time the people in the southern part of the province began to show signs of discontent, and to speak in murmurs of the bloody and despotic course of the dictator. A revolution that should rid them of their scourge was openly talked of, and as the feeling appeared to be general, they were not long in giving the shape of tangibility to their proceedings. This was no sooner known to Rosas, than he, with characteristic promptness, where his power was endangered, arrested, from among the most respectable citizens of Buenos Ayres, about three hundred of the friends and relatives of

those who were known to be foremost in the revolt. These were crowded into a room at the Cavildo, and held as hostages for the peaceable conduct of those at the south; but, in order to make the plan successful, and to prove that he intended no boys' play, some of the prisoners were shot.

The families of some of these men, immediately on their incarceration, sent beds and bedding to the Cavildo for their accommodation, but these luxuries were not allowed, and they were returned. They also sent food and refreshments, which were consumed by the guard, while the prisoners were allowed nothing but beef and water.

The poor fellows had been thus miserably confined about two months, when just previous to the 25th of May, 1837, that being the anniversary of the independence of the republic, Rosas announced, as an act of clemency, that he would on that day open their prison doors. This announcement brought thousands about the Cavildo, on the morning of that day, to witness their release, and among the many I also attended. There I saw wives waiting for their husbands, children for fathers, and sisters for brothers; and when at length the gates were opened, presenting to view the haggard and ghostly throng within, a cold shudder ran through the crowd. Sickness, anxiety, and privation had so worn them to skeletons that many were not recognised by their dearest friends, and the sighs, tears, and exclamations of grief that arose, were truly heart-rending.

Soon after the release of these men, the apprehension of another arrest was so great that many of them, with numerous others, left the city, and sought a miserable security among the boats upon the river.

Gov. Bustes, who had fled to Santa Fé on the success of Gen. Paz at Cordova, had since died in the province where he took refuge; and Paz himself had been held, until this time, a close prisoner at the Villa Lujan, twenty leagues from Buenos Ayres; near the close of the year 1837, however, he

was brought to Buenos Ayres, and allowed the parol of the city.

An ominous calm seemed at length to settle upon the affairs of the republic. Rosas still held his position with Oribe towards the Banda Oriental, but, although Lavalia and his associate still continued their preparations in the interior, the first excitement had subsided. The French minister kept on his protest, but Mandeville, the English minister, seemed pursuing a course of more quiet policy: he as yet took no step of a public nature, but had frequent interviews with Rosas in person.

During this season of quiet I was sitting one evening with some friends at my house, when a servant entered, and, in a whisper, informed me that a rough *guacho* was in the hall, who wished to speak with me. I went out, and to my surprise, recognised my old friend Crasey. The poor fellow appeared almost as destitute as when we crossed the pampas together, with but a piece of calico and the fragment of an old blanket, severally, to cover our nakedness. Nevertheless, I embraced him heartily, and retired with him to a private room. As soon as we were alone he began complaining of the treatment that he had received at my door. His ragged and miserable appearance had cut off the respect that was due to his person, and it was not, he said, until he had employed threats that the servant would allow him to enter. His pride was sorely hurt; for it was plain that he could not help associating in his mind the indignity that he had received at my door, with me personally. I soothed his feelings, however; and although I felt that I should be guilty of a breach of decorum towards my other guests, determined to hear from him at once the story of his adventures since our parting at the Banda San Francisco. I sent an apology to my company, and he began:

"After I left you at San Francisco," he said, "our little company of exploration passed down the Vermejo, sounding

its depths, and examining its shoals and channels, until we reached finally the place of its junction with the Rio Parana. We found the Vermejo navigable for small vessels throughout the whole distance, with very slight obstructions, and were congratulating ourselves upon the valuable resources which our examination would lay open to the interior, when as we entered the Parana our vessel was seized, every one of our party was arrested, and taken before Gov. Francia, of Paraguay, who, without giving any direct reason for such a course, informed us that we must remain prisoners at large, (without the privilege of leaving Paraguay,) during his pleasure.

"We were accordingly set at liberty without passports, and for five years I have been compelled to make Paraguay my prison. During that time I worked at my trade as a jeweller, mostly at Assumption, and had good opportunities to learn the condition and habits of the people. Francia is a tyrant, but not a man of blood. He rules his people with a rod of iron, but in his little territory he has not found it necessary that the rod should be crimsoned, as it has been in the Argentine. The people are, however, kept in ignorance of what is going on in the world around them; and as it seems necessary to his singular policy, it is seldom that one of them is allowed to quit the country. They continue there, raising their tobacco and *maté*, the first of which is unsurpassed by that of any country except Cuba, and the latter the best that can be found,* and thus they remain in a state of passive ignorance little better than servility. Francia has established in this manner, and by other and more compulsive measures, a system of simplicity among the masses, amounting, in some respects, almost to a state of nature. It is common for women to traverse the thoroughfares in city and country, with but slight covering to their persons:

* These two staples of the country are, in fact, as stated by Mr. Crasey. The *maté* of Paraguay will command at Buenos Ayres $5.00 an *aroba*, (25 lbs.,) when that of other places will bring but $1.00.

the most lascivious advances of men have become matters of custom, and thus the appropriate delicacy of the sex is almost entirely lost.* In Paraguay no Spaniard is allowed to marry either a white or an Indian woman: if he marries at all, it must be with a black, so great is his (Francia's) antipathy towards the whole Spanish race.

"With the governor himself I became almost a favorite, and he often sent for me to take *maté*, and talk about England; but whenever I expressed a wish to return to my own country, he would say, very pleasantly—

"'Not yet, *mi bueno Ingles;* I can't spare you yet.'

"I also became acquainted at all the military posts and guard-houses in the country, for I travelled much from place to place, and my approach was always hailed with '*Viva Ingles*,' but, with all their good-will, they never would allow me to pass into Corrientes.

"At length the governor, having sent for me, said one day, with an air of glee, 'What do you think, Señor Crasey, I am going to give you a passport, and let you go home.'

"'Indeed, your Excellenza!' I exclaimed; and you may well believe that it was with as much pleasure as astonishment that I did so.

"'Yes,' he replied; 'I have got it all ready, and you may take it with you. But first sit down, and take a cup of *maté*.'

"I seized the passport, almost doubting my senses, and fearful that he would change his mind, and take it from me again, I would gladly have foregone the *maté* and every thing else, to hasten to find the first means of conveyance that would take me from his dominions. This, however, could not be done; so I sat down, and after half an hour was permitted to take leave under an exchange of friendly salutations.

* Little is at present known to the world of that country. Time, however, will reveal that which will sustain or refute the assertion of my friend.

"For a short time previous to this I had been living at Toboty, a few leagues from Assumption, and at that place was my clothing, tools, and every thing; yet I was so apprehensive of a countermand to my passport, that I hastened to the *mole*, and learned that a schooner was about starting for San Fernando. I presented my passport to the officer of the guard, whom I well knew, but he was more astonished, if possible, than I had been, and actually questioned the authenticity of the paper.

"'This cannot be,' said he. 'I am afraid you have been forging.'

"'Forging! Do you think I would present a forged passport under the very nose of the governor? Let me pass, or I will report you to his Excellenza this moment.'

"More words passed between us, but he refused to let me pass. So I took the passport, and returned to Francia with my complaint. The governor was perfectly furious, and immediately ordered the officer to be sent for; but that did not take long, as the fellow had followed me all the way, and was then in the ante-room. In compliance with the summons he presented himself, and as he met the frown of Francia, who held the passport in his hand, he trembled like a culprit. Holding up the paper before the officer, and pointing at it with his finger, the governor said, sternly, as his keen eye shot glances of fire—

"'Do you know that signature, señor?'

"'Pardon, your Excellenza,' said the officer, turning his eyes upon the ground, with the utmost humility, as he spoke.

"'This is your first offence, señor, it shall therefore be pardoned; but, mark me, when you again deny my signature it shall not be well for you. Return to your duty, and be more respectful hereafter.'

"The abashed officer slunk away. I received my passport again, and that night we set out on our journey down the Rio Paraguay. My trip to San Fernando was comfortable

enough, but from that place to Buenos Ayres I have been obliged to get along as I best could, and have walked most of the way. This accounts for the plight in which you now see me."

I thanked Crasey for his hasty narrative, but promised myself a more full account at a future time; and, as we had been about half an hour together, I told him of my company in waiting, and asked him to call on me next day, when I would take effectual measures to relieve his necessities, and, if he desired it, furnish him the means to return to his own country. We then parted with mutual kind feelings, but from some cause, I never saw him again; and I subsequently felt a considerable regret that I had suffered him to go from my house, notwithstanding he had received from me every thing necessary for his immediate comfort.

Some time previous to this, Rosas had established a species of treasury-note system, in order to supply an artificial means of sustaining his ill-gotten and ill-directed power. This, on the first emission, created little sensation, because it was evident that the amount was redeemable by the treasury, and the notes thus issued soon became equivalent to a legal tender. Soon, however, a second emission of several millions was made, and by the depreciation of the notes, which almost immediately took place, specie became only an article of merchandise, and was bought and sold at prices varying according to the value of the paper. The merchants, and especially dealers in foreign produce, began to feel the embarrassment incidental to a fluctuating paper currency; for, as the entire trade was necessarily conducted on that unstable basis, and as, at each emission, (several of which followed,) the depreciation became more and more, until it reached, at length, the point of about eighty per cent., no man knew what calculations to make, and an almost total suspension of foreign business followed. Numerous English and other houses, having large quantities of foreign goods in their pos-

session, curtailed their business, refusing to sell under a currency upon which not a moment's dependence could be placed. So long as the value of the paper stood at a given point, no matter how low it might be, all was well enough; but no sooner would a merchant sell on time, when the paper was at a depreciation of say fifty per cent., than a new emission of a few millions would be made, and it would sink, perhaps, to sixty or seventy-five per cent., thus robbing him of from ten to fifteen per cent. upon his sale.

Complaints, murmurs, and dissatisfaction, pervaded the city; and the dictator, finding that the whole trade of the province was becoming rapidly paralyzed, announced his determination to issue no more scrip, as the only means of restoring it to animation. Under the guarrantee thus solemnly and officially made, trade revived again; the merchants, with reassured confidence, threw open their warehouses, which, from the recent stagnation of business, were speedily emptied; new orders for importations were made, and every thing in the commercial and mercantile world wore the aspect of prosperity; but no sooner was this accomplished, and the foreign goods fairly afloat in the market, than, in the very face of his most solemn assurance, a new emission of scrip was put forth by Rosas; a proportionate depreciation followed, and the ruin of hundreds was the result.

The French government, as before stated, had, through its minister, protested against the interference of Rosas with the affairs of the Banda Oriental. This protest had been disregarded, and France, true to her guarantee, determined by compulsion to bring the dictator to a sense of his position; besides, the merchants of that country had suffered severely by spoliations upon their internal trade, and French residents had been murdered, and their property destroyed and confiscated. England had for some time held certain advantages under treaty, also, which France had not obtained, and which were essential for her commerce. For the reparation of these wrongs, therefore,

and for the establishment of her trade on an equal footing with England, France now made a formal demand.

I have said that French residents were murdered, and their property despoiled; and as I am desirous of making no assertions that are not susceptible of immediate proof, I will here cite one or two instances.

The first is that of a Frenchman, who followed his calling as a gunsmith, in the *Calle de las torres*. This man had served under Napoleon, and in the open boldness of his character, did not hesitate to express his opinion in opposition to the oppressive course of the dictator. He said that such things as were there constantly witnessed, could not occur and continue in France; and that if such a despot should rise up, the people of France would make a revolution and hurl him from his power. For uttering sentiments like these, he soon attracted the attention of the *Massorca*, a band of whom entered his house, and murdered him, in the presence of his family. His goods being declared confiscate, were sold, and his family turned helpless upon the world. Subsequently I purchased two muskets from his stock in trade, one of which is still in my possession.

Another instance which I will name, was that of a Frenchman, who was the proprietor of an extensive *saladero*, or salthouse, where hides and beef are prepared for exportation. This man's establishment was entirely broken up by the soldiers of Rosas, but the proprietor managed to escape with his life. The demands for indemnification, &c., were received by Rosas with the same contemptuous disregard as was the protest against his interference with the Montevideans: whereupon the government of France proceeded forthwith to place the port of Buenos Ayres under a rigid blockade. One of the first movements of the blockading squadron, was to take possession of the island San Martin Garcia, lying in the river Plata. This island, about two miles in length, was fortified, and garrisoned by the troops of

Rosas; and as the post was one of great importance in many respects, the French brought their guns to bear, and under their cover landed a considerable force. The garrison, however, made a strong resistance, and it was not until after a severe fight, that the French gained possession.

CHAPTER XXI.

Lavalia marches towards Buenos Ayres, and encamps at Lujan—Insurrection in the Interior—Rosas leaves the City, and encamps with his Army four leagues out—Barbarous Treatment of two Prisoners—Flight of Lavalia—His Death—Death of Gov. Aradia of Tucuman—Resignation of Oribe—Gen. Rivera elected President of the Banda Oriental—Don Manuel de Masa and his son Francisco—Rosas takes refuge on board the English ship Calliope—Portrait of Rosas drawn through the Streets by Women—Sacrilegious Obeisance of the Priesthood—Buenos Ayres deserted by the People—Don Manuel de Masa unites with the Citizens in an effort to restrict the Executive Power.

ENCOURAGED by the blockade, the Unitarians began to hope for a termination of the dictator's power, and new murmurs arose in the interior. Lavalia and Rivera having raised a considerable force in the Banda Oriental, the former determined to avail himself of the prospect now presented to rearouse the people of the Argentine, and with that object crossed the river Uruguay, with about five hundred men, into the province of Entre Rios; thence crossing the Parana into the south of Santa Fé, marched into the province of Buenos Ayres, recruiting as he went, and proceeded direct to Lujan, twenty leagues distant from the city. Near Lujan he halted and encamped, having recruited his force to about fifteen hundred men. Rosas was, by these means, goaded to a state of uncontrollable exasperation. His persecution of the Unitarians was continued with, if possible, increased barbarity; and, as though victims were not sufficiently plenty, he even offered freedom to slaves who would denounce their masters. The interior provinces were by this time in open

revolt, and the dictator, perceiving that all was at stake, seemed determined on an effort to crush the rebellion.

The people of the city were anxiously expecting the approach of Lavalia, ready at any moment to join him, when Rosas, with a force of about four thousand men, marched out, leaving, as the guardians of the public weal, the ever-active *Massorcas* and a few hundred troops. Moving towards Lujan, he marched about four leagues, and sat himself down with his army in position, showing evidently, that, in leaving the city, he did so only to avoid the danger that would occur to him should Lavalia attack him there, well knowing, as he did, that in case of attack the citizens would unite with the insurgents to put him down, and choosing rather to meet his enemy with none about him but his own soldiers. Here encamped, he made no further advance, but kept up a continual run of scouts, in order to make a show of activity; and at length succeeded in making prisoners two young officers of Lavalia's division. His cruel disposition of these men can only be described as it was witnessed by a neutral party.

Near his encampment were two or three country mansions, one of which, not more than three hundred yards from the scene, was occupied by Don ——, whose lady chanced to be on the *assota*,* when these prisoners were brought into camp. The natural sympathies of a woman's heart were at once excited in their behalf, and she watched with great anxiety the course pursued towards them. Each having been divested of his coat, vest, and hat, was brought out upon the plain, and placed in what is called *stac*, that is to say, they were placed upon their backs on the ground, their arms extended, and secured in that position by thongs tied about the wrists, and fastened to stakes driven into the ground for the

* The houses of Buenos Ayres, and all the principal towns, are built with *assota*, or flat roofs, on many of which gardens are cultivated.

purpose—their feet also fastened down in the same manner; and the poor fellows thus left in the sun with their faces upward.* When the lady saw this she hastened to inform her husband, and entreated of him to interfere for their liberation; but he answered, saying, that to interfere with a decree of Rosas would be to endanger his own life without the possibility of serving the victims. The lady's anxiety increased; time and again, during the day, would she go to the housetop in hopes of finding that they had been removed, but as often did she see them in their helpless position, broiling in the sun! As the shades of night came on, and found them still there, she became almost frantic. In vain had her husband urged and entreated her to remain below; there was a horrible infatuation that drew her, despite her will, to look upon the scene until it had unfitted her for every other thought. At night she could not sleep; the vision of those miserable men was constantly before her eyes, and at the earliest dawn she was again at the housetop. They were still in view, stretched out as she had last seen them, and where they had now remained during the space of at least twenty hours.

At last they were unbound; and the lady, clapping her hands with joy, exclaimed, "They have taken them up! they have taken them up!" But her joy was of short duration. The poor fellows, blinded and scarce able to stand, were staggering about on their feet, as Rosas came from his tent, and in a few minutes after a volley of six muskets brought them to the ground, and put an end to their mortal agony.

The witness of this terrible act uttered a piercing shriek, wrung her hands, and wept hysterically, until her husband, perceiving that Rosas was approaching the house, and fearing

* Artegas was the only person, save Rosas, whom I ever knew to be guilty of this barbarous practice.

that an exhibition of even the sympathy of his wife would compromise the safety of his whole family, begged and entreated of her, as she valued his life, to compose herself, and come down to receive the governor.

"Oh, I cannot meet him! I cannot meet him!" she exclaimed.

"But, my dear wife, for heaven's sake come down! We must not show that we have seen this thing, or at least we must not show sympathy. Calm your excited feelings, I pray you, and for my sake come down. Come down, or we are lost!"

The lady descended, and as well as she could, played the dissembler. With a trembling hand, she presented the governor with a cup of *maté*; then excusing herself, retired to her own apartment.

After a short conversation with the husband, as though nothing unusual had occurred, the governor took leave, and returned to his camp.

Rosas had remained in this position some three or four weeks, not daring to advance or retire, when his mind hit upon a piece of stratagem that was deserving of a better cause, by which he hoped to drive the enemy from his position, and relieve himself from any danger of further immediate annoyance from that source. He planned a *ruse de guerre*, in the following manner. Having written four several orders to as many fictitious commandants, directing the said commandants to make a concentration of their several forces, (which he represented as amounting to about eight thousand men,) on a certain day, near Lujan, for the purpose of crushing the traitor Lavalia, he addressed them to different parts of the province, and placed them in the hands of a subaltern, with directions what course to take, laying out that course in such a manner as to ensure the capture of the bearer by Lavalia. The messenger departed with his trust, and the *ruse* was completely successful. The fictitious orders fell into

the hands of Gen. Lavalia, who, believing that they were *bona-fide*, and that the combined forces would be upon him early the following day, razed his camp, without staying even to cook the beef that had been killed for his dinner, and by a circuitous route through the pampas, hurried into the interior. Rosas, on the successful issue of his plan, returned to the city. Lavalia continued northward, without opposition, dividing his little power, and distributing the detachments among the provinces through which he passed: continuing himself towards Tucuman, at which place he arrived, with only his staff, and a guard of about twenty men.

This officer was now becoming too important and influential for the comfort of Rosas, and as the latter could not afford the troops necessary to meet Lavalia in the field, he found it necessary to employ a more prompt and economical method of getting rid of him. Intimation was given to the emissaries of Rosas in Tucuman, the result of which was, that Lavalia was attacked by a body of armed men while sitting in his own house. To escape them, he took refuge in an inner room; the assailants then set fire to the house, but on discovering the apartment in which he was concealed, the fire was extinguished, and about forty muskets were discharged through the windows and door of the room. His dead body was afterwards found, pierced with a number of balls.

After the death of Lavalia, Don Alexander Aradia was placed at the head of the government at Tucuman; but it was not long before he also died by the hand of violence and popular fury.

Oribe, deprived by the blockade of the assistance of his friend, found himself so vigorously besieged at Montevideo, by an army of militia under Gen. Rivera from without, and so unpopular among the citizens within his city, that he was compelled to resign his office, as the only step by which to secure his own personal safety, although about a year and a

half of the term for which he had been elected was still unexpired. His resignation was tendered on the 23d of October, 1838, under a protest, wherein he stated "his conviction that his remaining in power would be the only obstacle in the way of restoring to the republic the tranquillity it so much needed." The general assembly seemed to entertain the same opinion, and his resignation was by that body accepted, after which the French fleet gave him a safe conduct to the city of Buenos Ayres. There he was received with honors becoming a better man. He became immediately the bosom friend of Rosas, and, as subsequent events will show, it was not long before his services were brought into requisition, for the purpose of sustaining the dictator in his power.

On the resignation of Oribe, Gen. Rivera entered the city, and was immediately after elected and inaugurated president of the republic. Peace was restored to Montevideo, and the whole country of the Banda Oriental was soon again enjoying the prosperity incidental to the administration of its affairs by a man who had at heart the public weal rather than his own personal aggrandizement.

About this time, viz. in 1838, my wife, who had remained with me at Buenos Ayres since my return from Europe, left that city on a visit to her relatives at Cordova, taking with her our youngest boy, who was then an infant. It was our last parting, for, soon after reaching her native place, she was severely attacked with scarlet fever, and died even before I knew of her illness.

As the name of Don Manuel de Masa will hold a somewhat conspicuous place in the work before us, it may not be considered amiss to enter here upon a slight digression, in order to show the relative positions of this unfortunate man and the dictator of the country.

Masa was a venerable man, of education, discernment, and patriotism; he had known Rosas from his boyhood, and, while the latter was upon the farm of his father, discovered

in him such qualities of intelligence as induced him to lead the mind of the boy from the quiet seclusion in which fortune had placed him, and guide it in a train which should happily tend to his own and his country's welfare. He spread before the youth a range of thought which before he had never conceived or dreamed of; taught him that to be ambitious for good and patriotic ends, was a virtue to be eagerly acquired and cautiously guarded; told him of the servile condition of his country to a foreign power, and urged that at such a time her interests were paramount to all others. In a word, the youthful Rosas became the protégé and student of the worthy man; and had the virtuous principle been implanted in his nature, his country would have had cause to bless the years of his pupilage. On the death of his father, Masa became as a father to him; and often, in after years, when the pupil's hand was wet with the blood of his countrymen, would the noble monitor, with firm yet mild persuasion, strive to stay the impetuous fury of his dark career.

Masa had been made president of the house of representatives, (so called.) But his affiliation of the boy could not lead him to endorse the acts of the man, and he felt, with thousands of his fellow-citizens, the importance of a change that should restrict the enormous executive power, a power which, in good and wise hands, might, at the organization of the confederacy, have been a blessing to the country, but which, in the hands of Rosas, had become a very curse. The opportunities of this man for an undying and a glorious fame were never surpassed in the history of civilized nations; but he,

> "Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away,
> Richer than all his tribe,"

and, side by side with those whose names, like plague-spots, mar the historic page, his will go down into a living infamy.

Don Masa had an only son, many years younger than Rosas, by the name of Francisco, and the two boys had ever been regarded almost as brothers; yet, although they had shared the confidence and love of the same parent, and had received from him a like education, their dispositions and feelings were as distinct as any two opposites that could be named: and while one, by his cunning and intrigue, worked his way amid the mass of contending elements to the dictatorial power, the other, less obtrusive, but with far more solid mind and worth, served only as a colonel in the army. Both father and son recognised the authority of the "Governor and Captain-general," as did all others, because it was given him by virtue of the terms of confederation; but at the same time we deplored the unfortunate investment of that authority in such unworthy hands, and having so grievously witnessed its abuse, were unwilling that it should longer continue. The Unitarians were not at war with the laws, but with the abuse of those laws: they were at war with a tyranny more oppressive than any that had ever been inflicted by a foreign ruler; and, in order to remove the incubus from the body politic, they strove by legal measures to lessen the executive power. The internal provinces were, as before stated, in open insurrection; but why was it so? Why, it will be asked, did they not appeal to their legitimate power, the right of suffrage, and thus abate or destroy their grievances? The question has been answered before. The military power of the dictator, and his merciless course towards his opponents, had placed the people in awe; the right of suffrage existed only in name; the representatives were creatures of his own making; and so long as this polluted head existed on the political body, there was no alternative but to suffer. The people therefore rose, when the prospect of success presented itself, and with one voice denounced the dictator, and demanded a liberal constitution.

But one favorable opportunity had occurred to obtain this

result since Rosas had secured his position, and that was immediately after the defeat of Quiroga at the Lagona Lago. Had Gov. Paz secured his advantage at that moment, the country would have existed thenceforth under a government of liberal laws; but the opportunity was lost, and the chains of the people were more closely riveted than they before had ever been during the existence of the country as a republic.

The dictator was now severely annoyed in his turn, and so fearful of assassination, that he forbade the citizens carrying arms near his residence. His fears of personal violence were indeed so great, that on various occasions of excitement he took refuge on board the English ship Calliope, and the vessel was at length quaintly denominated "Rosas' frigate." Hemmed in with a blockade on the one hand, and the discontented provinces on the other, his rage was unbounded, and, with a determination to quell the insurgents, he again had recourse to his system of impost upon the unlucky Unitarians of the city.

For a more effectual establishment of his authority, and as a further means of intimidation to the weak, Rosas, in the year 1839, caused a portrait of himself to be mounted in gorgeous trappings, upon a triumphal car, and thus drawn through the streets of the city. This instrument of tyranny was sometimes drawn by the wives and daughters of the men of the *Massorca*, and at other times it was drawn by the men themselves. The car was always followed by a procession of noisy wretches, who rent the air with the accustomed shout, "*Viva la Federacion, mueran los salvages Unitarians,*" (Life to the Federation—death to the savage Unitarians.) But this was not all; the mere exhibition of this picture to the populace, with all the attendant and disgusting paraphernalia that I have named, did not suffice—sacrilege must be added to the list of enormities. The picture was conveyed from church to church, at each of which it was received by

the priests with a show of even devotional respect. It was conveyed through the sacred aisles amid the sounds of the organ, the anthem, and of prayer. It has been consecrated with incense, decorated for the celebration of high mass, and placed upon the altar by the side of the crucified Saviour; and thus with sacrilegious rites, and disgusting hypocrisy, worshipped, through fear, almost as a deity. This wicked mummery was continued from time to time during my stay, viz. till 1841, during all of which time the subject of this impious adulation was continually washing his hands in the blood of the people.

All public documents, custom-house permits, &c., were stamped in crimson characters with the words, "*Mueran los salvages Unitarians.*"* The same sentence was painted above the doors of the courts of justice, and other public buildings; and, in short, nothing was left undone that was calculated to awe with dread, or excite his emissaries to an exterminating hatred against his political opponents.

The *Massorca* were in constant requisition, and committed their depredations in the most bold and outrageous manner. Ruin stared every citizen in the face, business was at a stand, the people by thousands fled the town, and a scene of desolation and terror followed that was truly terrible. So completely was the city deserted, in order to avoid the scenes of danger and exaction, that grass sprang up in the streets and thoroughfares, and people talked one with another of their oppression. They said, "This quarrel of Rosas with the French is not our quarrel, we have no hand in it; it is the quarrel of one man that brings us to this condition. Let us see if the representatives will not listen to us, and give us relief from this ruinous oppression; we have borne it long enough."

Private *tertulias* were accordingly held, at which President

* Death to the savage Unitarians.

Masa and other members of the House were invited. At these meetings the affairs of the country were fully discussed, and a restriction of the executive power was the most prominent object of reform that was suggested. This it was proposed to effect by legislative action, and measures were taken to obtain such a vote in the house of representatives as would accomplish the object.

CHAPTER XXII.

Story of Cienfuego.

Among the horrors of the time—horrors enacted by a man whose guilty conscience turned each shadow to a foe—stands boldly conspicuous the story of the youthful Cienfuego; more especially so, however, on account of the attendant circumstances of his position and death, than the mere fact that he was one of the murdered.

This man was about twenty-five years of age; a native of Buenos Ayres; and being of one of those families that had been reduced by the convulsions of the times, resided with a sister, (his only remaining relative in the province,) in unostentatious and retired apartments. An earnest and devoted attachment to the Doña Fortunata ———, daughter to the wealthy Don Carlos ———, who had formerly been an intimate and attached friend of his father, held him to the city that he would gladly have left, in search of a more peaceful abode, even though that city was the home of his nativity. But the *affections* of the heart are ever more potent than its *fears* or its regrets, and when those holy influences are in the ascendant, there is no earthly power that can awe them into submission.

The events here related, of the fate of this young man, were gleaned from persons who witnessed them, and may be relied on as substantially true.

Cienfuego, who often visited the house of his beloved, was on one occasion surprised, by a request on the part of her father, that his visits might be discontinued. Prior to this

Don Carlos had never interposed the slightest objection to the growing attachment that was evidently existing between the young couple; and this sudden and unexpected repulse, filled the mind of the lover with painful astonishment. In a tone of remonstrance, he said—

"Why is this, noble señor? Surely I have given you no offence!"

"None, my young friend," replied the father; "but it is my wish that you shall visit my daughter no more."

"Alas, I know my crime, señor," said Cienfuego; "it is that of *poverty;* but, I entreat of you, do not turn me hopeless from your door on that account. Say it is but that, and I shall go forth cheerfully, and with a glad heart struggle with fortune, until my circumstances shall enable me to claim and protect the object of my soul's affection. I pray you let me see her now, señor, that I may assure her of my unabated attachment, and beg that she will not forget me in my exile."

"That cannot be," replied Don Carlos; "I have already told my daughter that she must see you no more."

"For the love that my father bore to you, I pray, señor, that you will not turn me thus in disgrace from your door! What have I done to cause this cruel change in your demeanor? What can I do to restore your former confidence? Am I too young? I will wait your pleasure. Am I poor? I will gain riches: but for heaven's sake do not forbid me to hope!"

"You must forget each other," was the cold response of the unyielding father.

"That, señor, can never be; you have not power over the mind, Don Carlos, and, despite your cruel mandate, I shall still think of and love my Fortunata. Again, in the name of the man whom you once loved, my own lamented father, I entreat your forbearance."

"If you respect the memory of your deceased father," said

Don Carlos, "you will immediately leave my presence; your suit is in vain."

"I obey you, señor; and in so doing, pray that peace and happiness may rest with you and yours."

With a swelling heart Cienfuego turned from the house, and directed his steps towards his own residence, there to pour out the burden of his grief in the confiding bosom of an only sister. With a mind wrought almost to distraction, he related to her all that had passed at the house of Don Carlos. His sister listened with all the feelings of one whose soul was absorbed in his happiness, and in the most encouraging manner strove to reassure him.

"My dear brother," she said, "you must know that, notwithstanding all which has occurred, Fortunata entertains for you a tender regard; therefore be cheerful; with her love all will yet be well; and I pray you, for your own and for my sake, dismiss this heavy melancholy; you are my only brother, my only friend, and to see you thus miserable, will be worse to me even than death itself."

"Ah! my beloved sister," he said, "I know that if my destiny was in your hands, all would indeed be well; but Don Carlos is more than cruel, else he would have given me one last interview with Fortunata, where I could have poured out a repetition of my vows, and, while I yielded to her father's imperative command, have urged the hope that I should yet have power to claim her at his hands. My poverty, sister, is the barrier to that hope; and I would have told her, if so permitted, that when fortune should have smiled upon my efforts, I would, if she were true, return and call her mine. Oh! could I have done this, my dear Carolina, I should have been content! And why should I not see her?" he continued, as if communing with himself; "why should I not see her even now, and say to her, my love will never change?"

"Now!" exclaimed his sister, who had been an attentive listener to his words.

"Even now, my sister!"

"Surely, my brother, you will not be so rash! Night hath fallen upon the city, and danger will await you at every step. Do not think of it, I pray you!"

"After the scene that I have just passed through, Carolina, there is nothing dangerous to my mind. I fear only the cruel repulse of my father's friend."

"For my sake, then, do not leave home to-night! You are my only protector, friend, brother; and to whom shall I turn, if evil fall on you. In the name of her whose image hangs before us—even of our dear, lost mother, who with her last words consigned your helpless sister to your care—I do conjure you, leave me not to-night!"

"'Tis but for a short time, my sweet girl," he replied, smiling at her fears; "a short time, and I shall return again. Think not that your brother can desert his precious charge, or be happy, even, without her. No, no! my dearest Carolina; as I revere the memory of those loved objects, whose lineaments seem even now to smile upon us here, so will I keep my trust. But, sister, as you love me, do not stay me now, lest you should make me more than miserable. In tears! Oh, this is misery indeed! Banished from the presence of her I love, by an obdurate father; and held in banishment by a sister, dearer to me than life itself! Pray you, put off these fears, my sister, and give that sweet permission, without which I surely will not go. Oh! if you could but know the happiness it would impart to my poor distracted heart, you would not thus detain me."

"Alas, my heart is heavy with evil foreboding," she replied, embracing him, and imprinting a kiss upon his forehead, "but I must consent. Be not long absent, my brother, for I shall watch unceasingly, and with an anxious mind, till your return."

"Thanks, my dear girl; fear nothing. In two hours I shall again be with you."

Placing a poniard in his belt, and hastily wrapping his

cloak about his person, he once more tenderly embraced his sister, and, as she uttered a prayer for his safety, departed upon his errand.

Drawing his cloak close about him, Cienfuego held his way cautiously through the most retired streets towards the residence of Don Carlos, meditating with shame that he should be compelled thus clandestinely to enter the house of one to whom his father had been an undeviating friend, and trembling, lest by discovery he should bring down upon himself and his beloved the wrath of the proud and obdurate old man. In this mood he at length reached the house, yet lacked the firmness to apply for admission at the usual entrance. Passing to the rear, in hopes of seeing the lady from the balcony, or from her apartment, which lay in that direction, he mounted upon a wall, and discovered a light in the lower room; hoping to find there the object of his search, he moved along the wall towards the house, and, looking through the open windows, was startled at seeing Don Carlos sitting alone at his table in the act of writing. Fearful of discovery, Cienfuego continued his way upon the wall which ran along the side of the building to the street, intending to leap into the street, and apply for admission at the front entrance; but in this he was frustrated by a patrol of soldiers who had halted directly before the house. In his excitement and trepidation, he retreated again towards the yard, involuntarily drawing his poniard from its sheath, and, without a moment's reflection, sprang into the window, and fell upon his knees before the astonished Don Carlos, at the same time throwing the poniard upon the floor.

Don Carlos in an instant seized him by the throat, at the same time levelling a pistol at his head, as in a voice of fury he exclaimed—

"Young man, what has brought you here at such an hour? Speak! and, as you value your life, speak truly!"

"Loose your hold of my throat, señor, and I will explain

all," said Cienfuego, almost strangled with the grasp of the old man.

"Speak, then," exclaimed Don Carlos, releasing his hold; "speak, and convince me that the design of your visit was not dishonorable, or, by the holy Virgin, you shall not quit this room alive!"

"Good señor," said Cienfuego, "I came with the design to see your daughter, and—"

"Did my daughter know of your intention?" demanded the excited father, interrupting him.

"No, señor, no! As I live, she knew not of it."

"And now, what further intention caused this most singular visit? What, young man, was your object, had you been so fortunate as to meet my child?"

"It was to tell her again of my love, good señor. To tell her, that by her father I had been driven from her presence; that I had resolved to obey the stern command, and to entreat that she would love me still, and give me hope, that, when with better fortune crowned, I yet might call her mine. These, noble señor, and these only, were the objects of my visit."

"I believe you," replied Don Carlos, after a moment's reflection; "I believe you, and will even now make amends for my late error, by saying I had already regretted the course that I had pursued towards you this evening. My daughter has but just now left the apartment, and her last words were in your behalf. See, I was in the very act of addressing you when your rash intrusion did so well-nigh turn the current of my favor; but I believe what you have told me, and will immediately send my daughter to you."

As he said this, he turned from the apartment, leaving Cienfuego in a state of bewildered conjecture as to the true purport of his words. The transition was so sudden that he could not realize it. Hope, doubt, fear lest he should be betrayed into the hands of justice for his unlawful intrusion,

alternately held possession of his thoughts, until the length of time that he had been left alone almost gave the latter the ascendency. "Can it be possible," thought he, "that my father's friend would act so base a part? No! no! it cannot be. Ha! the clock strikes eleven, and I have been even now three hours from home. Ah, my poor sister! Should he deceive me, what will become of that poor girl! Shall I remain? I can escape as I entered, by the window. No, that were too cowardly! Here lies my poniard; with this for my companion, I will await the issue of this foolish adventure."

With thoughts like these his mind was tossed during the tedious delay, until, placing the weapon in his belt, he seated himself, determined to abide the result. Nor did he wait long, for at the next moment the door of the apartment opened, and, pale as death, Fortunata stood before him.

Cienfuego arose, and handing her to a seat, said—

"Alas, my beloved, I read my sentence in your countenance. Your father has sent you to see me for the last time; he commands you to forget me, but oh, Fortunata, surely that cannot be. That I do love you, read the evidence in this one act, where I have perilled life and every thing to gain the sweet yet fearful privilege to say *farewell*—to tell you your cruel father's mandate, and to entreat that you will love me still and ever. Oh! I do hope, my girl, that time will give me favor in his eyes; that fortune, which has frowned so much of late, will bless me yet again with means to claim you as my wife. Your father wrongs me, Fortunata; he scorns me because of my poverty."

"Nay, Cienfuego," said the trembling girl, "you wrong my father with ungenerous doubts. He hath repented of his harsh intent, and even now hath given a full consent that we shall wed."

"Consent!" exclaimed the startled lover, pressing the affectionate girl to his bosom. He could say no more, and a

rapturous silence, in which tears of joy were copiously mingled, was at length broken by the voice of Fortunata.

"Have you not, indeed, wronged my father?" she said, in tones almost stifled with emotion.

"Oh, past all forgiveness!" exclaimed the happy youth. "Yet will I claim it on my knees. Ah, my beloved, the bliss of this one moment would repay, a thousand-fold, an age of misery such as I have known."

"Then listen further," said the maiden; "since I know you love me for myself, I will inform you that my father hath given not only his consent to our union, but, as a dower, all his possessions in the south, which, as you well know, are large."

"Generous man! oh, he was worthy of my father's love; and as my father loved him, so will I. How could I so have wronged him with my doubts! Fortunata, forgive me."

"All is forgiven," she replied; "and now, until to-morrow, we must part. My father sends these pistols as your safeguard through the town, for these are troublous times, my Cienfuego, and none may know at what moment he may need defensive means. To-morrow we will be happy."

Tenderly embracing the dearest object of his soul, Cienfuego would have lingered still, but at that instant the chiding tongue of time told *one*. He started at the sound, as the remembrance of his sister crossed his mind, and, imprinting a fervent kiss upon the brow of his beloved, he bade a last good-night, and left the house.

Having placed the pistols in his belt, with his cloak drawn close about him, and his heart filled with glowing anticipations of delight, he hurried on to convey the cheering intelligence of his happiness to that sister whose eyes he knew were streaming bitter tears at his delay. "Ah, my sweet girl," thought he, "I will repay you for the anguish you now suffer, with words of hope and joy!" His mind thus employed, and anxious to reach home speedily, he neglected

the precaution that he had employed in the early part of the night, and, taking the nearest route, passed through the most frequented thoroughfares, until he was started from his revery, by the challenge of a patrol. Looking about him, he perceived that he was near the residence of the governor, and in an instant was surrounded by the guard.

"Who are you?" demanded the officer of the guard.

"My name is Cienfuego," he replied.

"Why do you walk so late, señor?"

"I have been visiting a friend, and am now on my way to my own residence, which lies in the Calle ——."

"You are well armed for a visitor, I perceive," said the officer, drawing aside his cloak; "a poniard and pistols."

"Yes, señor; it is necessary to be armed in times like these. But, if you doubt my peaceable intent, I pray you send a guard with me to my residence."

"That is a greater favor than I have power to grant. My orders are to arrest all who are found with arms upon them, and conduct them before the governor."

"But surely you will not detain me. I pray you send information to Don Carlos, at whose house I have spent the evening. He will satisfy you in a moment that this arrest is unnecessary. You will at least so far indulge me."

"I cannot disobey an order; you will therefore go with us, and satisfy his *Excellenza* in person."

He was at once disarmed, and led to the house of Rosas, who, as has before been stated, watched by night and slept by day. On reaching the house, the arms of Cienfuego were sent in, with information that the person on whom they were found was in custody; and orders were speedily returned, directing that he should be securely bound and held till morning, when the governor would give him audience. The hands of the young man were accordingly tied tightly behind his back, and in this condition he was left under a guard until daylight, when he was ushered into the presence of the dic

tator. So tightly had the thong been drawn about his wrists that the blood was actually oozing from beneath his finger-nails, and he begged that they might be released. Disregarding his entreaties, Rosas exhibited the pistols and poniard, saying—

"Young man, do you know these weapons?"

"Yes, señor; they are mine."

"If you would save your life, then, confess to me who are your accomplices in the act that you intended to perform."

"Señor, I had no act in contemplation save that of reaching my home in safety."

"Liar!" exclaimed Rosas, "name your accomplices in this attempt upon my life, or here I swear that you shall be dragged from street to street, before your execution; they shall see that one at least is in my power."

"Your life, señor!" said Cienfuego, in astonishment; "believe me, I never thought to harm you in any manner, nor have I an accomplice."

"You *will not* confess," said Rosas, stamping with rage. "Guards! let him be shown as an example; bear him through the town!"

The order was promptly obeyed, and the unfortunate prisoner, bare-headed, bound, and suffering, was dragged through the principal streets. On the way he was seen by Don Carlos and his daughter, who had just left home on their way to mass, and no sooner was he recognised by the lady than, uttering a piercing shriek, she fell insensible on the pavement. The first act of the old man was to see his daughter borne carefully home; then, without waiting for her recovery from the swoon, he ordered medical attendance forthwith, and hastened to the house of the governor, taking with him two or three of Cienfuego's letters of love that had been found upon the person of Fortunata.

Arrived at the house, he immediately sent his name to Rosas, begging an immediate interview; but, after having been

detained an hour, suffering the most intense anxiety, an aid-de-camp appeared, who asked the nature of his business, and stated that the governor could not be seen. The old man informed the officer of what he had witnessed, assured him that the young man was guiltless of any crime, and, to prove the innocence of his last night's employment, stated that he was a suitor to his daughter, had passed the evening at his house, and finally placed the letters in his hand to be shown to the governor. They were accordingly taken in, but all was vain. Rosas refused to listen to any testimony, and, although he retained the letters, sent orders for Don Carlos to retire. The old gentleman, sick at heart, turned from the door, at the moment that the guard returned with their exhausted and panting prisoner. Cienfuego, who was borne by two of the guard, being himself unable to stand, raised his eyes imploringly to the old man for protection. Alas! he could not impart a ray of hope—too well he knew that death must end the scene; and, crossing himself devoutly, he turned, with a thrill of horror, from the terrible picture before him.

Hastening to his daughter's chamber, he found her still insensible. Kneeling at her bedside, he uttered a prayer for her safety, and, by the efforts of those in attendance, she was at length restored to consciousness.

"Oh, my father," she exclaimed, rising from the pillow, as she perceived the old man at her side, "tell me, tell me, was it Cienfuego that I saw, or is this all a horrid dream?"

"Be calm, my dear child," said the father, his old eyes wet with tears; "be calm. The ways of Providence are mysterious—we cannot comprehend them; let us, therefore, pray and hope for the best."

She heard no more; the fearful truth was revealed to her in all the terrible certainty of a fatal result, and with a groan that seemed to shake her very frame, she sank again exhausted on her pillow. With real cause for apprehension, her

father now hung over the inanimate form of his child, wringing his hands, and calling her loudly by name. She heard him not. The shock had frozen the already chilly current of her life, and the sweet spirit, in the unsullied purity of a virtuous existence, was wafted to its Creator.

Suffering under the inhuman inflictions, Cienfuego was literally carried before the governor a second time. He was ordered to stand erect, but this he was unable to do, and his support being withdrawn, he fell almost prostrate, resting upon his knees, and in that posture begged that his hands, which were black and swollen, might be released from their agony. With a smile that would have become a demon gloating over the object of infernal torture, Rosas looked upon him.

"Are you prepared," said he, "to name your confederates?"

"Señor, I have no confederates. Before God, I am innocent of this accusation."

"Let him be taken to the castle, and to death!" was the immediate order; and, in compliance therewith, the poor wretch was soon incarcerated in a dungeon, when, unable longer to bear up against his sufferings, both of body and mind, he fell to the ground, exhausted and insensible.

For a space of about four hours he remained in a condition that was neither of life nor death, and when at length he returned to a state of consciousness, he perceived, by the dim light of a small lamp, which served to make the gloom more fearful, the figure of a friar, in his sombre robes, leaning over him. In one hand the friar held the lamp, while with the other he presented to the sight of the youth a symbol of the cross.

"My son," said the friar, as he perceived the signs of returning animation.

"Holy father," responded the bewildered prisoner, in a voice scarce audible, "holy father, tell me, where am I? What does this portend?"

"Surely, my son, you are not ignorant of your condition," said the friar. "Prepare, then, and receive from me the consolation that our holy religion affords; unburden to me the weight which must afflict your soul, that thus I may prepare you, by the holy influences of heavenly mercy, for the change that you are soon to experience."

"But why is this, holy father? Why do you seek confession from me? and why do you speak thus, as though I were a criminal, condemned to death?"

"Alas, my son, to death you are condemned."

"To death! By whom? For what?"

"By order of the governor, my son. This night you die."

Cienfuego was silent, and the friar again exhorted him to confession; but the unhappy prisoner made no response. At that moment an officer, with two soldiers, entered the cell; Cienfuego was lifted to his feet, and supported in that position; the thong that bound his wrists was unfastened, and his helpless and disfigured hands fell heavily at his side. An expression of mournful sympathy was in every face.

"Now," said he, "I hope for mercy; my innocence is proved, and I shall be set at liberty."

The officer, with a down-cast look, replied, as he drew a paper from his pocket, and broke the seal—

"Young man, I know not the nature of this order, but I am directed to read it in your presence; and whatever it may be, I hope you will receive it as becomes a man. Then, opening the order, he read as follows—

"To the Commandant at the public castle—

"The prisoner Cienfuego must be shot before the fifth hour of the coming morning."

This order was signed with the *Rublico* of Rosas.*

* The official signature of Rosas is, (after the manner of many who

Cienfuego, being unbound, was now able to stand upon his feet. And the officer, having ordered the soldiers to retire, said to him, kindly—

"My young friend, no alternative now remains; it becomes you therefore to prepare for death, and to meet it as becomes a Christian and a man. To this end you will be allowed the latest moment in my power, and this holy man will remain your companion."

Then, addressing the friar, he said—

"Holy father, we would sometimes gladly avoid the performance of our official duties, but you know that the governor's orders are imperative, and must be obeyed."

He was about to retire, when Cienfuego arrested his attention.

"Señor," said he, in a calm voice, "if indeed all hope of life is past, as a dying man, I would entreat of you one favor."

"Name it, señor, and if it is not inconsistent with my duty, it shall be granted."

"I have a sister, señor, whom I would fain see before I die—an only sister; and while I fear that to behold me in this extremity would distract her, yet I feel, as I have no crime upon my conscience, that if I could but see her for a moment, and leave with her the forgiveness of my enemies, I could die content. And then, good señor, there is yet another—I would—no, no; beloved Fortunata, you shall be spared this anguish! I pray you, señor, let me behold my sister ere I die!"

"Would it were in my power so to do," replied the officer, in a voice that revealed his emotion; "but it is forbidden that you shall hold converse with any from without. Pardon me, such are my orders."

have preceded him,) the *Rublico*, a mere cipher or flourish; his name does not, or, at the time of which I write, did not attach to any of his public documents.

"Oh! my poor girl, what will become of you!" exclaimed the prisoner, as the officer retired. "Alone! alone! In this cold world, with none to comfort or protect you! Oh! had I listened to the prophetic admonitions of your voice, this evil had not fallen upon us!"

"Confess, my son," said the priest, "and prepare for that mercy which is ever open to the contrite heart."

"Confess! holy father; I have no confession to make. I am innocent of all this charge; and yet I fear to die! How can I die! In youth, in health, in strength! I must not die! I cannot die! I cannot give up so soon the promised hopes of life and joy! Father, I will not die! As you hope for mercy, *save me! save me!*"

"Beloved son, be calm," said the friar, raising the crucifix before him; "be calm, and hear me: to flatter your mind with hope at this awful crisis, would be an act of guilt and deception. No earthly power can save you now. Let me implore you, then, to prepare for the worst; forget the world and its corruptions, and turn your thoughts to that bright home of rest, where sorrow is not known. My son, my son, be calm!"

The doomed man paced the cell, disregarding the exhortations of his companion, and exclaiming, frantically—

"I cannot die! I will not die! Now, Fortunata, you are mine, mine forever! I am innocent, and it is proved! I come to you, love! I come! I come!"

The priest fell upon his knees, and, trembling with horror, prayed for the soul of the maniac before him. The reason of Cienfuego had fled its seat; and, with wild and incoherent expressions of alternate joy, sorrow, hope, despair, and defiance, his wandering mind beguiled the time until the night had passed, and the morning hours told one by one the moment of approaching doom.

Before the fourth hour had passed, his executioners appeared. The door of his dungeon was opened, and six soldiers stood at the entrance.

"Do not detain me, señor," said the maniac, addressing the officer; "my innocence has been proved, and I am to be released—let me go! let me go! my sister awaits my coming!"

Totally unconscious of the object, he was led into the *coral* by stern men, whose hearts were melted at his misery; there he was seated upon a bench, and the file of soldiers was drawn up but a few feet from him. The officer averted his face; the deadly weapons were presented; the signal was given; and at the next instant the body of Cienfuego rolled heavily and lifeless upon the ground!

His sister Carolina, who, almost frantic, had sought for him in every direction, learned, on the previous evening, that her brother was confined in the castle, and immediately hastened to that place, in hopes of gaining admission. She applied at the guarded entrance, and with the most violent entreaty, begged to see her brother, if only for a moment; but she was told that none could be admitted; and, after exhausting every means of persuasion in vain, she sat down upon the cold steps of his prison, and poured out her anguish in a flood of bitter tears. Driven at length from this spot, she wandered the livelong night about the building, continually weeping, wringing her hands, and praying to heaven for succor. Soon after day had dawned, she perceived that the entrance was left ungarded, the sentinel having left his post to witness the execution; embracing the opportunity, she sprang, noiseless as a thing of air, through the door, and was gliding through the passage which leads to the *coral*, when the report of the volley that sent her brother to his last account, fell like thunder upon her ears. Springing forward, and uttering a piercing shriek, she flew past the guard at the inner door, and saw the bleeding corpse of her brother, ere the smoke from the deadly weapons had been dissipated! But she knew him not—she, too, had been made a maniac; and rushing from the spot, she ran wildly through the streets, towards the governor's house, calling constantly upon Cienfuego.

By Rosas she was ordered into confinement, where her raving continued until nature was completely exhausted ; and before another morn had dawned, she joined her brother in the spirit-land.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Oribe sent into the Interior—The Doña Manuela, daughter of Rosas—Running the Blockade in Rowboats from Montevideo—Interview between Masa and Rosas—Masa continues his efforts against the Executive Power—Brutal Policy of the Dictator—Treacherous Arrest of Don Francisco Masa, and Murder of young Juan.

In the mean time Rosas was carrying on his measures for another reduction of the provinces, and having gathered a strong power, dispatched Oribe at the head of an army into the interior, with orders to give no quarter where he should meet with opposition; and, as the result proved, the minion was not unworthy of his mission. Step by step he moved from province to province, from town to town, marking his route with murder and carnage, until he arrived at Tucuman. Here he established his head-quarters, and by acting in concert with Rosas, the one near the north, and the other at the south of the republic, each with an army at his back, they managed to preserve an equilibrium of awe sufficient for their ends. The provinces were again placed in an attitude of complete submission.

From Tucuman Oribe sent, as a fit tribute of his valor, and as an appropriate gift to the Doña Manuela, daughter of Rosas, the *salted ears* of a Unitarian officer named Borda; these were afterwards kept in a glass case, and often exhibited by the lady to the visitors at her father's house.

This young woman seemed to partake fully in all the sanguine and vicious traits of her father. She has been known to sport with the decapitated heads of his victims as they

have lain upon the ground in the yard, and to have looked upon an execution, or the cutting of a throat, if such can be called an execution, as mere pastime. Rosas, it is well known, kept in his household, after the manner of the iron-fisted monarchs of old, a couple of jesters, or, as they are more commonly termed, *fools;* and whenever this young lady wished to obtain an especial favor from her father, she would get one of these fellows to place himself at "all fours," and then mounting astride his back, would, in that position, ride into his presence, and with mock humility present her petition. Her ludicrous attitude always put the dictator in a good humor, and secured the wishes of the petitioner.

Various attempts at negotiation had been made by the French, but without success. The blockade still continued in full force, and the Montevideans, availing themselves of the opportunity afforded for enormous profits, were nightly engaged in running the blockade with rowboats, filled with outside produce, as teas, coffee, sugar, &c. &c., upon which fortunes were realized. Seventy and eighty cents per pound was paid for sugar, and proportionate prices for other articles. The character of these speculations was naturally hazardous, and some of the boats were intercepted; but on one occasion, in an attempt to prevent the accomplishment of one of these mercantile expeditions, the Frenchmen came off decidedly "second best," and even with the loss of three or four officers and men. In this instance the boat of the trading party was discovered moving towards the shore, about twelve leagues from the city of Buenos Ayres, and a boat from one of the French vessels immediately started, with a small crew, in pursuit. The traders had considerably the start, but the weight of their cargo placed them under a disadvantage; besides, their propelling force was not more than half that of their pursuers. It was broad daylight, and the people from the shore, seeing the chase and the odds, and being at the same time desirous to obtain the benefit of the produce,

of which they stood in need, determined, as far as they could, to assist in the escape. Some fifteen or twenty men, therefore, armed with muskets, ran down towards a small creek, in the direction of which the chase seemed to tend, and concealed themselves among the bushes upon its margin. From their hiding-place they could see both parties, and the scene grew more and more exciting as they neared the shore, the pursuers gaining rapidly on the pursued at every stroke of their oars. The latter, however, bent on with all their might, and entered the mouth of the creek not more than a dozen lengths ahead of the Frenchmen; straining every nerve, they shot up the creek, and, as they reached the spot where the witnesses had assembled, a man in the prow of the French boat was just raising his boat-hook to fasten upon the stern of the merchantmen. A shot from the ambush caused the hook to fall into the stream, and brought the man who wielded it prostrate among the oarsmen; and at the next instant three or four shots were fired into the boat, effectually putting an end to the chase. This done, the party on shore moved quietly from the spot; the boat, with its cargo of merchandise, entered its port in safety, and the Frenchmen returned to their vessel, having lost, as was afterwards stated, one officer and two men.

Having dispatched Oribe into the country, Rosas turned his especial attention to matters near home. The disaffection of the people of Buenos Ayres became at length too palpable to be mistaken: they felt like men who were actuated by an honorable impulse, and that, in so good a cause as that of freeing their country from oppression, they must shrink from no duty or danger that might be set before them. Rosas heard of what was going forward, and denounced it as a treasonous conspiracy. The interposition that President Masa had often put forward to stay him in his career of blood, had already raised the animosity of the dictator against him, yet the position held by the worthy man, and the uni-

versal high esteem entertained for him by all the people, induced Rosas, for some time, to bridle his resentment, and allow him to continue in his office; but that he had dared even to think of curtailing the executive power was a crime not to be passed over silently. He sent for his old protector, and demanded of him how far he was concerned in the new conspiracy against him and his government.

Masa replied as a father would have replied to a son. He stated that the people were suffering from his abuse of the power that had been placed in the executive hands, and that they were desirous of so amending their plan of government as to place the right of electing representatives in the hands of the citizens, by universal suffrage, and of limiting the power of the executive.

"And so, señor!" exclaimed the tyrant, grating his teeth, "the venerable Don Masa, whom I have honored with the direction of the house of representatives, is in league with this gang of Unitarian traitors."

"*Traitors!* señor!"

"Ay, *traitors!* You would league with the damned Frenchmen who are now at our doors, and join them in their attempt to rob us of our territory in the Banda Oriental. Is not this treason? You would set the devils of the interior against the constituted authorities, and teach them to cut the throat of their captain-general. Is not this treason? You would embroil the country in another civil war, raise up new aspirants for the executive chair, and turn the country into a second pandemonium! But Oribe will manage that, and if he leaves a living Unitarian on his route he is no true Federal. Traitors! yes, traitors! and you, Don Masa, have even taken the lead with them."

"Don Rosas," replied Masa, with firm and dignified bearing, "the man who strove to teach you the first principles of national policy, has no affinity with treason or traitors; he seeks only the general good, and would gladly attain that by

legitimate and peaceful measures. If a foreign power is at our doors, who but Rosas hath brought it there? If our country hath suffered civil war, who but Rosas, with his towering ambition, and his stretch of power, did raise the broil? Is the life of the captain-general threatened, who but himself, by a ruthless and bloody course, hath brought this danger upon him? Talk not of treason, señor; the people of this republic have suffered long and grievously, and would, by legitimate means alone, secure a real independence."

"And Don Masa would aid them in their *honest* endeavor?"

"He would."

"And be, perchance, their captain-general himself?"

"I have no ambition," Don Rosas, "save for my country's good; nor would I accept advancement."

"A true patriot," said Rosas, ironically; "and, doubtless, if his country's good should require such sacrifice, Don Masa would even lay down the office that he holds?"

"Most cheerfully, señor."

"His resignation, then, will be expected speedily; and so, señor, I wish you a very good morning."

Don Masa retired with an indignant, yet determined mind. To resign his office at that moment, would be to place a great obstacle in the way of the success which he fondly hoped to obtain, through the action of the representatives; and after a consultation with certain of his friends, he determined to retain his place, unless he should be compelled to vacate it, under a direct order to that effect. Not receiving the expected resignation, Rosas determined to adopt a course of policy that should compel Masa to retire. Had the president of the house been any other man, the seat would at once have been vacated by a summary process, which Rosas knew well how to employ; but towards his benefactor, there was still left in his breast a lingering feeling of respect, which forbade for a time any direct assault upon his person.

Two or three weeks, however, passed away, and still Don Masa kept his position as president of the house, conversing with the members upon the necessity of a change in the powers of the executive, and using every honorable means to bring them to a consideration, not of its importance, (for that was already felt,) but of the measures necessary to produce the change. Every member of that body knew that to oppose Rosas, was to place his own life in jeopardy; and the progress of the worthy Masa was necessarily slow. He feared nothing for himself, for, with all his knowledge of the dictator's ferocious disposition, he never believed that he would dare to aim against his life; and in the performance of a conscientious right, he felt that every member ought, at least, to express himself, and give his vote without the fear of consequences.

Don Francisco, the son of Masa, had been quartered, with his regiment, at the south of the province, ever since the people in that direction had shown a disposition to resist their oppressor; but, as he was betrothed to the daughter of a distinguished family in the city, he made frequent visits to, and occasionally spent several days in town; and on one occasion, as he was on his way to visit the house of his betrothed, he was accosted by a stranger, so muffled in his cloak as effectually to conceal his person and features.

"Is this the Col. Don Masa?" the stranger inquired.

"That is my name," he replied.

"Beware," said the stranger; then, handing a sealed note to Masa, he added, "This will explain my meaning," and immediately turned from the spot.

"What can all this mean?" thought the colonel, as he approached a light, for the purpose of examining the note. "This fellow is very mysterious; and surely, if he were a friend, he need not hide his face."

He opened the note, and, by the light of a lamp, read as follows—

"Col. Masa—

"Beware! the tyrant seeks your life, and the life of your father!"

"Nonsense!" thought the colonel, as he finished perusing the note; "this is some trick to frighten me. I will go at once to the governor, and show the missive."

He went accordingly to the house of Rosas, where he met one of the cabinet ministers, to whom he exhibited the note.

"This is singular, indeed," said that personage; "let us see what the governor will say of it," and at once led the way into the presence, and placed the paper in the governor's hands.

"Who gave you this letter, Col. Masa?" inquired Rosas, when he had read it.

"I know not, señor; it was given to me in a most mysterious manner."

"Then why do you come here with such folly? it is a jest, played upon you by your associates. Retire—stay!" he added, as the colonel was about to depart. "Has your father yet prepared his resignation of the presidency?"

"I am informed, señor, that he intends presenting it this night."

The governor bowed to signify his satisfaction, and Col. Masa retired; proceeding, without suspicion or fear, directly to the residence of the Doña Clara.

Juan, a brother of this lady, held a commission as captain in Rosas' army, and was then at the barracks with his corps. Immediately after young Masa had left the government house, this officer was sent for by Rosas, and on his arrival in the governor's presence, was addressed as follows—

"You are here promptly, young señor; and it is perhaps well that you are. I am told that Col. Masa visits your father's house—is it so?"

"It is true, your *Excellenza*, he often visits my sister, Doña Clara."

"Very well, I learn that he is at your father's house at this time. You will receive instructions as to what I wish you to perform, from Don Juanguin Arranna—wait on him instantly."

Wondering what all this mystery could mean, and trembling lest some evil might be meditated against his friend, Juan went at once to the chamber of the minister, as directed. There he found Don Arranna, with two officers of the army. They were evidently waiting for him; for, as he entered the room, the minister at once rose and informed him that, with these gentlemen, and twenty soldiers, who were in waiting at the front door, he must proceed forthwith to the house of his father, and arrest the person of Col. Masa.

"You must enter the house yourself, placing a guard at the front and rear, and secure him," said the minister. "Alive, if possible; but, dead or alive, secure him!"

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed Juan, struck with consternation; "why is this? and why am I selected to arrest my friend?"

"To save your father, señor," said the minister, in an under tone—"to save your father."

"My father! what danger has befallen him?"

"He is now a prisoner, young man; and his safety may depend upon the manner in which this duty is performed by you."

"But what is my father's crime? why is he imprisoned?"

"That is not a subject for us to question; it is enough that he has been imprisoned by the governor's direction."

"And must I be compelled to tear her lover from my sister's arms!" exclaimed the young man. "Señor Arranna, this is a hard duty for a brother to perform!"

"These gentlemen will assist you," replied the minister. Then turning to the officers, he said—

"Señores, you understand your orders; proceed at once with Captain ———."

Poor Juan found himself in one of those extremities with which Rosas was accustomed to test the fidelity of his officers. He was called upon to perform a duty, against which the best feelings of man's nature would instinctively revolt; and, on the other hand, he was goaded into acquiescence by the certainty of jeopardy the life of his father. No field was open for the exercise of those noble traits that would enable a man to sacrifice himself for the preservation of others; no opportunity to disobey a cruel or vindictive mandate, at the mere risk of his own personal safety—a risk which he would cheerfully have encountered to have saved his friend, and avoided the humiliation of violating, himself, the sanctity of his own father's house: no, the spirit was hemmed in upon all sides, and could find no avenue of escape. His father was the hostage of his actions; and the bloody picture of his murdered corse was held up before his eyes, as the price of his fidelity to the orders of his master.

At the door the detachment of twenty men was found, awaiting their orders to march, and Juan led them away. His feelings prompted him to disobedience, and then the danger of his father presented itself to his mind, till his whole brain was in a whirl, and he was startled from his revery by the voice of one of the officers.

"You lead us wrong, captain," said the man; "let me direct you."

Taking a new direction, they were soon at the place of their destination. One of the officers, taking a file of six men, moved to the rear of the house; the other proposed to mount guard with an equal number in front, while Juan should enter with the eight remaining men. Juan stood irresolute, and was about to direct the men to "order arms," in order, with the noise, to give notice to Masa, when one of the men, approaching him from the ranks, said—

"Remember, captain, your father is a prisoner."

Juan started, for in the voice of the man he recognised

that of a first-lieutenant of his own regiment, and as heartless a devotee of Rosas, as Rosas himself could wish for. A cold chill ran through the frame of the commandant, and, in a tone of astonishment, he pronounced the name of the man who stood before him.

"You are right, captain," said he; "and here are seven others, all officers, who will have the honor of entering the house with you."

The same man then advanced and knocked at the door, when the Doña Clara, going to the window, perceived the guard. Throwing up the sash, she demanded their business, and was answered by the former spokesman—

"We wish admittance to your house, señora; please send and open the door."

"What can this mean!" she exclaimed, turning to Col Masa, who was at that moment bracing his sword belt. "Danger threatens you, my dear Francisco; shall I admit them?"

"Most certainly, my dear girl," he replied, "let them come in; if they search for me, I shall not avoid them."

But it was unnecessary to open the door, it was at that moment forced, and the party entered, with Juan (who at that moment supposed that his presence might be of service to his friend) at their head. Advancing to the parlor, where the Colonel and Doña Clara were awaiting their approach in breathless anxiety, Juan addressed Masa, saying, in a voice scarce audible—

"Colonel, by order of the governor, you are a prisoner—give me your arms."

At the same instant four muskets were levelled at him, and the lady, springing between the weapons and her lover, upbraided her brother for his participation in so dastardly an act.

"Fire! villains," said she, addressing the soldiers, "and let it be said that I was murdered by my own brother!"

"Hold off your weapons!" exclaimed Juan; "there is no need of force!"

"Remember your father," replied the lieutenant.

"I do! God knows I do! and it is for his sake that I am forced to this position!" Turning to Col. Masa, who now held the insensible form of the Doña Clara, (for she had fainted at the mention of her father's danger,) he said—

"Colonel, do you surrender?"

"On one condition," replied Masa, as he gave the lady in charge of her mother and a servant, and drew his pistols from his belt—"on one condition, I am your prisoner."

"Name it, señor."

"Give me ten minutes privacy, and I will accompany you."

"It is granted," said Juan; and with the rest of the guard, who moved with reluctance, he left the apartment, closed the door behind him, and went to a room below.

Obtaining ink and paper, young Masa hastily wrote to his father a precaution to make good his escape while there was yet time, and placed it in the hands of a trusty maid in the service of Doña Clara, urging her to deliver it into his father's hands without an instant of delay. The girl received her message with an eagerness which showed her desire to serve him; and at that moment the voice of young Juan was heard loudly remonstrating with his men, who were evidently striving to get up stairs, and, in their altercation, he was heard to exclaim, with a tone of determination—

"The time is not yet expired, and, by my soul, you shall not pass!"

"You are a traitor!" responded another voice, and at the next instant Francisco was at the side of his noble friend at the top of the stairs; another moment, and a volley of four musket-balls, fired from the foot of the stairs, brought them both to the floor. Grasping his sword, Francisco rose upon his knee, when another shot laid him helpless beside the dying Juan.

The cowardly ruffians then ventured to approach them; both were still alive; a *carro* was procured, into which they were thrown, and thus carried to the *quartel*. Their wounds were examined by the surgeon, who pronounced those of Juan mortal; but ere his death he gained strength sufficient to inform his friend of all that had passed prior to his arrival at the house, entreated his forgiveness, and begged that, if permitted, he would take to his father, mother, and sister, his last prayer for their happiness and welfare.

It is perhaps needless to depict the anguish of that family during this frightful night; but we will return to the house for the purpose of relating another incident connected with the tragedy then performing.

The faithful girl, who had served as the messenger of Francisco to his father, returned at a moment when the Doña Clara was about to leave the house, and, in the madness of despair, to seek her lover at the *quartel*. She entreated her not to venture out; said she had just come from the house of Don Masa, which was surrounded with soldiers, who had fired into the windows, and, as she was told, killed the mother of the young colonel; she stated that the *Massorcas* and small bands of troops were riding about the streets in every direction, and she feared that if the Doña Clara should venture forth she would surely be murdered.

The sounds of martial music, mingled with shouts and cries of "Viva Rosas," were now heard. The ladies looked from the windows, and saw approaching a troop of soldiers, attended by several of the *Massorca club*, bearing torches, and making night hideous with their yells and cries. "*Death to the Unitarians! Life to the Federals! Viva Rosas!*" and other exclamations of blood-thirsty enthusiasm, were mingled with the sounds of music, in jarring and discordant confusion.

But, "Who was it that thus cried?" some reader will inquire. Was it the voice of the people? of citizens following

in the train, who feasted their eyes upon the bloody orgies of the *Massorcas*, and cheered them to their work? No, no; from scenes like these the citizen averted his face, and shut the doors of his house against the tumult: the miserable mercenaries of the despot moved alone.

Arrived in front of the house, the cavalcade halted, sending up again the terrible shout, "Death to the Unitarians!"

The Doña Clara had by this time resumed her wonted firmness; yet, while she trembled at the scene before her, her spirit grew bold and resolute. Still standing at the window, she was called upon to open the door, which the brave-hearted serving-maid had already secured, as she best could, with a feeble barricade.

"What do you require now, you men of blood?" she inquired, in reply to the summons. "Is not my father already in your power? Have you not murdered my brother and his friend this very night? and have you come now for *our* lives? None are now here but my aged mother, my servant, and myself. My own life I will freely give, but oh! spare my mother, and that innocent girl; say you will do this, and you shall be admitted."

"No harm is intended to any that you have named," said the officer in reply, "and by opening the door you will save us the necessity of forcing it."

The fastenings were accordingly removed, and some eight or ten entered the house. The commanding officer went direct to the parlor, while his men with torches searched the house.

"Señora," said the officer, politely addressing the Doña Clara, "I am in search of certain papers said to have been left in this house by Col. Masa; will you do me the favor to deliver them?"

"I know of no such papers," replied the Doña Clara.

"Remember, señora, your father is a prisoner, and your compliance with this request may be of service to him."

"A prisoner! yes, by the order of a tyrant who seeks the blood of our house. What can avail with him? I tell you again, I know of no such papers as those you speak of; and if I did, this hand would destroy them, even though it should perish in the flame by which they were consumed."

At that moment the red glare of the torch-light fell upon the spot where her brother and her lover had fallen; pointing to the dark pools which still lay upon the floor, she exclaimed, in broken tones and sobs—

"Look here, you minions of the monster! Here is the blood of my brother and my betrothed; are ye still unsatisfied?" and with these words she sank upon her knees, and, covering her face with her hands, poured out the fulness of her woman's heart in floods of tears.

"Rise, señora, we have a duty which must be performed," said the officer.

"Oh! you have murdered them, and if you have any pity left, let me die where they fell! Kill me, cowards! even here."

"They were traitors," said one of the men.

"You are a liar!" exclaimed the lady, springing to her feet, and seizing the villain's musket. A struggle ensued, during which the Doña Clara received a bayonet wound in the side, and was carried fainting into an adjoining room.

Some of the *Massorca*, impatient of the delay, had entered the house. A general search for papers was begun, the furniture was broken, drawers and closets ransacked, and as the objects of their search were nowhere found, the gang finally left the house. This search had been made from the fact that nothing treasonable had been found upon Francisco, and as, in the opinion of Rosas' minions, any party accused must necessarily be guilty, they could only account for the fact by the supposition that he had secreted the evidence of his guilt in the house where he was arrested.

The father of Don Juan, having been arrested only for the

purpose of goading his son to the performance of a revolting duty, was at once released, as no evidence, or even suspicion of a participation in the proceedings of the Unitarians attached to him, and he returned to his once happy home, now changed, in the space of a few hours, to a scene of mournful misery.

No pen can describe the anguish of his heart. Just released from a prison, he heard of the death of his son, found his daughter severely wounded by the brutal thrust of a bayonet, his wife almost distracted, and his furniture destroyed! Let the reader who lives under a blessed government of liberal and equal laws picture to his own imagination the sufferings of that man.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Assassination of the President of the Representatives, Don Manuel de Masa—Affecting Interview in the Prison of Francisco Masa—His Murder in the *Coral*—Scenes of Blood—Murder of Col. French, and five others—Noble Sacrifice by a British Officer.

WHILE the events related in the foregoing chapter were occurring, another scene of blood was being enacted at the Hall of Representatives.

Don Manuel de Masa had striven earnestly but in vain for the accomplishment of his heart's dearest object, viz. an action of the representatives, that should free his country from the grievous evils that were inflicted upon it by the concentration of all power in the hands of one man; and he had at length determined to remain no longer even the apparent instrument of that power. It was a power that had broken up the social order of the people, destroyed the quiet of the republic, torn parents from children, and husbands from wives, to untimely and brutal death; it had deluged the nation with blood, raised up anarchy, destroyed all confidence, both public and private, so that no man could look his neighbor in the face and feel secure; it had converted the promised republic into a despotism, cruel and bloody as that of Nero; and all hope of present change had fled the old man's heart. The frosts of near seventy winters had gathered on his brow; and when he reflected that through his aid the tyrant had been raised to power, that brow was bowed in sorrow and self-reproach. The venerable patriot wept! In the silence of night he sat in the council-chamber of the capital, alone, save

that a single secretary sat near him; his resignation of the presidency was before him; and, slowly folding the document, he placed it in the hands of the secretary, saying—

"My young friend, you will please convey this, my resignation, to his Excellenza the governor."

This done, Don Masa resumed his seat, and with his head resting upon his hands, continued his reflections. His messenger had reached the opposite end of the hall, when a sound in the direction of the president's chair arrested his attention; and on looking around, he perceived a man, wrapped in a cloak, standing in the door of an ante-room, almost directly behind the señor. At the next moment another, and another, appeared at the door; and with stealthy and noiseless steps, two of the men advanced towards their unsuspecting victim: he was still reclining upon his desk, when, with fatal force, each of the two assassins plunged a poniard into his body. Masa fell to the floor, struggling in the agonies of death, when the third villain approached, and buried his weapon to the hilt in his body; still struggling, the dying man raised himself upon his feet, but at the next moment fell upon the sofa at his side and expired, without uttering a word. A fourth villain at that moment presented himself at a side door, and looked on apart; and as the assassins threw back their disguise, one of them revealed the features of Col. ———, the leader of the *Massorcas*. The fourth that appeared was supposed to be no other than Rosas himself, who had come, seemingly, to witness the destruction of one who had caused him to tremble in his power; to witness the assassination of his first benefactor, and his friend!

Thus fell the venerable Masa, a martyr in the cause of freedom! Thus fell, again, the hopes of all who sought for the establishment of law and order! In the death of this man, the people saw that neither age, virtue, nor the claims of gratitude, nor all combined, were proof against the assassin's steel; and each man trembled in his place, lest he should next become, like

Masa, a fruitless victim in a righteous cause. To have laid down life, for a successful issue of their desires, would have been regarded as a glorious immolation; but to die like a dog, and, by that death, to fasten still closer about their friends the chain of oppression, was a thing to make the stoutest shudder.

A few moments after this murder, I was attracted in the direction of the capital, by the appearance of a large body of troops, who were drawn up in the street fronting that building; and as I approached the spot, I found myself entangled among the soldiers, some of whom were moving to and fro in squads. At this moment it occurred to me that I had come into the neighborhood, unconsciously carrying in my hand a sword-cane; a discovery of which would have cost me my life. I deliberately inquired the cause of the unusual parade, (for there were at least one thousand men under arms,) and was informed that the President Masa had been assassinated. I could scarce suppress a rising exclamation, that it would have been dangerous to have uttered; but I bit my lip till the blood flowed, and, cautiously working my way from the scene, hastened to my own house.

Let us now return to Col. Francisco, whom we left, wounded and a prisoner, in the *quartel*. On the same night he was started from a feverish slumber, by the entrance of persons to his prison; and on looking from his cot, he perceived an officer, whom he well knew, with four soldiers. Approaching the bed, the officer laid before the prisoner a sheet of blank paper, with pen and ink, saying—

"Señor, I have orders to receive from you, in writing, the names of all whom you know to be the enemies of the Gov. Rosas."

"The paper is too small, señor!" replied Francisco.

"Are they so numerous, then?"

"Numerous, my friend! why their names would fill a thousand sheets like that!"

"Indeed!"

"Ay, indeed! turn you to the north and the south, to the east and the west, and you shall find his enemies like grass in the pampas. Numerous! Let him tell the hairs of his own accursed head, and three times double the account, still they shall not give the measure of those who hate him! All are his enemies! All hate, even while they fear him! For myself, I have been his friend, alas! too long; but had I known the man, as I should have known him, this right hand should have withered ere it had drawn a blade in his behalf! Enemies! yes, he *has* enemies, my friend, but I shall write no names."

Then, lowering his voice, he continued—

"Señor, I have done you a service in times past; will you do me a favor in return? I assure you it shall not conflict with your duty."

"Señor," replied the officer, speaking so as to be heard by all, "if you wish to write, I will withdraw with my soldiers!"

"You, señor, may remain. Let the soldiers retire."

The men were accordingly withdrawn from the apartment, and the door closed and fastened behind them, and as the prisoner arose in his bed the other addressed him—

"Would to God," he said, "that it were in my power to release you from this toil. To you, dear colonel, I owe the preservation of my life, and gladly would I pay that debt of gratitude, but alas! my efforts can avail you nothing; I am but a poor subaltern, and, in this emergency, even as helpless as yourself."

"You mistake me, my friend," said Francisco. "I know my fate, and would not risk a hair of any other head to avert it. But I desire that you will, if possible, make known to me, some hours before it come, the time when I must render my account to this cold tyrant's will. Tell me also, now, what of my father, and my dear Clara—her father, all; have

they been sacrificed? Speak to me as a soldier; tell the worst. Say boldly that my father is dead, my Clara in a dungeon. I have realized it all already, and you cannot make me more miserable by a confirmation of my fears. Speak, my friend; tell me all."

"Your Clara is at her own home," said his friend, with a faltering voice.

"There's comfort. Proceed.

"Her father is released, and is now with his family."

"Another drop. Go on: my father! speak of him."

But the officer could say no more. Tears were in his eyes, and he turned aside to conceal them. Francisco gazed a moment upon him with intense anxiety, and in silence, then, as though his heart had been upon his words, he exclaimed—

"Why do you keep silence? My father! I say my father! You would not have me think that his gray hairs are stained with blood. Oh, no! the tyrant, demon as he is, could not do that. He was his friend in youth—his stay—his benefactor—his all. Oh, he could not, he dare not strike at him!" He could say no more; the brave-hearted Francisco—the man who had stood the shock of battles without a quivering nerve—wept now like a woman.

"Would that this task had fallen into other hands," said the kind-hearted man at his side. "You claim from me the performance of a most ungenerous duty; you have charged me to tell the worst, and yet I have told you all but that; your own anticipations, señor, may supply the words I have not spoken."

"Yet speak again; tell me my father is arrested, imprisoned—nay, condemned, if you must; but do not say that he is *dead!*"

"Then should I be false, and deceive you indeed."

Francisco spoke not, but covered his face with his hands, and in silence, and mental prayer, poured out the agony of

his soul. The silence was at length broken by the officer, who, in a voice of kindness, said—

"Señor, I fear that my stay will bring me into danger. My men await without, and will, if my stay be much prolonged, report our interview. I pray you, then, permit me to execute my order and retire."

"Well, my friend, what is your order?" inquired the unfortunate prisoner.

"It is that I shall obtain from you a disclosure of the names of those who are in league against the governor."

"I shall make no disclosure, señor; pray retire."

"Nay, as your friend, let me entreat you; for by this you will secure a pardon and release."

"Pardon!" exclaimed Francisco, his pride at once overcoming his emotion. "Pardon! Does the tyrant think that I would *stoop* to him for pardon? He is the offender, and not I. It is his guilt that frames these phantoms of conspiracies, and leagues, and plots, against his life; it is his guilt that haunts him in his dreams, and startles him with shadows, doubts, and fear. Well may he tremble, for his day will some time come with a retribution that will be terrible. Go to the tyrant with my answer; tell him that I, the son of Don Manuel de Masa, abhor and defy him."

The officer, finding that he could obtain no disclosure, then shook him by the hand and bade a kind farewell. Instead, however, of giving the answer of Francisco as he had received it, he simply reported to the minister that he had not been able to elicit the slightest information. This was made known to Rosas, who ordered that Francisco should be instantly executed. He was accordingly, on the same night, taken from his bed, and, being unable to walk, carried to the *coral*, seated upon the bloody bench, and there shot.

On the following day, the Señora Masa, who had not been killed, as was reported, petitioned that she might receive the body of her husband, not yet knowing of the death of her

son; but this was denied, and the two bodies, placed in a public cart, were conveyed to the Plaza del Retiro.

That the governor was the indirect assassin of President Masa, we have, indeed, no certain proof; yet if he were not so, why was the foul act permitted to sleep without investigation? Why was the president's house assaulted by the troops? Why was his son arrested, and shot like a criminal on the same night? And why was the capital surrounded by Rosas' legions, at the moment of the assassination? The act was so glaringly his, that all, with one accord, unhesitatingly marked him as the perpetrator, nor did he, that I ever learned, venture upon a denial of the general charge. Again, if it was not his act, who was the perpetrator? Masa was universally beloved by the whole mass of the people, while, on the contrary, he had made himself obnoxious to Rosas by his efforts to lessen the executive power; and as the latter was known to stop at nothing where that power was threatened, public opinion at once fixed upon him that terrible deed of policy, which was calculated at the same time to remove an opponent, and place an awful example before the other members of the house. To doubt his instrumentality in this murder would be to doubt that the sun is the source of light. There is no room for doubt.

In witnessing, or rather in revealing the manner of the assassination of President Masa, the secretary who did witness it committed a crime not to be forgiven, and found it necessary to flee the country, and take refuge in Montevideo for the preservation of his own life.

The greedy appetite of terror seemed now insatiable, and the fiend lapped his food with a *gusto* that was horrible. Public scenes of blood became of daily occurrence, and the number of victims slain in the *coral*, which was situated in the *Calle Chacabuca*, cannot be told. The method of execution with the musket was, however, laid aside, because the tales they told by their reports had grown so numerous, and

so grating to the public ear, as to create an apprehension of an unfavorable effect upon the public mind, and in its stead was substituted the blade of a keen knife, wielded by a savage of the pampas.

Among the bloody occurrences that were of public notoriety, was that of two friends who were brought prisoners from the southern part of the province. Rosas had directed his officers in that quarter to arrest all whom they might suspect as being concerned in the late revolt, and send them to the city. The sight of prisoners thus taken and conducted in chains through the streets to prison was of almost daily occurrence, and the two above mentioned were of the number. They were respectable farmers; both were condemned to death, but from some cause it was understood that Mandeville, the British minister, interposed on behalf of one of them, and Rosas consented that his life should be spared on condition that after the other had been beheaded, he should stand upon his knees for a space of two hours gazing all the time upon the gory head of his friend! The fearful terms were complied with, and with a soldier upon either side, whose orders were to cut him down if he faltered or closed his eyes, the poor wretch passed the ordeal.

Colonel French, who, like myself, had retired from service in the army, was residing with a large family at Buenos Ayres, and during these troublous times he received a notice or an intimation that he might expect a visit from the Mazorcas. The circumstance of this case, and others of a similar nature, led many to believe that the notice was given for the purpose of inducing flight, that thus they might obtain a sort of tacit admission of offence, and thereby create an apparently tangible ground for the confiscation of the refugee's property, upon which they enriched themselves if he did escape, or for depriving him of life if he should be taken in the act of attempting to escape.

Having received this intimation, Col. French and five

other gentlemen, who, like him, had been marked as victims, determined, as the only means of preserving their lives, to flee from the city. They made arrangements for a small boat to cross the flats on the following night, and take them from the shore at a point near the house of the British minister; and each having armed himself, they proceeded to the place of rendezvous. The night was not dark, and as their boat had not arrived, they concealed themselves from view under the shadow of the walls of Mandeville's house. With all their precaution, however, they were not unobserved; every man had undoubtedly been watched, and when, at length, they were about to enter the boat, a band of some twenty of the *Massorcas* fell upon them, and began their work of butchery upon the spot. French, it is said, pleaded for his family, (having a wife and seven children,) and on their behalf begged for his life, but in the midst of his prayer his throat was cut; and as the crimson flood rushed from his body, his murderer exclaimed—

"*See, here is the blood of a damned Unitarian!*"

Every one of the party had his throat cut on the spot where they were taken, and on the following day their bodies were exhibited in the public square!

Standing, on one occasion, at the Plaza del Rio, I saw a young man brought in prisoner. As usual with prisoners from the country, he was seated on a horse, his hands in shackles, and his guard behind him, on the same horse, holding the reins. The countenance of the youth wore an expression of almost childish sorrow; and as they removed him from the horse, near where I stood, a feeling of sympathy, unlike that which I had felt for murdered manhood, thrilled through my mind.

As they were about to remove him to the *quartel*, the guard said to him—

"Young man, you had better take off your shirt."

"I understand you," he replied, as he began to re-

move his jacket; "you want it before it is stained with my blood!"

He then deliberately took off his shirt, and handing it to the guard, proceeded, with no clothing but his pantaloons, to the *coral*.

Many persons, for the preservation of their lives, had taken refuge on board the English and American vessels of war, then lying off the town. Once on board, they were as safe as though they had been upon the soil of either country. Their offences, if any, were political; and as no officer would send back a man to be executed for this, they could not be claimed by Rosas, except under a special treaty. This mode of escape had cost the dictator so many victims, that he at length protested against it to the commandants of the several squadrons; and orders were by them issued, to the effect that no officer should bring a citizen of the republic on board their vessels, under the penalty of being cashiered. This order had the desired effect; and, for some time, the gates of life were closed in that direction. One instance, however, came to my knowledge, wherein the order was disobeyed; and I regret that it is not in my power to give the name of the officer interested. *It should be written in letters of gold!* The circumstances are as follows:

A gentleman of wealth* succeeded in escaping the *Mazorca*, some of whom were in search of him, and sought a place of refuge in the hotel where I lodged. He told the lady of the house the critical situation in which he was placed; and the lady, uncertain how to act, confided the matter to me, and asked advice. I urged her by all means to

* Of the arrests made in the city, most of the victims were men of wealth; their property being, to all appearance, the moving object of the accusation. It was sometimes said, that when the governor wished to obtain the estate of an individual, he would first denounce him as a Unitarian, and thus make a pretext for confiscation. The name of this, and many other individuals, I have concealed, for reasons that will be obvious.

protect the man, unless she wished to hear soon of his murder, and he was accordingly concealed in the house. He was a man whom we all knew, and respected highly; and probably, had his concealment been known to all in the house, among whom were several American and British naval officers, there was not one who would not cheerfully have lent their assistance, if it had been required, to screen him from his hunters. He had been several days in the house, when it was whispered that the place of his concealment had, by some means, been made known; and the good landlady, who now felt a deep interest in his welfare, again applied to me for advice.

"If he remains here," she said, "he will be found; and if he leaves the house, I am afraid he will be recognised and arrested. What shall we do?"

We together went to the gentleman's apartment, and found him in an agony of apprehension; and after a short conversation, I could arrive, in my mind, at but one course that would ensure safety, and that was, to get him, if possible, on board one of the vessels in the harbor. It was proposed that we should make an effort to that end; and the lady, at once concurring, left the room in search of some officer to whom she should break the plan, and endeavor to enlist in its favor. We all knew the penalty, and we knew, too, that many had already been denied the same means of escape; but the life of this man was in the balance, and, when weighed against the commission of a naval officer, the latter seemed as a feather in the scale.

In a few minutes the lady returned, bringing an officer of the British navy; and no sooner were they in the room, than she spread out our petition before him with all the eloquence of an earnest and heartfelt appeal. As soon as she had ended, the object of our sympathies seized the officer by the hand, exclaiming—

"For God's sake, for my wife's sake, for the sake of my

children, señor, save my life! Save me, or I must die this night!"

The officer was deeply moved. For a moment he made no reply; then, in a despairing voice, he said—

"How can I do this? It is impossible, my friends; it would disgrace me forever!"

"Oh, no! it is not impossible!" exclaimed the proscribed man, actually falling upon his knees. "You *can* save me, señor! you *can* save me! Do not, then, I pray you, do not give me to these bloodhounds! They will murder me! they will murder me!"

The officer was evidently undecided. He walked to and fro across the room, and seemed greatly agitated.

"Can you hesitate, sir?" said I, speaking in the English language. "Remember, there is no disgrace in the performance of a noble action; and if you deny our request, you will be accounted this man's *murderer*!"

"Oh, do not say that!" he exclaimed; "give me half an hour to collect my thoughts, and I will answer you!"

Saying this, he went to his own room; and during the tedious interval of about half an hour, that man was seen upon his knees, engaged in fervent prayer. He returned at length, and said—

"My mind is now composed. I have determined to grant your request; come to my room."

The gentleman and myself followed him to his apartment, where he produced a uniform; and borrowing a cap from one of his companions, our friend was soon equipped in a dress that would have deceived even Rosas himself. A pair of green spectacles was added to the disguise; and thus equipped, the two, in company with others, set out just at dusk for the *mole*, where the officers usually kept a boat in attendance. The boat was there. The officer, with our disguised friend, stepped on board, brushing even against the elbows of the guard. We bade them good-night, the boat pushed off, and

the doomed man was safe! A shudder ran through my frame, as I saw him gliding as it were from the very jaws of death; then came a cheerful sensation, and we returned to our hotel in better spirits than when we had left it.

On the same night that house was searched for the refugee; and on the following morning, the noble-hearted man, who had come forward at the moment of a fellow-creature's greatest need, resigned his commission in the British navy.

CHAPTER XXV.

Treaty with France—Removal of the Blockade—Invasion of the Banda Oriental—Rivera's Resistance—Commodore Coe called into the Service, and supplanted by Garribaldi, an Italian—Intervention of England and France—Importance of the Banda Oriental—Rosas and his Representatives—Summary of Victims—Remarks on the Political Condition of the Country—Return to the United States.

Rosas made repeated efforts at negotiation with the French, but without success, when at length it was rumored that a war between France and England was anticipated, and it was understood that the French government had directed admirals Blanch and Duporté to make the best arrangement in their power with the Argentine Republic, and return with their squadron to France. Be that as it may, new negotiations were opened, and, after two weeks of diplomacy, a treaty was agreed upon, by which the French government obtained the same terms of intercourse, commercial and otherwise, as those of the most favored nations then holding relations with the Argentine. The blockade was removed, and trade once more revived.

Oribe, having quieted the upper provinces, and established there a sufficient power with trusty officers, was himself recalled by Rosas, in the year 1840, to Buenos Ayres, and the two set immediately to work in framing an expedition against the Banda Oriental. Admiral Brown, of the Argentine navy, had, since the flight of Oribe from Montevideo, been comparatively idle, as had also the navy of the Banda Oriental; but, as the services of the former were now necessary to act in

co-operation with Oribe, the admiral again commenced preparations for active duty. President Rivera also began his preparations for defence by land and water, and immediately made overtures to an officer by the name of Coe, who had before served, I think, under Admiral Brown, and distinguished himself in the service of the Argentine. This gentleman was a native of New Jersey, in the United States, devotedly attached to the cause of freedom, and as brave a man as ever mounted a quarter-deck. He, like myself, had withdrawn from public life during the civil dissensions of the country, and, having previously married into one of the best families of the republic, retired to a splendid estate in the province of Entre Rios, at which place he resided when applied to by Rivera, who tendered to him the rank of commodore in the little navy of the Banda Oriental. The offer was accepted, and Commodore Coe entered upon his duties. Here commenced the crusade against Montevideo, which has continued up to the present time, (1846,) and to suppress which the powers of Great Britain and France have been called into the field in compliance with the guarantee given by those governments on the establishment of the independence of the Banda Oriental in the year 1828.

Oribe advanced with a strong force, crossing the Rio Parana into Entre Rios, and thence into the Banda Oriental, subduing the little towns on his way, and laying them under contribution. Rivera, on hearing of his progress, went himself into campaign, leaving the city to the protection of its walls* and militia; and although he has never, with his little power, been able to destroy or drive off an enemy, who has received constant supplies and reinforcements from the other side of La Plata, he has continued to hold him at bay, and has thus far sustained the independence of the country.

The only plea made use of by Rosas and Oribe, in their

* The city of Montevideo is enclosed with walls.

attempt to justify their act of invasion, was, that Oribe having vacated the office of president prior to the expiration of his legal term of office, might legally claim the right to finish his term at any future time. A plea so absurd is scarce worthy of note, and altogether unworthy of comment. Their ulterior object is to gain possession of the country, and attach it as a province to the Argentine.

While Rivera was thus engaged with Oribe on shore, Commodore Coe was at the same time busy with his navy in checking the advances of Admiral Brown, and the latter found in the native of North America, the first man that had been truly successful in such an enterprise. But a new character now steps upon the field of action in the person of Señor Garribaldi, an Italian. From some motives, which I shall not question, the friends of this man set to work an influence with the view of supplanting Coe in the command of the navy, and placing Garribaldi in his stead; and after a long series of intrigues, during the absence of the commodore, aided by the circumstance of the loss of a gun brig belonging to the squadron, they finally succeeded in their object.

Commodore Coe retired on an intimation of the government to that effect, and Garribaldi took command of the fleet, which post he has since held with credit and effect. No charges were preferred against Coe, nor did he resign; but, by a method peculiar to the South American governments, he was allowed to put his commission in his pocket, and retire from the command.

A glance at the map of those countries will show to the reader the importance of the possession of the Banda Oriental to Rosas. The entire territory of that country covers an area not larger than the single province of Buenos Ayres. It is bounded for several hundred miles on the north by a territory of the Argentine called Missiones, and for a like distance on the west by the province of Entre Rios, from which it is divided by the river Uruguay. It commands the

whole of the Rio de la Plata, opposite Buenos Ayres, and is bounded by that river on its southern line, while the Atlantic Ocean forms its boundary on the east, thus giving it advantages for commerce superior to Buenos Ayres itself. By the union of this country with the Argentine, Rosas would hold possession of both sides of the Plata, besides securing a piece of territory more valuable than any now in the republic. He would also break down the commercial competition now existing between the two countries, and enlarge the area of his power.

A union with the Argentine, or any other government under a liberal constitution, would undoubtedly be acceptable to the people of the Banda Oriental; but while Rosas holds power it can never be attached to the Argentine except by force; and it is to be hoped, for the cause of humanity, that the English and French governments will not cease their interference until the country is made secure from his persecution.

It is an annual custom of Rosas to send in his resignation to the House of Representatives; but when the reader has been made acquainted with the character of that body, as connected with the governor, they will be at no loss to discover why it is that the resignation of one so obnoxious to the people has not long ago been accepted, and the scourge of their peace driven into retirement. This body bears only the *name* of a "representation," a word that is sacred in the mind of a true republican, because it carries with it a seeming evidence that the people are free, and that their united voice is heard through representatives chosen by themselves. Here, however, the word becomes (to use a law phrase) a *misnomer*. These men are not the representatives of the people; they are not chosen by the people, they have no sympathies with the people. Not an individual enters that body who has not been chosen directly, either by Rosas or his emissaries, and they are too often men as guilty in the ab-

stract as himself. They know that in his downfall their own must follow; they know that on his withdrawal the popular action would instantly be directed towards themselves; hence they *dare not* accept his resignation. But there is another cogent reason, why his resignation is not accepted. The men called representatives know, as does the whole country, that these exhibitions of a modest disposition to retire into private life are made for the purpose of producing an effect abroad, and with no serious intention to leave the *arduous* duties of the government; and the man who should vote to accept such resignation would do so, in all probability, at the cost of his head. Hence, again, they *dare not* accept his resignation. There is a double charm operating upon them; their interests are wedded, and combined, and entangled, to such a degree, that to withdraw a link from the chain that holds them together would be to throw the whole mass of corruption open to the world, and eventuate in their individual ruin. Let the master-spirit be taken away, and the people would trample upon the remaining portions of the despotic fabric, for there is not one among them that could fill his place. There is not a spirit in his train, combining alike the energy of mind, the firmness of purpose, the subtlety and cruelty essential to the character of a successful despot: besides which, the very name of Rosas acts of itself as a talisman with the minions of his power; and that once removed, it would be impossible to concentrate the same degree of influence in any other.

These documents called "resignations" are always filled with protestations of attachment for *La Republica*, and with high-seasoned appeals to the representatives to relieve him from the further responsibilities which devolve upon him in the arduous duties of his office; and the answers are equally filled with hyperbolical acknowledgments of his lofty virtue and patriotism, and universally close with a persuasive assurance that *La Republica* cannot at the present time consent to

part with his important and valuable services. Thus the world is deceived, and thus the people of the Argentine are compelled to live on from year to year with nothing left for their country but hope.

As illustrative of the estimation in which the dictator was held, even by those who were guests in his own house, I will state a little incident that became notorious after its occurrence.

A foreign gentleman of distinction and literary attainments, who had for some time witnessed the artful and despotic course of Rosas, was one day at the house of the latter, who requested that he would furnish a motto for his *coat of arms*. The gentleman hesitated a moment, and then replied with firmness, "Señor, as you desire that I should give you an appropriate motto, I will recommend these words, '*No hablo mal, no obro bueno,*'" (I speak nothing bad, I do nothing good,) or in plainer English, "I have a smooth tongue, but it is deceitful."

The indignation as well as the astonishment of Rosas was naturally excited on the instant, and, with a voice almost choked with rage, he, on the spot, ordered the gentleman to quit the country within twenty-four hours.

The statements presented in this work may perhaps appear to the general reader as mysterious and incomprehensible. I know it will be difficult for him to realize these atrocities; yet I have not only told nothing but the truth, but what has been told affords only a clew to the actual horrors committed. I have, as a general feature, confined my statements to occurrences that fell under my own knowledge, and of these I have recorded but few; hence the facts that I have given serve only as examples in the terrible account.

In a pamphlet, published by Don José Rivera Indarte at Montevideo, in the year 1843, a table is shown containing the names of the principal victims of Rosas' policy, together with the manner of their several deaths; and to that table is ap-

pended the following summary of persons who died for opinion's sake alone, viz.

Poisoned	4
Throats cut	3,765
Shot	1,393
Assassinated	722
Total	5,884
Add to this the number killed in battle, and the number executed by military orders, at a very moderate computation,	16,520

and we find, by this statement, a grand total of 22,404 victims to the sanguine propensities of this man Rosas, who still lives and governs a portion of the American continent, and with whom the civilized nations of the earth are on terms of reciprocity and peace.

We may well exclaim—

> "Can such things be,
> And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
> Without our special wonder?"

We may well look, too, for incredulity on the part of those who, living under the blessings of good government, have never dreamed that such things *can be*. If, however, they will not believe the statements already given from the pamphlet of Señor Indaret, how can another expect credence when he declares that statement to be entirely within the limits of a just computation. The author of that pamphlet seems not to have been familiar with the scenes of the interior; he has not taken into the account the expedition of Quiroga through the internal provinces, who murdered as he went, and who in the province of Tucuman alone shot *fifteen hundred prisoners*.* He has not taken into the account the

* Five hundred of these were shot in the city.

massacre of about *two hundred and fifty men*, while sleeping near the *Tablada* at Cordova, nor the execution of about *one hundred and forty prisoners* by shooting them immediately after the battle. Nor has he recorded the train of murders that marked the steps of Oribe through the upper provinces. Yet all these are but the results of the singular and bloody policy of that one man; they are a part and parcel of that great account, which he must answer before a tribunal whose judgment cannot err.

Rosas is a man of most acute and subtle perception. He seems to understand the weakness of man's nature, and has made it his study to play upon that weakness in whatever form it might present itself. In his intercourse with the representatives of foreign powers, he has contrived to persuade them that his course is justifiable, or if he has not convinced them to that effect, he has so managed as to prevent their interference with the affairs of his internal policy. He tells them that the people are not fitted for self-government; that nothing but the bloody and iron rule can sway them; and when they witness his assaults upon what he calls conspiracies against the government, and see the carnage which follows his footsteps, they are led away upon a false issue, and (to place a most generous construction upon their acts) believe what he says. Now, this is occupying a false position from the beginning. In the first place, the people *are* fitted for self-government, but through the acts of Rosas and his minions, as also those of the few ambitious demagogues of the country, their confidence has been so shaken in their rulers that perhaps nothing but a revolution by force of arms, the annihilation of that spirit of oppression which has so long betrayed them, and a long season of experience under good rulers, can so far reestablish public confidence as to make them feel perfectly at ease. The policy of the present governor of Buenos Ayres has turned back the wheels of civilization. The people's minds have been poisoned, and the antidote, however well

calculated to effect a cure, must be slow and steady in its application. In the second place, the strong hand has been put forth, not for the purpose of keeping the people to their allegiance, but to keep in power a man who had forfeited their confidence; for although the fundamental organization of the government was wrong, placing as it did a dictator instead of a popular president at the head of the confederacy; even that would have been tolerated, had he not assumed powers not delegated to him, and abused those that were legally placed in his hands. It was against this that the people raised their voice, and it has been to sustain this that Rosas has applied the iron and the bloody rule.

In order to know a people it is necessary to go among them. The representatives of foreign powers seldom go beyond the province of Buenos Ayres; the same may be said of the few tourists who may have visited the country; or if they have, in any instance, gone further, they have made but a rapid transit, and usually applied their inquiries and observations to the *physical* peculiarities of the country. Are these men qualified to judge of the political feelings or the mental and moral qualities of a people? Can they read at a glance the characteristics, or learn the wants, burdens, attachments, and prejudices of a whole nation, a nation, too, that has been distracted and made discordant through the wicked machinations of bad rulers? If they have found the country disturbed; if they have found men with arms in their hands; if they have found disquiet and dread pervading the masses, they have inquired no further, they have never looked for the cause of all this, but, taking it for granted that these men were (to use a vulgar phrase) "rough customers," have returned to Buenos Ayres with their minds prepared for any misrepresentation that the emissaries of the dictator might be anxious to pour into their ears.

Whatever may be the habits or intellectual endowments of a people, it were preposterous to suppose that they could be

peaceful and happy, when so misgoverned as this people is, and has long been; and if it were possible to imagine that the United States of North America could be placed in a similar attitude of government, it would be equally possible to imagine that the same discordant elements would there arise.

The only two papers published in Buenos Ayres are under the direct *surveillance* of Rosas. One is entitled the "Gaceta Mercantil," the other the "British Packet;" and although the latter name would seem to imply an independent position on the part of the paper, it is, equally with the other, his organ, and no editor of either would *dare* insert a paragraph that should in any manner reflect unfavorably upon his actions.

Thus, it will be perceived, that all things are combined to conceal from the world the true condition of that beautiful and naturally interesting country, and I feel that in making these statements, I do but perform a duty in the cause of humanity towards a people suffering under all the worst evils of a cruel despotism. Let the evil genius that has so long presided over them be removed, with all his train of satellites; give them a constitutional form of government similar to our own; place at their head some competent and worthy native of their country, who has gained experience in the theory of republics abroad, or even the patriotic Paz, now in arms in the cause of freedom; and that country will ere long exhibit to the world its invaluable resources.

A few months after the removal of the blockade, and in the early part of the year 1841, I determined on quitting the scene of horrors that were still enacting, and took passage, with my eldest boy, on board a vessel under the command of Capt. Wilson, bound for Boston. We arrived safely at that port, and in a few days more I again set foot in my native city, after an absence of about twenty-five years.

CHAPTER XXVI.

GENERAL REMARKS ON THE COUNTRY AND ITS CHARACTERISTICS.

Healthy Atmosphere of Buenos Ayres—The Pampas—The Provinces, and their Products—Habits of the People—Mode of brewing Chichi, in Tarija—The Host—Markets, &c.

THE words "BUENOS AYRES," which, literally translated, signify *Good Airs*, or, as we would say in English, *Wholesome Atmosphere*, form perhaps as appropriate and significant an appellation, as could have been given to that part of the country lying on the Rio de la Plata. The atmosphere of the country is generally perfectly free from all miasmatic quality, and is so pure, that dead flesh of all kinds, when left in the sun, will invariably dry up instead of putrefying. In this manner jerked beef is prepared for exportation; the beef being first cut into slices, and then hung (without salt) upon a line, exposed to the hot rays of the sun. The juices are evaporated, and the solid left as perfectly sweet and wholesome, as when prepared in the usual way of smoking. I have seen the bodies of men slain in battle, as also those of horses, so preserved, when left exposed upon the ground; each presenting a hard, dry, and shrunken mass, apparently as imperishable as the embalmed bodies of Egypt.

During our campaigns it was a very common thing for officers and men to make what was called *Bottes de patre*, a kind of boot, made from the skin drawn from the leg of a young horse. This was manufactured by alternate drying, and rub-

bing between the hands until the texture became soft, pliable, and dry; and this, without any process of tanning, or other means of preservation, when ready for use, was worn under the pantaloons, the lower aperture being sewed up, leaving only room sufficient for the toes to pass through and rest in the stirrup. It was often the case, however, that we had no other covering than this for our limbs; and on our marches through the long harsh grass of the pampas, it was perhaps the best covering that could be used. This grass often grows to the height of eight feet, so as almost to conceal both horse and rider, and is frequently so heavy as to present a serious obstacle to one's progress.

During the dry season, many parts of these broad plains change their aspect entirely. The long grass becomes wilted, and, with the continuance of scorching heat, so dried and friable, as to be driven into dust by the winds; the earth is thus laid bare, and, as if suffering with thirst, opens a thousand mouths for water. By the contraction of soil, occasioned by heat and evaporation, it is broken into long, deep crevices, wide enough to receive the leg of a horse, and from which many a good steed has been lifted with a broken limb.

Many of the various provinces are peculiar for their natural products; as Cordova, for its wool; being of heavy fleece, fine texture, and free from burrs. This province also supplies, for exportation, immense quantities of goat-skins. Tucuman is celebrated for its extensive tanneries; owing to the convenience of certain barks which are used in the process of tanning, and which grow abundantly in the province. The upper or northern part of the province of Salta, (which has latterly been converted into a new province, named Jujuy,) near Tarija, is employed in the culture of the sugar-cane, and the manufacture of sugar. At the towns of Ladesma and San Pedro, are extensive sugar factories. Here the climate is excessively hot; owing partly to its latitude, and partly to the fact that the country, for some distance, lies be-

tween ranges of mountains upon three sides, forming a piece of flat territory of a triangular shape. In this territory lies *Oran*, of which I have before spoken, as peculiar for the diminutive stature of its people ; and it is in this region that the immense *wens*, of which I have before spoken, abound. The southern and more mountainous region of the same province, furnishes the skins of the *chinchilla* ; while the adjoining and more southern province of Santiago, being flat, and interspersed with lakes and rivers, affords, in abundance, the valuable fur of the *nutria*, so highly esteemed in the manufacture of hats. The province of Rioja is little more than a mass of mountains, and is mostly peculiar for the silver mines with which it abounds. The province of Catamarca, while it affords at present no peculiar staple, is as well adapted, in soil and climate, to the growth of cotton, as any portion of the world ; but in consequence of its remoteness from the seaboard, and the imperfect means of transportation, its resources are, in that respect, at present unavailable. The herb *oregano*, or wild marjoram, grows in several of the provinces, particularly in the eastern, and in Paraguay. It is from this plant, which grows profusely on the western territory of North America, that the name Oregon is derived.

Salt springs and lakes are found in many parts of the country. In the provinces of Salta and Tucuman, the salt is manufactured into large cakes, measuring about three feet square and eight inches thick. Two of these cakes, slung, one upon each side, make a back-load for a mule ; and in that way they are carried to various parts of the country. The farmers make use of them to entice and domesticate cattle ; but, instead of giving them ground salt, as our farmers do, two or three of the cakes are placed upon the ground in their *corals*, and the animals approach and lick them at their pleasure.

Country people of the interior generally live in the rudest

manner. The luxury of a bed, or even a cot, is seldom known to them, their couches being generally made of hides spread upon the floor. Every farmer's house has its *coral*, into which the cattle are driven, and shut up a short time, every morning, for the purpose of domesticating them; at other times they are permitted to range at large, and seek their own subsistence.

A farmer's wealth is estimated by the number of heads of cattle that he owns; and he who has less than about three hundred, is accounted a poor man. Some of them claim proprietorship over even sixty thousand, including horses, sheep, &c.; the value of which varies according to circumstances: the following being about the maximum and minimum rates, viz. for an ox, from two to eight dollars; a horse, from three to twelve dollars; a sheep, from one shilling to four shillings; and for a goat, from three to seven shillings.

The hospitality of the country people is unbounded. Whether in health or in sickness, the traveller is always welcome to their houses and board; and they would as soon think of charging for a cup of water, as for a meal of victuals, or a night's lodging. Even among the poorest, the custom of presenting *maté* to a stranger or visitor, is as common as with the rich. It is a kind of national beverage, and takes the place, not only of tea, but also of stronger drinks. So temperate are they, that I can almost say I never saw a native of the country intoxicated. On entering a house, the stranger always pronounces the religious salutation, "*Ave Maria*," to which the inmate responds with "*para siempre*."

There are still to be seen, among the habits of the people, many remnants of the old Spanish customs and feeling. The same jealous trait of character is observable; and the young ladies of the republic, if they are not actually under the surveillance of a *dueña*, are, nevertheless, subjected to a watchfulness equally as rigid and constraining, on the part of

their anxious mothers. No young woman is allowed to walk out except in company with her mother, or some other antiquated member of the family, who shall serve as a sentinel upon her acts, and make sure that she holds no treasonable conversation with the gallants of her own age. I have often been amused with witnessing a little family procession, composed of a mother, daughter, and servant, on their way to mass. First, the prim young lady moves along, with a step which would seem to indicate that her path was paved with a friable material, liable to injury from the weight of her delicate and fairy-like foot; her head bent forward, almost in the attitude of devotion; while, from her sparkling black eyes, a kind of mischievous scrutiny and playful glance steals obliquely from beneath the silken fringes that curtain them. Next, following in her rear, comes the mother, with head and form erect, and her dignity marred only by the mincing step of prudish affectation. She walks behind, that she may have a more unobstructed and general observance of what is passing, and a more direct supervision of the demeanor and bearing of her daughter; and any detected infringement of the strait-laced rules of what she deems modest propriety, is sure to be rebuked on the spot, and also made the subject of a severe lecture when they have reached home again. Next in the train comes the female servant, carrying on her arm the richly embroidered and neatly folded *alfombra*, (a kind of rug, used when at prayer;) and thus the trio proceed, in *single file*, noiselessly, and with scarce any motion, save the small, short steps, which they adapt to the necessity of locomotion, until they arrive at the church. The *alfombra* is then spread by the servant upon the ground; and the mother and daughter, kneeling thereon, unite, side by side, in prayer, while the servant kneels behind them.

I have before spoken of the Host, or, as it is more commonly named, the *Holy Host*. This is a term applied, by the Roman Catholic Church, to the bread and wine, under the

form of which they believe that the body and blood of the Saviour is present. In Catholic countries, these consecrated materials are carried in procession through the streets with great ceremony, upon any occasion where the administration of extreme unction is required by the friends of a dying person. It is consequently liable to be called into requisition at all hours of day or night; and wherever it appears, all in the vicinity are required to fall upon their knees, and remain in that posture until it has passed. Its approach is announced by the ringing of a bell; and whether in the street or in a house, whatever may be the employment at the moment, all must suspend their occupation, and contribute at least the semblance of devotion, by assuming the attitude of prayer. I have been at the theatre, when, in the midst of a comic scene, the approach of the Host being announced, the actors have paused in their parts, and both audience and actors kneeled in their places, until the sacred procession had gone by; after which the sports of the exhibition were instantly renewed. The reader will probably remember the instance of my own imprisonment and suffering at Jujuy, for inadvertently omitting to conform to this external rite.

In a former part of this work I mentioned hastily the circumstance of the *Chirivione Indians* making and using the beverage called *chichi*. Their method of brewing the liquor was by roasting the maize, moistening it with water, and then by exposing it to the heat of the sun, producing fermentation. The country people of Tarija, through whose hamlets we passed, used the same beverage, manufactured, however, in a very different manner. Like the *Chiriviones*, they first roasted their corn; but civilization, or chance, or something else, had taught them that the process of fermentation might be accelerated by artificial means—to wit, by breaking the corn into small particles, and mixing it with a fluid, whose chemical properties would hasten the desired result. To attain this end, the shells of two gourds were brought into re-

quisition ; the first was filled with the toasted corn, the other we will suppose empty, and the process of *muchiando* commences as follows. The women of the house from time to time take from the first gourd a few grains of the corn, and put them in their mouths ; these are " munched, and munched, and munched," between the teeth, until the whole are reduced to a soft mixture of corn and saliva, which is then voided into the other gourd, and thus the process is repeated, at the convenience of the operators, until the receptacle is filled with a pulpy mass. It is then set aside, and fermentation rapidly ensues ; after which it is poured into a larger vessel, water is added in sufficient quantity and well incorporated ; the *ingredients* are then allowed to settle, the scum is taken off, and the beverage is ready for use. It is, perhaps, needless to say, that when made acquainted with the process of brewing, strangers generally decline using the liquor ; but those who have used it without this knowledge, have pronounced it *excellent*.

The market-place of Buenos Ayres, and indeed of all the towns of the republic, is made the centre of all public rejoicings, public executions, and popular gatherings. It was in the market-place that Rosas hung the bodies of many of his victims ; sometimes decorating them, in mockery, with ribands of the Unitarian color, (blue ;) and even attaching to the corses, labels, on which were inscribed the revolting words, " *Beef with the hide.*" It was not my object, however, to revert, in this place, to such scenes ; I intended only to speak of the market-place *as such ;* but with the very name, arose reminiscences which my pen inadvertently caught hold of and recorded.

The market of Buenos Ayres is well stocked with fresh provisions, of almost every kind ; and is managed by most salutary regulations. Game of various kinds is abundant ; and you will see daily, wild ducks and partridges in piles five or six feet high, and for sale at twenty-five cents per dozen. The finest beef is sold at from twenty-five to forty cents the

aroba, (twenty-five pounds.) Fish of various kinds is abundant; none of which is permitted to be sold, after six or eight hours from the time that they are caught. They are never allowed to grow sickly by being kept in cars; and the stock left on hand at the close of market hours, is wheeled back to the river, and, dead or alive, thrown again into the water.

The many natural resorces of comfort and wealth to be found in the Argentine country, render it a desirable place of residence. Its variety of climate, its numerous and long rivers, its fertility of soil and natural fruits, its myriads of wild cattle and horses, its mineral products, and its convenience to the two great oceans of the world, give it advantages that, under a well-regulated free government—a government that would lay open, instead of chaining up, its resources—cannot, perhaps, be surpassed by any location upon earth.

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THE END.

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In the person of the distinguished author of this work the man of science is happily associated with the practical farmer—the accomplished naturalist, the profound chemist and natural philosopher, and friend and fellow-laborer of Arago, Biot, Dumas, and all the leading minds of his age and country—M. Bouissangault's title to consideration is recognised wherever letters and civilization have extended their influence.

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The chemical portion of this work is of inestimable value, and conducted with consummate skill and knowledge; and with a minuteness and accuracy perfectly unexampled. At the same time the results of the writer's researches, as well as the means and processes by which these results were obtained, are displayed with such absolute perspicuity as to be intelligible and instructive to every agricultural inquirer, however superficial his previous acquaintance may be with the details of chemical science. Nothing from the pen of the editor could throw additional light upon the author's most interesting elucidation of vegetable physiology; his exposition is at once masterly and complete, and contains much that is both valuable and new. Every intelligent farmer will find his account not merely in a repeated perusal of this portion of the work, but in regarding it as a text-book and manual to be kept by him for permanent reference and consultation.

On the subject of soils the distinguished author is so thoroughly explanatory and judicious that nothing is left for the editor but to approve and recommend. The subject of Manures is taken up, and discussed with characteristic minuteness through many succeeding pages.

To the author's sixth chapter the reader may be advantageously referred, as containing a very full and valuable description and discussion, under the head of Mineral Manures, of the different varieties of the class usually denominated stimulants, and concluding with a brief but lucid and interesting account of *water*, considered as an agent of vegetation, and of its importance for manuring purposes. The composition and preparation of liquid manures, as well as the various means of procuring and preserving them, will be found to have engaged much of the author's attention.

The Editor is anxious to direct especial attention to the author's seventh chapter, wherein he treats of the organic and inorganic manures, and of crops—of the elements of manures and of crops, with their relations *inter se*, &c.—a section of the work which presents, in synopsis, a more copious and complete body of new, interesting and important facts, of a nature more valuable to the practical farmer than has ever been collected in any previous treatise on agricultural science.

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Extract from Author's Preface.—"To trace the operation, so far as known, of every agent by which the horse is materially affected—to analyze compound agents—to consider the effects of each individually and in combination—and to make practice the master of theory, are the principal objects at which I have aimed in this work. I have labored to obtain all the information that labor could promise me, and I have endeavored to arrange the whole subject into divisions which will, as I think, render every part of it easily understood, and easily referred to by any one not ignorant of the English tongue."

American Editor's Preface.—It may be thought perhaps, by some, presumptuous on the part of any American to undertake the editing with a view of improvement, a work of the standard reputation of Stewart's Stable Economy. But it must be recollected that the climate and much of the food, and, consequently, the general management of the horse in Great Britain, are so different from what they necessarily must be in North America, that great injury is often done to that noble animal by following British instructions too closely in his rearing, and above all in his stable management.

The horse, both theoretically and practically, has been a favorite study with me from childhood; and for the past ten years I have been more or less engaged in breeding as rearing them on my own farm and in breaking and fitting them for market. I also had a early life during a residence of nearly two years in the North of Europe the advantage studying the stable economy of large military establishments; and to inform myself, b personal inspection, on the subject of the horse in general, and particularly his rearin and stable treatment; and in so doing, examined alike the thorough-bred, the hunter, th roadster, the farm, and the dray-horse.

Mr. Stewart evidently knew little of chemistry, either animal or vegetable; and in speaking of these matters incidentally, particularly regarding the composition of food, the effects o cold and heat on the animal, etc., etc., has made some gross mistakes. Since he wrote Dumas, Boussingault, Liebig, Payen, Johnston, Playfair, Read, and others have thrown great light on this hidden science, thus enabling me to correct errors of considerable magnitude; and to add some things to the Stable Economy, important to a judicious and enlightened treatment of the horse. In editing the work I have suppressed a few whole pages, all of which were either quite erroneous in matter of fact or totally inapplicable to this country. About the same quantity of matter suppressed has been added by me, which is inclosed in brackets: the engravings of Mr. Gibbons, and the description of the same, are original with the American edition. Altogether I trust I have made the work more acceptable to *my countrymen* than it was originally

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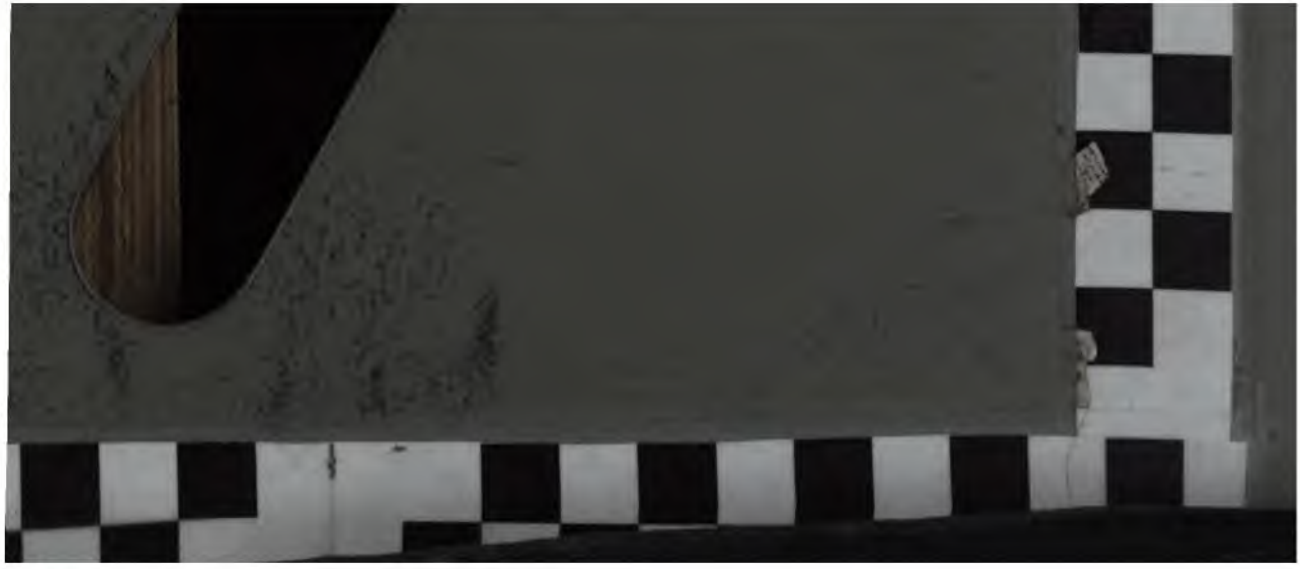
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